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PRICE



WOMEN'S WEEKLY



CUP PARADE by Wep

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NOVEMBER 7, 1956

Vol. 24, No. 23

TIME OUT FOR THE CUP

THE Melbourne Cup is a national festival celebrated in the traditional Australian way—in the boss' time with the boss joining in the fun.

On Tuesday, Australia will rest on its spade and forget about its troubles for a few minutes.

Confirmed gamblers regard the Cup as the pinnacle of their gambling year.

Prestige as well as money is involved.

Non-gamblers usually have their one flutter of the year in the form of a bet or a ticket in a sweep.

But whether you're a flutterer or a plunger, if you are an Australian the Cup is in your blood.

Workers and bosses exchange tips and listen to the Cup together.

Political enemies will buy tickets in the same sweep, and even confirmed Liberals have backed Redcraze.

In schools and even gaols furtive and usually successful attempts will be made to listen to the running of the 95th Melbourne Cup.

It's a safe bet to assume that in steamy Manus Island and frozen Macquarie Island outposts Australians have been studying form and making bets.

They will share in the excitement of the Cup along with the thousands who will watch the race at Flemington.

For those at the course there is the additional glamor of the quasi-official fashion parade.

The people in the top-hat-hiring trade can expect to do brisk business.

And the horses?

Well, have a second look at our cover this week to see how they must feel about the whole business.

And when the Cup is run and the punters have gone home there will be enough betting tickets left at Flemington to light 100 Olympic torches.

Our cover:

● We don't know how Wep does it, but he always does—every year he produces a Melbourne Cup cover with some fresh humor on the annual situation. This year's hats were a sitter for him, of course, and, as you see, the horses are amazed. So are the jockeys. Only the clerk of the course preserves a dignified—perhaps exasperated—calm.

This week:

● Second instalment of the James Dean story appears on page 18 of this issue. This week the author discusses the morbid cult that has grown up in America since the death of Dean. Just how morbid it is was instanced by a news item last week. An American columnist related that many teenagers standing in queues to see Dean's last film, "Giant," are carrying ouija boards with them, trying to contact the spirit of the dead actor.

Next week:

● Look for our Quads cover. This time we have used four close-up portraits of the Lucke babies as the cover. Inside there are more color pictures of them and another page showing the Saras enjoying a day out at National Park, Sydney. Mrs. Sara, by the way, has become a TV personality in the past few weeks. She is one of the panel for the Sunday night show "What's My Line?" on TCN Channel 9 and her ease and naturalness have made her popular with viewers.

● A page of color pictures shows the result of renovation and redecoration on an old home at Killara, Sydney. Big rooms and high ceilings make an ideal background for period furniture which the owner has collected over the past 17 years.

● Now is the time when cooks turn to recipes which will tempt the homecomers after a long hot day. Next week the theme of our cookery color page is "Cool as a Cucumber." There are recipes for appetising cucumber dishes and color pictures that show how attractive they can look.

● There's a handsome portrait of Italian glamor boy Rossano Brazzi in next week's film section. Brazzi, actually, is no boy. He's middle-aged, happily married to a plump, devoted wife, and has grey hair. But he has proved a great box-office success, and has hordes of sighing feminine fans. There's a pin-up for the boys, too—blond British beauty Belinda Lee.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Abjure, but it could be far worse (8).
4. His ale is drinkable, but his apple cannot be eaten (4).
6. Entrance probably for singers (7).
9. Such piano is worth a thousand dollars (5).
10. The lay pet (Anagr. 9).
13. High-ranking officer sitting in a gondola gangway (12).
16. Dwell in the fireside (6).
17. Person appointed to govern about short gentlemen (6).
18. Activity of a sinless Adonis (3).
20. The pig sat in this Italian food (9).
21. Perform for a cent (5).
24. Food made by mixing ant with lime (7).
25. She lost her husband while singing because she inquired for his name (4).
26. Runner for reprints (8).

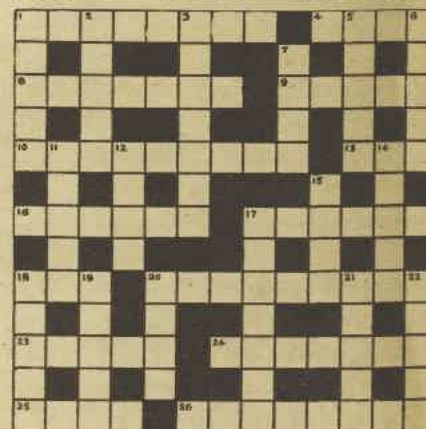
AMERICA ARE
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 AVE LL GALBA
 TREPANG ELEM
 EDYLLANNATES

Solution of last week's crossword.

Solution will be published next week.

1. Such lock won't fasten a door, but it may go off (5).
2. Royal lager (8).
3. Reduce to bondage with valentines without tin (7).
5. Play with a sheep in the centre (5).
6. Aid me with the middle coat of a vessel (5).
7. Far from being comely (4).
11. Remove faults by turning me to the end (5).
12. Give out in time (4).
14. Dredge Netherland and find in it a small furry mammal (8).
15. Amorous glance between a hedgehog and a leopard (4).
17. Rare lug (Anagr. 7).
18. The white poplar (5).
19. No friends are precious stones (5).
20. Position of ties (4).
21. Entertain with an article included in an allowance (5).
22. Bury mixed saltpetre (5).

DOWN



NEW PARTY DRESS?
 No! It's Lux-washed six times!

THE MANUFACTURERS OF **Tennyson** FABRICS ADVISE:

"Wash cottons in Lux because it's so safe"

SUGAR 'N SPICE AND EVERYTHING NICE is this small Birthday Girl—thrilled to bits with her frothy, white organdie party dress.

WHO'D EVER GUESS it has already been washed six times in Lux? It looks so "first time on", so fragile. This moppet's wise mother knows that Lux brings up all her pretty things as good as new after every washing.

THE MANUFACTURERS of Tennyson Fabrics will tell you so, too when they say, "Cottons stay cool, crisp and colour-bright twice as long when washed in Lux. Never risk damaging delicate fibres with bar-soap rubbing and harsh washing methods."



Remember for dishes, too: For as little as a penny a day, you can wash-up the pleasant way—with Lux. And keep your hands soft, smooth and youthful!

Lux is so safe . . . you'll want to use it always

U439.WW143c



"Invest in a glamor gown," said Bill, "and tie your hair back with a velvet ribbon."

MIRIAM placed steak, sausages, and chops neatly in the refrigerator, and stacked cans on the shelves. She dusted her hands and looked grimly down at the white sharkskin suit, which was now far from spotless.

Annabel lounged in the seat by the window, gazing out on to the stretch of barren lawn and windswept shrubs which formed the front garden.

A car door slammed, followed by the crunch of feet on the sandy path.

"Here's Bill," Annabel said.

Miriam looked through the window. "There's meat in the fridge and plenty of tins on the shelf," she said. "Thank heavens Bill can cook!"

She looked at the back of her daughter's smooth, blond head.

"You like him, don't you?"

"Who? Bill?"

Annabel struck a match, lit a cigarette, and exhaled smoke with lazy grace.

"Mmm," she said. "He's tough—in an intellectual sort of way."

Miriam smiled, feeling a thrill of mixed horror, awe, and disbelief, which always assailed her when she remembered Annabel was her daughter.

A daughter in pigtails and gingham was one thing—but Miss Annabel Peck in slacks and sweater with a cigarette between her lips was far removed from the schoolgirl category.

Standing in the sunny kitchen Miriam closed her eyes and shuddered. Annabel was of a marriageable age.

When I was twenty, Miriam thought, I was already a wife and mother. In a few years, maybe even less, Annabel will marry and have children. A grandmother!

"Pour me a drink, darling," Miriam said to Annabel. "I'm exhausted."

She perched on the table while Annabel shuffled between the refrigerator and the small cocktail bar, which separated the kitchen from the dining-room.

Miss Annabel Peck

by Valerie Watkinson

It was difficult to know the real girl, so much of her manner was obviously a pose

"Those scuffs you wear," Miriam remonstrated, eyeing Annabel's feet. "Honestly, darling, you'll ruin your posture."

"Who cares?" asked Annabel. "Nobody looks at me when you're around."

Miriam glanced at her sharply, but Annabel was smiling. Long ago, Miriam had decided that, whatever else happened, Annabel must not be overshadowed by the witty, talented, and glamorous Miriam Peck.

Annabel, however, made no effort to avoid being overshadowed.

She dressed in sweaters, slacks, or suits. Her skin was tanned by the sun. Her hair hung in a shining, uncurling sweep to her shoulders.

Sometimes, when Miriam looked at the lovely square jaw and the sweep of startlingly dark lashes shielding eyes the color of seawater, she longed to take Annabel in hand and produce what she suspected would be a work of art. She never did.

Annabel, she told herself, was happier left alone. It was only in rare moments of complete personal honesty that she admitted to

herself that she, too, was happier with Annabel unchanged.

Bill entered through the kitchen door. He dropped his bags on the floor, kissed Miriam lightly on the forehead, and slapped Annabel on the seat of her slacks.

"Drink?" asked Annabel.

"Delighted," Bill said, his eyes on Miriam.

"Do you two intend rehearsing all weekend?" asked Annabel.

Bill loosened his tie and drew himself up on the table beside Miriam.

"Two full days," he said. "It's too good an opportunity to miss. How are you going to amuse yourself, Annabel?"

Annabel sipped at orange juice and wrinkled her nose.

"Larry is coming up this afternoon. We might swim a little . . . read a little . . ."

"Swim a little, read a little," Miriam repeated. "You children certainly do your courting in a strange fashion. I doubt if Larry has ever seen you in a formal evening gown."

"He's seen me in a bathing suit, dear," Annabel said, and gave an exaggerated leer.

Bill grinned at her.

"I presume Larry is the giant with the rock-hewn shoulders and the science degree."

"Check," said Annabel. "He's only twenty-two, but we can't all be successful playwrights at twenty-nine."

Bill slid off the table and looked at Miriam. "Your daughter has acid on her tongue this morning." He faced Annabel. "Isn't the romance progressing favorably?"

Annabel shrugged.

"Is there a romance? We're ordinary people, Larry and I. We don't give off sparks at each contact like you and Miriam."

Bill's smile faded, and Miriam's face turned delicately pink. To cover her confusion she reached for a cigarette and said brightly: "We're artistic folk, Annabel. Bear with us."

Annabel settled her feet more comfortably in their scuffs and went towards the doorway.

"I'll go and make up a bed for Larry. He's staying until Monday."

After she had gone, Bill looked at Miriam, his eyebrows raised.

"Is something going on that I haven't been told about?"

Miriam shrugged, avoiding his eyes.

"She's been prickly all day. Maybe she's a little in love with the giant. Maybe . . ."

Bill leaned on the table and took one of her hands in his.

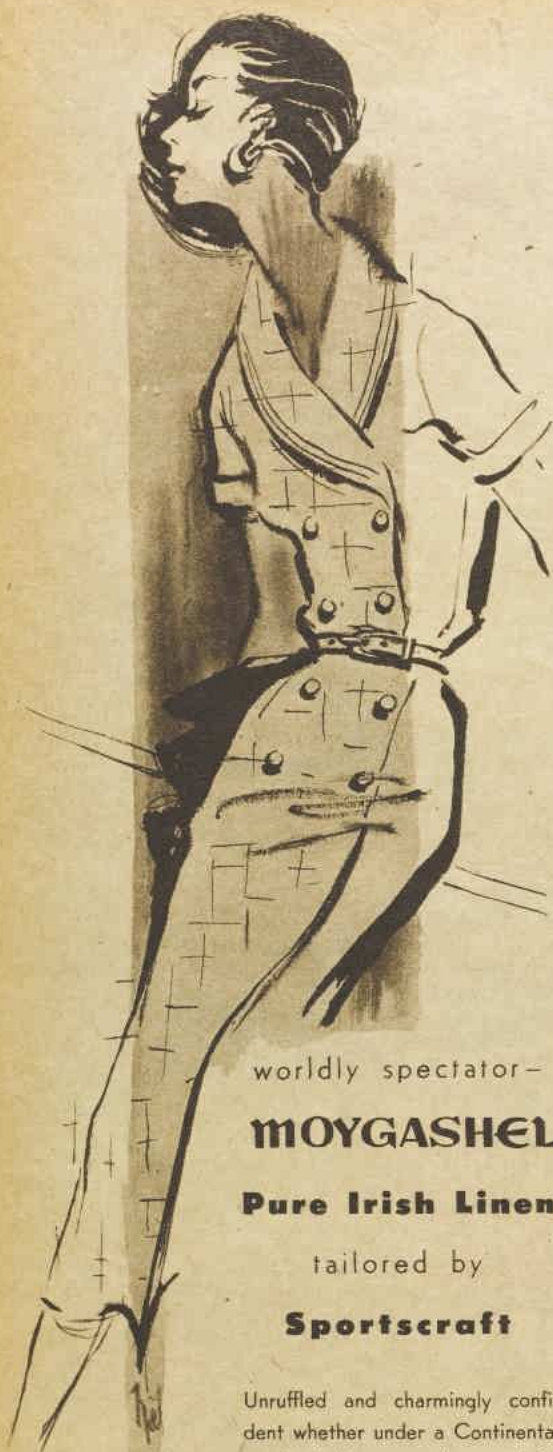
"Maybe she's conventional. Do you notice how thoroughly unconventional parents invariably have conformist children? Maybe she thinks we're seeing too much of each other." He ran one finger lightly around her wrist. "Marry me, Miriam," he said casually.

"No." She withdrew her hand and when she looked at him her eyes were shrewd.

"One day, Bill, you'll ask me that question and I'll say yes. I think you would be surprised—perhaps even a little dismayed. You and I, we've become a habit, but habit doesn't make a marriage."

He shrugged, annoyed, because he realised

To page 88



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THE THIRD ANGEL

By Jerome Weidman

GRADUALLY Swindon, a quiet little Connecticut town, is being divided into two factions, those who support the idea of Kirkbean, the home of the former ADMIRAL HEADLAND, hero of a Minitayo assault in the closing days of the war, being made a national monument, and those who oppose it. JOHN ADEN, annotating the Admiral's journal, discovers several pages concerning the crucial days before the attack are missing. He is sure they are hidden in Kirkbean. Notorious journalist PATTERSON OSLER and his henchman, MARCUS MOODY, also know this and ask EVA GORMLEY, the admiral's secretary, to help find them, but she indignantly refuses.

SUSAN GENDRON gets a new job as Aden's secretary, but the first day she goes to Kirkbean she finds that her nameless terror disappears as soon as she sets foot in the house, whose atmosphere gives her an unexpected confidence.

A public meeting is called to discuss the Kirkbean question and ARTHUR CARVER tells his sister, MARGARET GENDRON, that his wife, ELOISE, will return to him only if the Government does make Kirkbean a national monument. They have quarrelled over her hero-worship of the dead admiral.

Osler rents a cottage overlooking Kirkbean, where two men from Washington, LESTER SPARROW and ARTHUR BEDE, are working on their report, which will decide Kirkbean's fate as a monument. NOW READ ON:

THE binoculars were anchored to the window-sill by an awkward arrangement of wire nails and adhesive tape. It was crude, but effective. Patterson Osler had done it himself.

He had done everything himself, including cook his meals, since he had moved into the cottage on the crest of Shore Bluff. He was proud of his achievement. But he was proudest of the device that fastened the binoculars to the window-sill. When the phone rang, he could roll over easily, pick up the instrument, and roll back into position, his forehead touching the eye-pieces, his view of Kirkbean's northern and western exposures still clear and sharp in the powerful lenses.

"Hello," Osler said. "Marcus?"

It couldn't be anybody else. Marcus Moody had rented this cottage for him. Moody was the only one who knew of Patterson Osler's secret vigil. Nobody else had the phone number. But Osler was beginning to enjoy what he could do to his keeper.

"Of course it's me," Moody said. "Any luck?"

"Not yet."

Osler started to laugh.

"Oz!" Moody's voice was suddenly sharp. "What are you laughing at?"

"Nothing," Patterson Osler said. "I just feel good."

There was a pause. Osler chuckled. Marcus was thinking that over. Down below, on Shore Road, one of Cecil Inch's trucks roared past Julie Bierwirth's restaurant on its way to Kirkbean with a load of lumber. In the lenses, which brought the large stone house up into Osler's lap, the skeleton of the reviewing stand rose on the lawn like an arrangement of harps standing end to end, waiting for the players. Cecil Inch's carpenters moved in and out of the arrangement, carrying boards, driving nails, putting together the structure that Patterson Osler was going to demolish. He laughed again.

"Well, I'm glad you feel good," Marcus Moody said cautiously. "The only thing is, I would have thought the time to feel good is when you find what we're looking for."

"When that happens, I'll feel better," Patterson Osler said. "Right now, when I'm trailing the quarry, picking up the scent, getting closer, it's enough to feel good."

yourself out. You're not getting any younger, Oz. The strain might be too much."

"For you, maybe," Osler said, and he laughed again. "But not for me. I haven't had so much fun since the McGovern job in Chicago."

"The McGovern job was different."

"No. I told Monk McGovern I'd send him away for tax evasion before I was finished with him, and he and his team let out a laugh from here to Sacramento, but that's just what I did. I sent Monk McGovern away, and I did it myself. I've told the world I'll hang the Minitayo rap on Headland, and I'll do it before the Government takes over his house, and I'll do it myself. You want to hear something?"

"What?" Marcus Moody said.

"I haven't had a drink since I nailed these binoculars to this window-sill."

All the way from New York Marcus Moody's single, delighted, shouted syllable came through clearly.

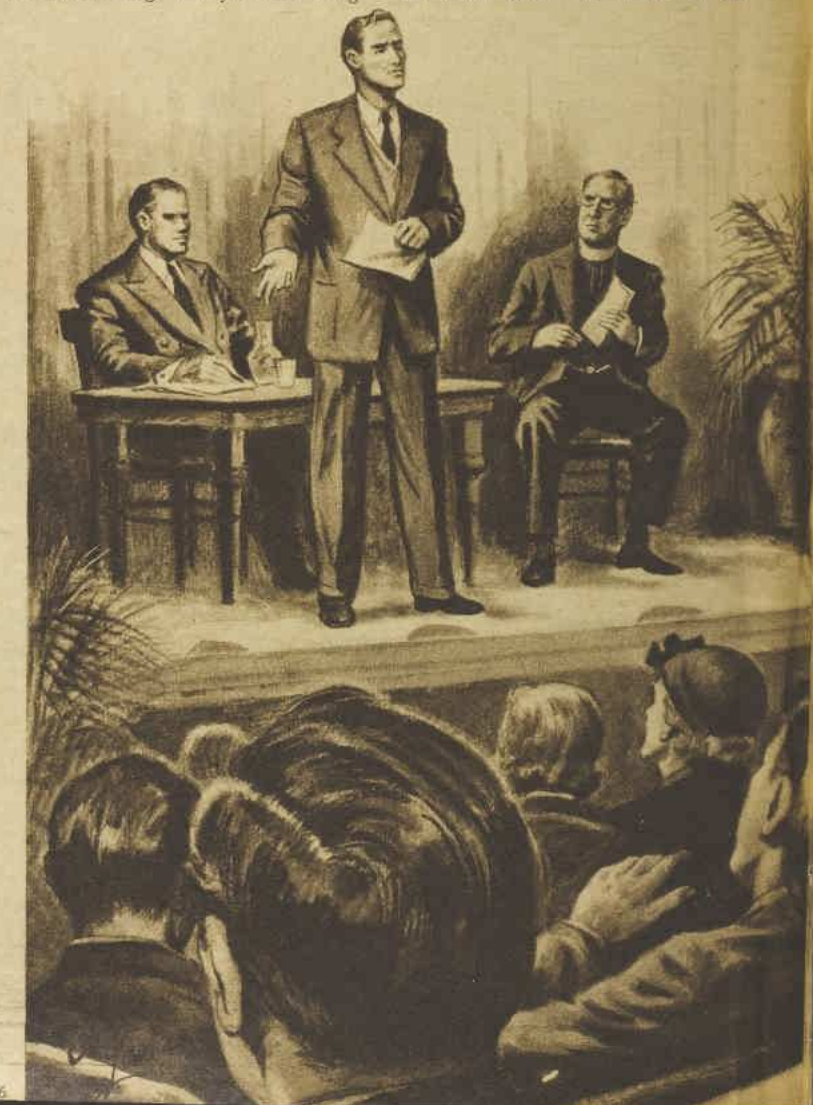
"Oz!"

"You heard me!"

"Oz, that's great! That's—"

"You bet it is. This is the best treatment I've had since—hold it!"

Osler dropped the phone on the studio couch. His forehead was touching the eye-pieces, but he inched his body forward, as though he wanted to climb into the image of Kirkbean that the powerful lenses were lifting from the small island far below to the



Events in Swindon race on to a dramatic climax . . . sixth instalment of a seven-part serial

window-sill of his clapboard cottage on Shore Bluff.

Across the lawn, from a side entrance, came one of Cecil Inch's carpenters. He wore a red-and-black checked flannel shirt and a fishing cap with a long peak made of the same material. Patterson Osler grinned and rolled over on his side. On the wall, hanging from a hook near the cottage door, was a red-and-black checked flannel shirt and a matching cap. Osler rolled back to the binoculars. He reached for the phone.

"Marcus?"

"What's up?"

"When Inch's men knock off at four-thirty, I'll be paying a visit to Kirkbean."

"You sure it's safe?"

"The guy in red and black is working today," Osler said. "I just saw him."

"For heaven's sake, Oz, don't get caught."

"Not me."

"Whatever you do, don't go upstairs."

"I may have to."

"Listen, Oz. You go in there, disguised as a workman, they find you wandering around the hall, or the kitchen, or the gun-room, or any other part of downstairs, okay. You say you're sorry, you're looking for a drink of water, something like that. But they catch you upstairs, Oz—"

"They won't catch me." Then he said crisply into the phone, "They're knocking off for the day. I've got to run."

Eva Gormley stepped into the Hassoldt Arms elevator.

"Twenty-two," she said.

"Twenty-two," the elevator operator said. Eva continued to stare at the batch of envelopes in her hand.

"Twenty-two," the operator said again.

Eva looked up. Astonished, she saw that it was twenty-two.

"Sorry," she said.

All the way down the hall to No. 2236, she could feel the elevator operator's puzzled glance following her, like a caught thread. Eva didn't blame him. She was acting badly. She shook her head, as though she were reprimanding herself, and she put the key in her lock. The elevator door slammed shut behind her.

Inside her room, Eva leaned back against the door, suddenly weary, and then a little resentful. Weariness was a new experience for her. She hated it.

She pushed herself away from the door and turned on the light beside the silver-framed photograph of the Chief. Eva gave him a quick glance. With a small, churning sensation in her stomach, she looked again at the top envelope.

There was no doubt about it. The postmark was clear: Swindon, Conn. There was even less doubt about the handwriting on the envelope: Eva knew Mrs. Headland's bold, clear scrawl. What she didn't know was why Mrs. Headland should write to her. After all this time. And especially after the brutal hints Patterson Osler had been dropping in his column.

Well, there was only one way to find out. With a leaden feeling in her heart, Eva started to poke her forefinger under the flap of the envelope. She couldn't quite make it. The leaden feeling had turned to fear. In despair, struggling with an emotion she had never before experienced, Eva turned for help to the picture on the dresser. As always the help was there.

With a smile of gratitude for the picture on the dresser, she tore open the envelope. It contained two sheets of pale blue paper. They smelled faintly of heliotrope. It brought back at once into Eva's mind a picture of Mrs. Headland's bedroom in Alexandria during the war. Very often, on the days when Eva brought out from Washington the typed pages of the admiral's journal, Mrs. Headland would receive her in the bedroom. There was always a small vase of heliotrope on the table beside the bed. Eva could smell it now as, without the slightest trace of fear or even embarrassment, she started to read:

"I know you will forgive my rudeness in not writing to you sooner. There has been much to do here in Swindon in preparation

for the ceremonies scheduled for Saturday, at which the Secretary of the Interior will formally accept Kirkbean as a national monument in honor of the late Admiral Headland.

Representatives of the Department of the Interior have been at work listing and cataloguing every stick of furniture in the house. A historian and his assistant have been working on the annotations of the Admiral's journal. And during the past few days a local contractor has been erecting a reviewing stand on the front lawn. It has not been a restful time.

It has not been made more restful by the efforts of the journalist Osler, and the interests he represents, to destroy the Admiral's reputation. While this unspeakable man has not actually named you in his newspaper columns, his heavy-handed and despicable innuendos have left no doubts as to who and what he means. I need hardly add that, to those of us who know you, this filth has stained nothing but the source from which it comes. Hence this letter, and its twofold purpose:

First, the historian who is working on the annotations of the Admiral's journal is convinced that several pages are missing. I can't believe this, knowing how painstakingly careful I have been all these years about what we are now all referring to as the Kirkbean Papers, but our historian is a persistent fellow. He—his name is John Aden, and I think you will like him—wondered if you could be of any assistance?

Second, my daughter and I don't quite know what our plans will be after the dedication ceremonies—Kate may stay with friends in Chicago for a while, where she actually is at the moment—and I may take a small

apartment in New York—but both Kate and I do know that we want to take away with us, wherever we go, a few mementoes of Kirkbean.

It occurs to me that perhaps you, too, would like to have something from the house. If I knew what you want, I would gladly send it on, but I have a feeling that perhaps you would prefer to make your own selection. Few things would please me more than to provide you with the opportunity.

I don't know what day would be best for you, but almost any day you choose would be perfect for me. If you will drop a note, or ring me on the phone, saying when you are coming, Kate will meet you at the train. If she is not back from Chicago, I know Mr. Aden will be delighted to pick you up. I think he would let you carry away the entire contents of the house if you could throw some light on the whereabouts of those missing pages of the Admiral's journal. Perhaps you can.

In any event, my dear, won't you let me know if we may expect you before the ceremonies?

Cordially,

Mary Headland.

P.S. You may have heard, through Mr. Osler's obscene column, about the town meeting that is to be held here in Swindon tomorrow night for the ostensible purpose of "deciding" whether or not the Federal Government should be "permitted" to accept Kirkbean as a national historic site. Pay no attention to it, my dear. I am assured by friends in Washington that it is completely unimportant, and will have no bearing whatsoever on the issue.

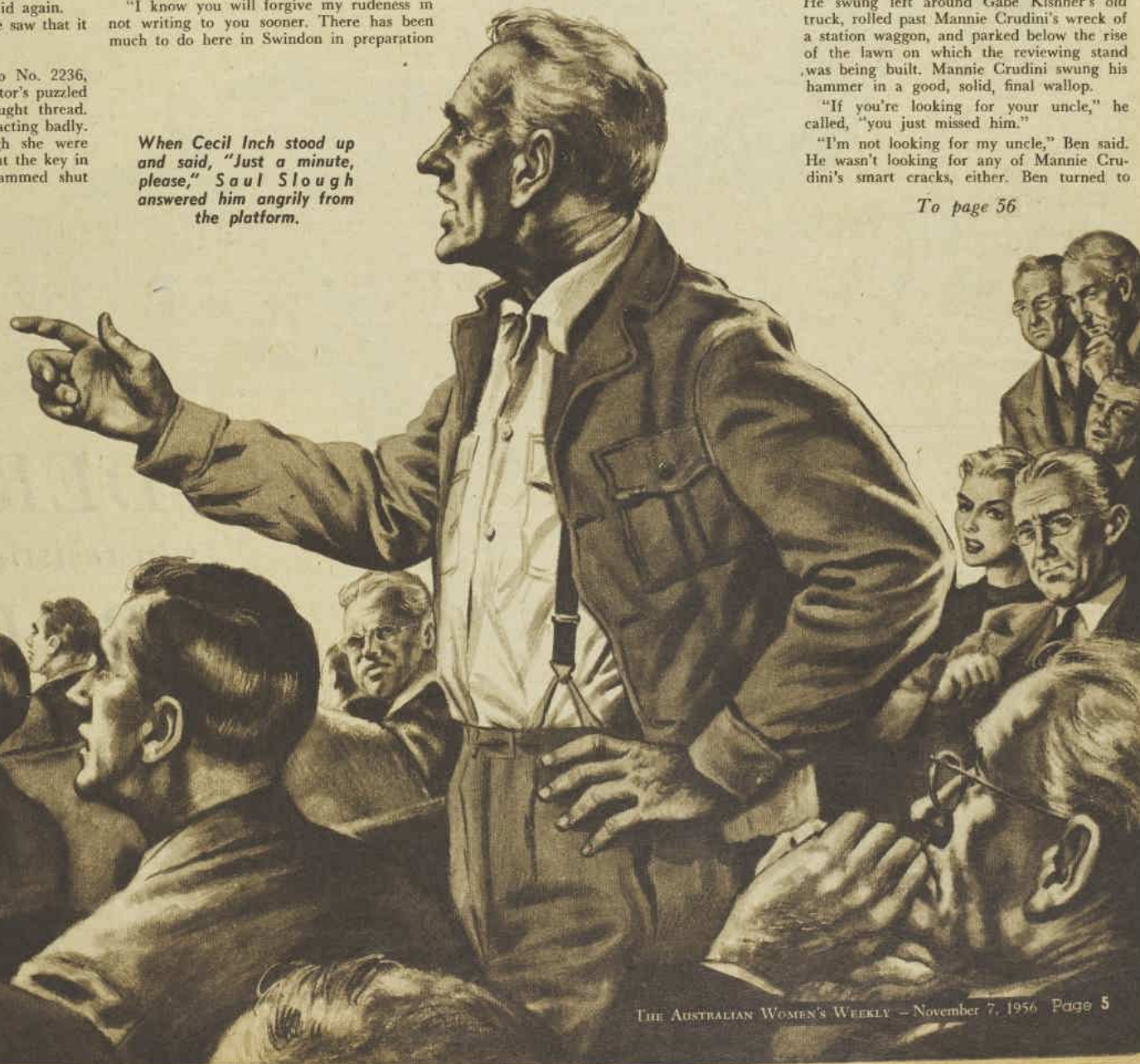
Ben Inch eased the truck off the causeway. He swung left around Gabe Kishner's old truck, rolled past Mannie Crudini's wreck of a station wagon, and parked below the rise of the lawn on which the reviewing stand was being built. Mannie Crudini swung his hammer in a good, solid, final wallop.

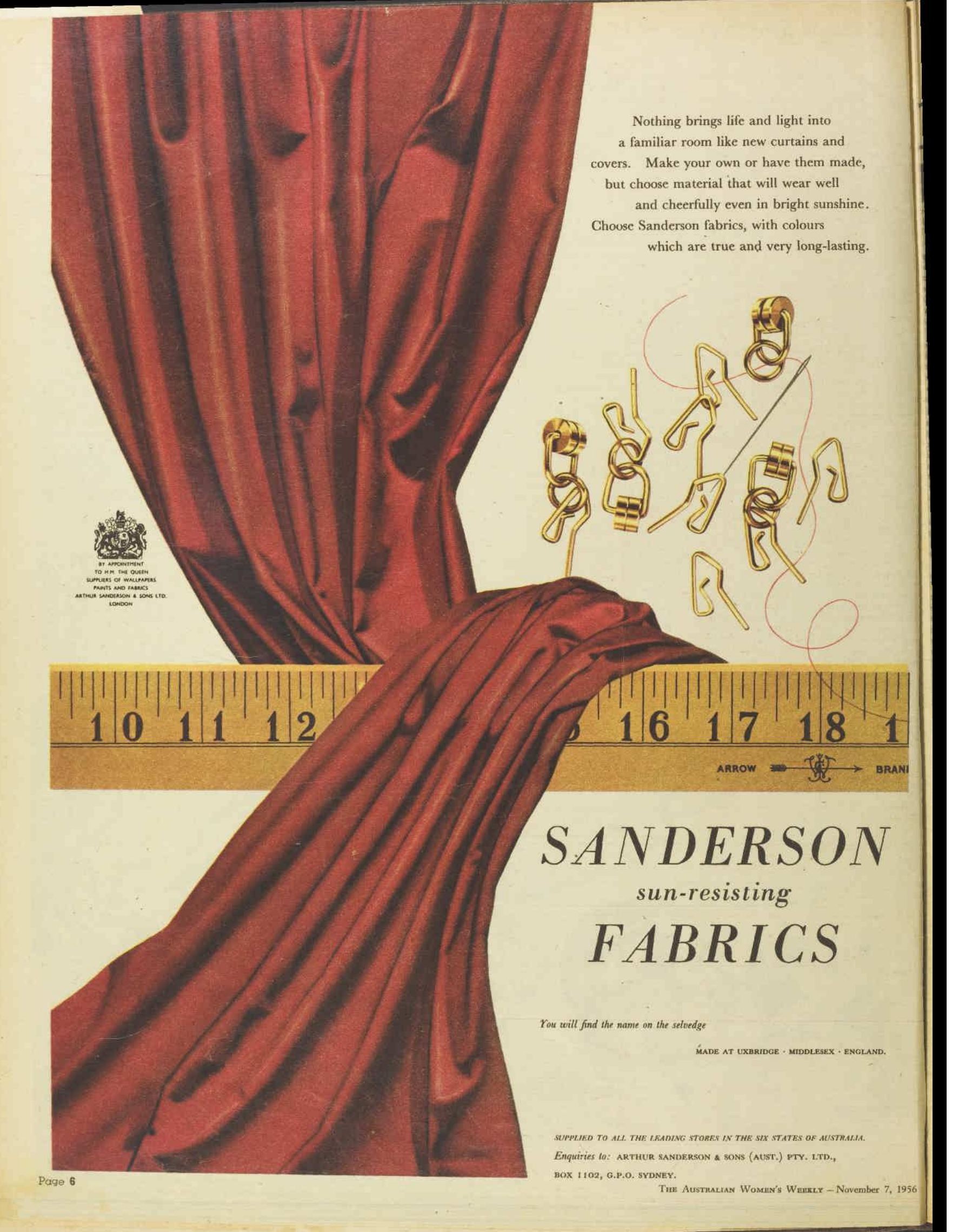
"If you're looking for your uncle," he called, "you just missed him."

"I'm not looking for my uncle," Ben said. He wasn't looking for any of Mannie Crudini's smart cracks, either. Ben turned to

To page 56

When Cecil Inch stood up and said, "Just a minute, please," Saul Slough answered him angrily from the platform.





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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 7, 1956

Leading Lady

A short story complete
on this page
By OSCAR
SCHISGALL

TRYING to locate Ward Keller after he'd been off the stage for so long turned out to be quite a job. I talked to a hundred Broadway veterans, and they could tell me nothing. They hadn't heard of Keller for years.

In the end, I hired a detective agency. It was a last dim hope, but it worked. Within a week they traced Ward Keller to a broken-down house near the Gowanus Canal in Brooklyn. Their report said, "Lives alone. Unemployed. Circumstances poor."

The last phrase was no exaggeration. His room was up three dark flights, through all sorts of stale smells. With every rising step I found it harder to believe that this was the Broadway star who had always lived in the grand manner.

Yet my boss, Dan Goodwin, had assured me that Keller had been a prosperous and colorful musical-comedy star until a piece of steel had slashed his throat in a car crash. The accident had left him without a singing voice; in fact, he had become so hoarse that he couldn't even do straight parts.

"He drifted from job to job," Dan said. Finally he just disappeared.

And now I was to bring Ward Keller back . . .

When he opened the door I was shocked. "It can't be," I thought. "This guy was never Maud Linnett's leading man." He was gaunt. He was a tall man and a mass of grey-streaked hair added to his height. He wore a crumpled shirt, baggy pants. But it was his eyes that held me—they were large, dark, and heavy-lidded, sunk in a colorless, hollow-cheeked face.

"Mr. Ward Keller?" I asked, and I half hoped he would say I'd made a mistake. But he nodded. So I drew a long breath. "My name is Sam Balch," I said. "Press agent for Daniel Goodwin Productions."

He looked puzzled. I explained, "We're reviving a musical you and Maud Linnett starred in years ago—'Lady from Heaven.'"

He motioned me into a small, poverty-stricken room. We sat down on chairs.

"Mr. Keller," I said, "we want you and Maud Linnett to attend the opening of 'Lady from Heaven.' Mr. Goodwin thinks it will be good publicity to have the original stars in a box on opening night."

"Oh, no!" He still had a hoarse, deep voice. "I couldn't do that."

I felt embarrassed for him, but I had a job to do.

"Mr. Goodwin wants me to offer you five hundred dollars for the one-night appearance," I said. "Plus whatever you'll need for clothes."

His fists clenched. I saw agony in his eyes and indecision.

"All you and Miss Linnett have to do," I said, "is take a bow between the acts." I remembered then something else Dan Goodwin had told me about the team of Keller and Linnett—how they had lived through one of Broadway's fiery romances, and how they had quarrelled, and Maud had plunged into the first of her three marriages.

Now Keller asked in his husky voice, "How—how is Maud?"

"Health? Fine."

"I don't mean health." Every word was strained. "I mean—"

I guessed what he meant. Was Maud Linnett well off or in need? Suddenly I knew what would happen if I told him the truth—that her last husband had left her a sizable fortune. I was sure he would refuse my offer. He wouldn't want pity from his former partner.

So I said, "Mr. Keller, it wouldn't be fair of me to talk about Miss Linnett's circumstances."

He bent forward. "Does that mean she's—down on her luck?" When I hesitated he said, "I—I'm sorry to hear it. Very sorry."

There was a short silence. "Five hundred dollars," he said. "All right. I'll do it."

Within an hour I was phoning Maud Linnett. Maybe I'd made a mistake, but I didn't want her to blast Ward Keller's pride the instant they met. So I told her what had happened and threw the whole thing on her mercy. To my horror she froze.

"It seems to me, Mr. Balch," she said, "that what you did is childish. Simply because Ward Keller has made a mess of his life must I pretend I've made a mess of mine!"

And then she said, "See you at the opening. Good-bye, Mr. Balch."

I felt stunned. I didn't want to see Ward Keller hurt . . .

They met, for the first time in many years, in Danny Goodwin's office ten minutes before curtain time, with cameras on hand to record the meeting. Then we hurried the two of them out to their box seats. There was confusion and little time for them to talk. I thanked heaven for that.

Maud Linnett's hair was grey, but she was still a tall and beautiful woman, stately as a queen. As for Ward Keller, he had managed a transfiguration. Maybe it was the evening clothes or maybe the five hundred dollars in his pocket, but the fact was that he, too, looked like royalty. The gaunt face was no longer colorless and there was a sparkle in the dark eyes. He was an actor again—acting in the grand manner.

I sat behind them. Throughout the first act they were so enthralled that they didn't talk at all. Once, as the young stars sang a duet beneath their box, Maud's hand touched Ward Keller's arm as if to call his attention to something he was already feeling.

Then the intermission came and Danny Goodwin was on stage, making his graceful little speech about the original stars of "Lady from Heaven." He had a spotlight thrown on the box. Maud Linnett and Ward Keller rose together, smiling and bowing.

The applause really amazed me. It was louder and longer than anything we had hoped for, and I knew this was something the columnists would pick up as a natural. When it was over people streamed into the box to shake hands.

As the second act started Danny Goodwin beckoned and I followed him out. He looked excited.

"Sam, that ovation gave Maud Linnett an idea," he said. "Why can't we use the two of them for the run of the play? We'll write in a short prologue. Put Maud and Keller in their old costumes doing a nostalgic reminiscence. Only a



couple of minutes, so his hoarseness won't matter. Then the lights fade and we go into the play, which becomes the dramatisation of their memories. We get the benefit of two great old names of the theatre as well as a nice sentimental touch for a revival. What do you think?"

"Wonderful!" I said.

"But can he still act? That's what worries me."

"Can't say," I had to admit. "After all these years—"

"Bring him backstage after the show. I'll talk to him."

I started back into the box—but I stopped at the door. In the half-darkness Ward Keller was forcing into Maud Linnett's hand the money he'd collect tonight!

"Please," he was whispering, "you'll make me very happy if you take it."

"But, Ward, I don't want it! I—"

"You can use it," he said. "They told me. Please."

At the thunderous ovation from the audience, Ward and Maud rose to bow from their box.

I wondered if Maud knew what five hundred dollars meant to this man. For him it was a sacrifice beyond measure, but he was making it in the grand manner, never showing how much he was giving up. And Dan Goodwin had wondered if he could still act!

Maud's face was silhouetted against the lights of the stage and I could see the tears come into her eyes. This was her moment to tell him she had all the money she could ever want.

Suddenly she was stuffing the bills into her bag with fumbling, shaking hands, while the tears ran down her face. I knew then she wouldn't spoil this scene, for she was whispering, "Thank you, Ward. Thank you!"

(Copyright)



The Rutleigh Background

He could give his daughter everything that money could buy, but he had to act warily to provide for her the most important thing.

JAMES RUTLEIGH closed quietly behind him the front door of his house in Brompton Square. It was latish, after twelve. He was returning from a masculine evening, a dining club that was convoked eight times a year to pay a Lucullan tribute to the memory of that fabled gourmet, Brillat-Savarin.

He was in a happy mood; soothed in mind and body by good fare and congenial company.

On to the grandfather clock that faced him across the hall a note was pinned. It was from his daughter Barbara—"Expect to be back late, don't bolt the door."

It was scrawled hastily in pencil on a half sheet of paper. He studied it, then shrugged his shoulders. He supposed it was all right. She was twenty; if she couldn't look after herself now, she never would. Yes, he supposed it was all right. Though what he could do about it, if it weren't, he scarcely knew.

On the hall table a single letter awaited him. It was addressed in a flamboyant script with Greek "e's" and flourished capitals. He frowned. It was from his elder son, Martin, now in his last year at school.

It was Martin's custom to write home on Sundays. A letter in the middle of the week could mean one thing only—trouble. It did: in the shape of a request to be transferred from the classical to the history sixth.

"The Head doesn't agree with me," Martin wrote, "but I know you will. Classics aren't any real use afterwards and history is. At least, if one wants to go into politics as I do."

The frown on Rutleigh's forehead darkened. Politics, indeed, at seventeen! "The Head doesn't agree." Of course he wouldn't. Stick to his classics and try for a scholarship at Christmas, that was what Martin had to do. I must put a stop to this, he thought.

Yes, but I mustn't be the stern parent, he told himself. The boy's set his heart on it. He has these crazes. I must be diplomatic.

His bedroom was on the second floor. He was a man in the middle forties. His hair was starting to turn grey. But he was tall, wiry, athletic. He had kept in training. The stairs were steep, but he was breathing evenly as he paused on the landing outside his wife's bedroom door.

There was no line of light beneath it. She was either asleep or on the brink of sleep. He did not want to rouse her. He undressed quietly, switching off the light in his dressing-room before opening the connecting door. In the dark, however, he stumbled against a chair.

In an instant she was sitting up in bed, the table-lamp switched on.

Her forehead was creased; there was a

puckered look about her mouth. But though she had only just been woken from the start of her night's sleep, her pale face wore a surprising air of freshness.

As she sat up there in bed, in the soft light of the shaded reading-lamp, it was hard to believe that she was over forty; the shoulders were as white and rounded, the line of chin as clear, the carriage of the head as proud as they had been on her wedding day. She wore a girlish nightgown, pale pink georgette, with ribbons and inserted lace. But it did not seem inappropriate.

It was a picture that suggested softness, sweetness, warmth. But in her voice was a rasping note, the voice of a querulous, fussed woman.

"It's about Barbara," she said. "She's gone out with that young barrister again. You know the one, Kenneth Stanton. Alone, what's more. I suppose it's all right; but she's only twenty and people are getting punctilious. Debutantes have chaperones nowadays. We don't want to have her talked about. I've met Kenneth's people: they're charming, charming. Even so . . . you're lunching with her tomorrow, aren't you? I thought you were. Where? At the Aperiitif? I thought as much. I'm playing bridge with Nora. Now, I wonder if you couldn't say something rather tactful to Barbara about it all?"

He closed his eyes. Ten moments ago he'd been at peace with the world, warmed with good fellowship, ready to sink peacefully to sleep. Now he was in a sandstorm of complaint. Already he could feel that familiar tightening across the temples, sure prelude to an aching agitation that would race his

brain and make sleep impossible for at least an hour.

Home, sweet home, he thought ironically.

James Rutleigh was a stockbroker and a successful one. His offices were in Kingsway, on the fifth floor of an impressive modern building.

It was with a feeling of relief that he pushed his way through its main door next morning. At times the atmosphere of an office can be singularly restful, singularly reassuring. Personal problems of home and family are left behind you. There is the warm and friendly welcome from the porter, from the clerks in the counting house, from your secretary as she takes her place beside you.

Rutleigh's secretary had been with him for three years. She was in the middle twenties. She was little and slim, fair-skinned with russet-colored hair. She had a pleasant, well-bred voice. She sat, motionless, while he dictated.

As she gathered up her papers, he noticed that the third finger of her left hand was bare.

"What, no engagement ring?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I broke it off last night."

He looked at her interrogatively. He had never invited confidences from her. He did not now; but his look said: "Tell me, if it's any help."

"There wasn't any point to it," she explained. "It would have been years before we could afford to marry. At the start I thought we might be able to, quite soon. I thought that I could be a help; that being engaged to me might be a spur. But he's not the kind that gets promoted quickly. He's good and



By ALEC WAUGH

solid and reliable, but he won't be earning enough for marriage till he's over thirty. And I'm not the kind that lives in one-roomed flats. I don't believe in getting married till you can do it comfortably. Does that sound very mercenary?"

He shook his head. It sounded, on the contrary, exceedingly good sense; for a modern girl, at least.

James Rutleigh remembered too well his own struggles during those immediate post-war years when he had had to scrape for every penny. It had been a testing time for Muriel and himself.

Thank heavens I'll be able to save Barbara all that, he thought.

He was meeting her at one-fifteen. At one o'clock a breathless voice entangled itself into explanations.

"Daddy, darling, you won't believe me, you won't understand. However hard I tried, you wouldn't, so it's no good my trying. But I just can't lunch with you. Something's turned up that's very important. When you know, you'll understand. But I must rush, darling, or I'll be late, and I mustn't be."

That means I've got to lunch at my club, he thought.

An atmosphere of silence reigned in the dining-room when he arrived there. The only sound was the occasional scrape of steel on china; the shuffle of the infirm and gouty wine waiter.

Why was he here? Because his daughter had turned him down. The men that women had no use for. That's what clubs were for. No, he couldn't; it was too much, on a day like this. I'll walk in the park, he thought. I'll have a glass of beer and a sandwich. I can't bury myself in this mausoleum.

Anyone passing him, noticing his well-cut clothes, his broad shoulders, the light in his eye, the general air of confidence, would think: "There's someone on the crest of the wave." In his prime, they'd say, with the best of everything ahead.

If he were to be a free man now, he would have little difficulty in finding himself a wife; not merely someone who was marrying him for security, but a girl who would be in love with him as completely as ever Muriel had been, to whom he would be able to give more than he had ever given to Muriel.

He remembered that conversation with his secretary. She'd be ready enough to marry a man like himself. He could give her so much more than the young man whose engagement she had broken. He could give her a background. He had position, he had money, experience of the world. Through that experience he could be tactful, considerate, wise.

Something would be missing, certainly; the light-hearted spirit of contemporaries. But other things would take its place.

How short-lived, after all, that playfellow period could be. How short in his own case. By then Barbara was two. They had been caught up, he and Muriel, so soon with the responsibilities of home and family. Every spare penny was absorbed by those responsibilities.

They had not grudged it; they had made a happy home. They had not changed, though, towards each other. They had ceased to be playfellows and lovers; they had become parents and householders. They scarcely noticed that it was happening.

Yes, but that was in the past. The children had changed; were changing. They were leading their own lives. Barbara cancelled engagements. That letter last night from Martin. Was it the beginning of the conflict renewed from generation to generation between son and father? The children were problems, his home had ceased to be a place where he could relax comfortably.

He came out of the park by Stanhope Gate and strolled westwards. It was the first time he had been here by daylight for at least two years. How it had altered, just as all London was altering.

He paused, ruminatively. As he did so, a taxicab drew up. A tall, youngish man jumped out, then turned to help a woman to the pavement.

As far as he knew, Rutleigh had never seen the man before, but though the woman's face was turned, her figure, her way of moving, the carriage of her head, the swathed pink turban were as familiar to him as his own reflection. It could not possibly be anyone but Muriel. Another second and they had both passed into the building.

In his office he faced the implications of the discovery. Muriel, with a man he did not know, entering a building in which, as far he knew, he had not one acquaintance. At a quarter-past two. Hardly a late lunch, surely, since she was playing bridge with

To page 83

As Rutleigh stood in the hall he could see his daughter talking to the young barrister, Kenneth Stanton.





You see her everywhere . . . on sun-swept beaches, in the office, on dance floors. And everywhere she goes people take a second look at her sparkling eyes, shiny hair, and glowing complexion. Pretty nineteen year-old Avril Rogers, of Potts Point, Sydney, protects the youthful loveliness of her skin with gentle Rexona Soap.

**PUT YOUR SKIN
ON THIS
HEALTH AND BEAUTY DIET**

Rexona soap helps skin blemishes disappear

It's so easy to keep a clear, cool complexion always . . . not with complicated beauty routines, but with the simple purity of Rexona Soap. Just one lather with this wonderfully mild, pure soap — helps cleanse, smooth and soften your skin with the same corrective care as a fine face cream. You can actually see your complexion take on a new radiant loveliness. And that flower-fresh Rexona fragrance stays with you long after your bath or shower.

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Rexona Soap is medicated with Cadyl, an exclusive blend of oils of cade, cassia, cloves, terebinth and bornyl acetate. These rare beauty aids sink deep into the pores where most blemishes start.



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English knitwear . . . beautifully soft . . .
tastefully coloured . . . perfectly fashioned . . .

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MORLEY

Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

NOW that all the exciting possibilities of the television era are beginning to be a main topic of conversation, I think it is important to realise that television offers a challenge and an obligation to everyone, especially to parents. By taking an intelligent interest in the kind of programmes planned for children, and voicing praise or criticism wherever necessary, we can play some part in this formative stage. Then we can be sure that this powerful new medium — capable of such influence for good or evil — will not only widen the field of entertainment for our children but enrich and stimulate their imaginations.

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. Simmons, 8 Avon Rd., Dee Why, N.S.W.

DURING our severe winter I often noticed children going to school warmly clad except for short ankle socks. How much more sensible is the New Australian habit of knitted knee-length socks for schoolchildren. If Australian mothers adopted the idea, long socks would come back into fashion and be appreciated for their cosiness as well as reducing the incidence of colds and other winter ills.

10/6 to Mrs. V. Bond, 26 Strzelecki Rd., Yallourn, Vic.

AN American idea gaining popularity in Australia is wedding rings for men. I am sure a man wearing such a ring feels the same pride at "belonging" to somebody as does a woman and likes to have proof of this displayed for the world to see. I would like to see more men adopt the custom.

10/6 to Miss Jan Boyling, Hotel Kingston, Canberra, A.C.T.

DO the majority of women shoppers ever consider the angle of the business girl? She has an hour, sometimes less, for lunch. During this time she must eat and shop and still be back at work on the dot. Surely it is unfair of women who could fit their shopping into any part of the day to use the lunch hour?

10/6 to Mrs. E. Muir, 133 Gould St., Frankston, Vic.

COULD we Australians try to sing the National Anthem more? We all stand respectfully when it is played, but we so rarely sing it. The singing would help us to realise that it is a prayer and a toast to our gracious Queen, and not just a formality to get over as quickly as possible. I am sure that many New Australians think it hasn't any words, so let us all open our mouths and hearts and really sing next time we hear it played.

10/6 to "Valerie" (name supplied), Woodville, S.A.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WHY do so many people believe young people should think seriously of love and marriage until at least 16? The majority of my friends are being married at 16 or 17. They all seem to be happy and making a success of it. 10/6 to "Another Teena" (name supplied), Forth, Tas.

Accident victims

J. FOWLER (The Australian Women's Weekly, 3/10/77) claims it is morbid curiosity that makes people rush to have a look at the victim of an accident. This is not always the case. Last week, while coming home about dusk, I was on a crowd on the corner of the main road and the street which we live. A pushbike was a twisted wreck in the middle of the road. As my husband and son were both due home at that time and both ride bikes, what was more natural than that I should rush over to see the victim. It wasn't one of my family, but there may be many people who look at accidents for the reason I did.

10/6 to Mrs. H. Black, Richmond St., North Rockhampton, Qld.

Family affairs

• Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

WHEN my brother and I were small we found it irksome to clean our teeth. Then my mother hit on an ingenious method of ensuring regular teeth-cleaning habits. She prepared a chart for the month, dividing each day into two compartments, morning and evening. This was mounted on cardboard and hung in the bathroom. After cleaning our teeth we ticked off each compartment. If at the end of the week we had 14 ticks we were rewarded with a tiny prize. This teeth-cleaning competition continued until the habit had been safely established, and all along we took great pride in earning our ticks, with the irksomeness of teeth-cleaning entirely gone.

£1/1/- to Miss Beverley Cooper, 39 Elwood St., Brighton, Vic.

Ross Campbell writes...

I'VE been reading a lot in the past weeks about our Olympic girl athletes.

Looking at pictures of them, too. What amazing young creatures they are!

Especially the swimmers, who seem to break a record every time they go in for a dip.

A girl in the Olympic swimming squad who has a bad day and doesn't break a record must feel thoroughly ashamed of herself.

I suppose the others make her sweep out the hut.

As a male Australian, and one who is not in the pink of condition, I have mixed feelings about these charming champs.

From the patriotic angle, of course, I am proud of them.

Yet deep inside I am a little unhappy.

Men like to feel that in the sporting field, at least, they are the masterful sex.

But how masterful would the average man look puffing after Shirley Strickland over the 80 yards hurdles?

Or playing tiggy-touchwood with Marlene Mathews?

No doubt this is why girl athletes

THE OLYMPIC DAMES

so often marry outstanding sportsmen.

It seems the most sensible thing to do.

Yet many unathletic boys must be attracted to these goddess-like maidens.

Imagine the sad plight of a young



fellow who could only dog-paddle if he fell in love with Dawn Fraser or Lorraine Crapp.

He would spend half his time thinking up excuses to keep out of the water.

There was a case in point out our way.

Valmai Limber, who can jump 5ft. 3in., got engaged to little Cecil Creep, a librarian who can only jump 4ft.

Whenever they went to a friend's place Valmai leaped easily over the fence.

Cecil had to go round through the gate.

This built up a resentment in him and they began bickering.

Eventually Valmai went for advice to a marriage-guidance counsellor.

The expert said: "You can do two things. Either stop jumping or get a new boy-friend who can jump higher than you."

She took the second course. Today she is married happily to "Froggy" Hopwell, who clears the bar at well over 6ft.

I'm not sorry that girls were so much less athletic in my youth.

In those days, when one of them played "Chase Me, Charlie," an untrained man who was a heavy smoker had at least a sporting chance of catching her.

Nevertheless, good luck to our goddesses!

I'll cheer them even if I'd hate to compete with them.



ABOVE: The search for oil continues in remote parts of Australia. This drilling camp was set up among the rugged escarpments of a valley in the Grant Range, W.A. The buildings have all amenities and are moveable on trucks. This picture was taken from a 150ft. derrick by J. H. Rattigan, of Darwin.

WONDERFUL AUSTRALIA

BELOW: Uranium prospectors of the Kimberleys, W.A., take time off from prospecting to relax with fishing lines at the Ord River Causeway on Ivanhoe Station, East Kimberley. Low-level bridges of this type maintain almost all-weather river crossings in the north-west. This picture is also by J. H. Rattigan.



Economy Salad MAYONNAISE

made in a matter of seconds!

1

- TAKE
- ½ TIN
- NESTLÉ'S SWEETENED
- CONDENSED MILK.
- POUR IN A BOWL.



2

- AND ADD
- ½ TEASPOON SALT,
- ½ CUP OF VINEGAR
- AND 1 TEASPOON
- DRY MUSTARD.



3

- MIX ALL INGREDIENTS
- THOROUGHLY UNTIL MIXTURE
- THICKENS.
- ALLOW TO STAND
- A FEW MINUTES
- UNTIL MAYONNAISE
- STIFFENS.



4

- ★ RICH
- ★ VELVETY SMOOTH
- ★ SAVES SUGAR
- ★ SAVES TIME
- ★ ADD NESTLÉ'S
- SWEETENED CONDENSED
- MILK TO ALL YOUR SUMMER
- COOKING—IT'S AS BASIC AS FLOUR AND EGGS.



NESTLÉ'S FULL CREAM MILK
ANOTHER FAMOUS NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

Behind a veil
of Sno-Mist
you can't
offend



Sno-Mist Powder Deodorant gives lasting protection, with none of the disadvantages of messy pastes and liquids. It sprays on direct from the patented puffer can, without mess or waste. Sno-Mist stops odour instantly and lastingly, checks perspiration, too.



SNO-MIST POWDER DEODORANT

REDRAZE, top favorite for the Melbourne Cup, takes an early morning walk at Randwick with his strapper, Neville Johnson, and a pony companion.

Horses off courses

PRIVATE LIVES OF CUP FANCIES

Names like Rising Fast, Redcraze, Ray Ribbon, and Ark Royal have an air of thoroughbred remoteness. To the public, who see the horses only as they parade round the mounting yard or race down the straight, there is no personality behind these glamorous names.

BUT to the owners, trainers, and stable hands who look after these stars of the turf they are individuals as temperamental as film stars.

In Sydney, staff reporter Helen Frizell went to see the bluebloods at home.

Her first call was to Redcraze, favorite for the Melbourne Cup, who, she found, has some favorites of his own.

A chestnut, standing 16 hands 2, with a white star on

his forehead and two white socks, Redcraze is a six-year-old owned by Mrs. A. B. Bradley and trained by Mr. T. J. Smith.

Redcraze, known as "Red Fella" to his strapper, Neville Johnson, likes:

- **Early rising.** The best time of day for him is 4 a.m., when the stables at Kensington, N.S.W., managed by "Bricky" Atkins and "Happy" Rolls, come to life.

- **Good food and drink.** He sucks water neat from the

bucket, helps himself to a

from an outside string bag.

Exercise. He goes out the track at Randwick every morning and afternoon.

Swimming. An all-year round swimmer and a bit of an "iceberg," Redcraze has no heed to surfing - sea dates.

Good grooming. Redcraze revels in a rub-down with wet rag, a brisk towel and a good brushing.

Home comforts. Redcraze has a box lined with straw





FOUR-YEAR-OLD Brien Tierney watches as Mrs. Keith Dibb, wife of Sailor's Guide's part owner, gives the horse a carrot.



MUSIC-LOVER Caranna, ridden here by Athol Mulley, has won more than £24,000 for his owner. He was narrowly beaten by Redcraze in the Brisbane Cup.



RISING FAST'S constant pony companion, Goldie, travels with him everywhere. Rising Fast hates travelling, and will return to New Zealand after the season.

red-painted stable door, and an exercise yard of watered and raked sand.

Travel. Land, sea, and air, Redcraze is used to them all. He is never airsick.

Good company. There are 40 horses at the Kensington stables. Mivida, a French mare, is Redcraze's neighbor and track mate.

Most of all, Redcraze likes winning. He has won more than 20 races, including the Brisbane Cup.

Helen Frizell's next visit was to Cup runner Caranna, a four-year-old brown horse, standing more than 15 hands, who dislikes being beaten on the course.

Owned by Arthur and Gavin Cobcroft, Caranna is trained at the Randwick stables of Mr. E. Hush, and is known by the name of "Narni" to stable hands there.

Amiable Caranna personifies the saying that "all good horses have good temperaments."

He lives in an airy box, part of the stables which have stood "ever since Randwick was Randwick."

He likes music and will stick his neck out of the stable door when he hears a radio.

When led out for exercise he will bend his head to nuzzle his pal, a little ginger dog called Laddie.

In Melbourne Barbara Wallis went along to see New Zealander Ray Ribbon, the five-year-old brown horse owned by Messrs. C. R. Newman and C. Pateman.

His trainer, Mr. Gordon Barr, of New Zealand, described him as "A gentleman

on the course, but get him inside or start grooming him and he'll tear you to pieces.

"Yet once I've finished grooming him you could put a child on his back, he's so quiet."

"I've looked after him since he was 14 months. But I have to do everything for him myself—he'd eat one of the boys."

The next call was to Emphatic, being trained by Norm Creighton at Caulfield.

This six-year-old, who has won £10,000 in stakes, is another New Zealander who regularly scoops the pool from Australian horses.

Emphatic is known in the

Mr. Creighton said, as he handed him a few lumps.

Idol of the race crowds, Rising Fast was wandering around a paddock in the rain, perfectly content, when we visited Fred Hoysted's stables at Mentone.

"You can't keep him inside," Fred's son, Bob, said.

"If you shut him in the stable he stands at the door all day and looks miserable."

Bob walked up the paddock and led the gentle champion back to us by simply placing a hand on his neck.

Always polite, Rising Fast gives the impression of being a philosopher at heart.



DALSTAR, ridden by J. O'Sullivan, streaks to the post at Rosehill.

stables as "Sabro," a Maori name. His owner is Mr. R. G. Koberstein, of Otorohanga, N.Z.

"Emphatic is a real gentleman," Mr. Creighton said.

"Sabro" is a former stable-mate of Rising Fast. He has been in Mr. Creighton's charge since June, but so far appears to have no temperament.

"His only love is sugar,"

He likes to be left alone, but never becomes difficult in crowds.

His constant companion and lifelong friend is a shaggy little pony called Goldie.

When he goes back to New Zealand this year, Goldie will travel with him.

"Too tired to stand" is how trainer A. I. Powell describes the big New Zealand horse Ark Royal.

"Some New Zealand visitors recently came to the stables to see the champion. He received them lying flat on his side, fast asleep."

Ark Royal, who belongs to G. J. Barton, of Dunedin, is known in the stables as "Mark" because of the small patch of white on his face.

He is a four-year-old bay. Out of 22 starts he has won five and has never been later than about fifth in a race.

A horse who likes glamor is Mr. A. H. Griffith's three-year-old Arab's Choice.

He never extends himself when training, and has won more than £4000 in stakes.

Pushover, the brown mare belonging to Mr. R. Brew, had a narrow escape as a two-year-old.

A veterinary surgeon in Adelaide told her trainer, Mr. J. P. Lewis, that she was permanently crippled and should be destroyed.

"I told him that if he was as right in the head as she was in the leg he would have no cause to worry," Mr. Lewis snorted. "The only thing the matter with her was a small corn on her hoof."

Pushover, record holder for the Australia Cup, is a six-year-old, finely built, with a gentle disposition.

The quaint pastime of five-year-old Prince Delville is a game with his tongue, according to his strapper, Alan Spooner. He loves Alan to play with his tongue.

Sailor's Guide is a comparatively small horse with the heart of a lion.

He is gentle, loves children, and looks forward to the carrots he gets after each race.



RAY RIBBON, a gentleman on the course but a fierce kicker and biter in the stable, with his trainer G. S. Barr (left) and part owner Mr. C. R. Newman.



GRACEFUL record-holding mare Pushover with her constant stable companion, Spot, a piebald pony, and attendant George Bradford.



PRINCE DELVILLE is a quiet horse, says strapper Alan Spooner.



ADELAIDE Cup-winner Storm Glow, ridden by jockey J. Kone, parades round for the punters at a Melbourne meeting.



NEXT to eating, sleeping is the favorite pastime of the big New Zealand horse Ark Royal, seen here with trainer Ashley I. Powell.



MONTE CARLO, ridden by J. Thompson, returns to scale after having won the Derby at the A.J.C. Spring meeting at Randwick.



AFTER-DINNER COFFEE

After-dinner coffee is customarily served black, but when it comes to **creamed coffee** (a favourite with us all!) then "cream" it with Ideal Evaporated Milk. Nescafé with Ideal makes the richest, creamiest coffee imaginable.

EXTRA SPECIAL DEMI-TASSE

For After-Dinner Coffee with a "twist," Emily Post suggests that you add to each cup one teaspoon of orange juice and a twist of orange rind. If desired, serve with brandy.

World renowned
authority on
social etiquette



Emily Post suggests . . .

Coffee in the Living Room



"It's nice to drink your coffee in the living room even after an informal dinner," says Emily Post. "The coffee tray should be completely arranged in the kitchen, then brought in and placed on a convenient table. Coffee is poured by the hostess. The cups, milk and sugar are often passed informally by the men."

DELICIOUS WHENEVER, WHEREVER YOU SERVE IT

Nescafé is all choice coffee, nothing but coffee . . . the pick of the crop of the world's coffee plantations. It's the largest selling coffee in the world . . . truly tastier coffee made the modern way.



Rich ICED Coffee

FOR SUMMER ENTERTAINING

Nescafé makes refreshing Iced Coffee so quickly, so simply. You just dissolve Nescafé in water and add cold milk to taste (better still, use Ideal Evaporated Milk). For the delicious finishing touch, add sugar, ice cubes or ice cream. If you've a tin of Nescafé on your shelf, make yourself a long, cool glass of Iced Coffee now.

NESCAFÉ . . . NESTLE'S 100% PURE COFFEE

NR22-56

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 7, 1951

ON the principle of trying anything once, we went along to an Adelaide cinema, and sat among colorfully clad adolescents in the front stalls on the opening night of "Rock Around the Clock."

For the first picture, a typical "goodies and baddies," it might have been a Saturday children's matinee.

The audience hooted the villains, cheered the kisses of the hero and heroine, and greeted the final triumph of good over bad with shrieks and stamps of approval.

This bit of adolescent rowdiness was useful in indicating the hotspots from which subsequent demonstrations might develop when rock-'n-roll took over.

In view of overseas happenings the management had provided three stalwart male ushers and a posse of tall police in case of eventualities. One girl was removed and several lads pushed back into their seats.

We sat immediately behind a "cell" of overdressed lads.

They beat time to the music with their feet, in crescendo, then said: "Let's get going now." However, dialogue on the film intervened and they counted that out instead.

Then when the music took over again, "let's get going" was repeated and one lad bounced himself high in his seat as a signal to the other groups.

However, a powerful police torch flashed into his eyes and subdued that bit of ardor.

The anxious manager, with a mind to the comfortable furnishings of his theatre, and the comfort of his older patrons, said "Shhh!" when one group looked like becoming over-active. "Drop dead," he was advised.

"Who said that?" he asked sternly, flashing his torch. Silence and once more we could hear, momentarily, the film.

All kinds of signals, including tin-frog whistles, were used vainly by the young 'uns to get the boys and girls into the aisles to dance. But the occasional "hepcats" who got to their feet were promptly avelched.

It was fun, sanely controlled by authority, and it no doubt proved a beneficial letting off of steam for scores of young extroverts, who, last seen, were singing and rocking and rolling in a linked-arms chain down Hindley Street before merging into the calm of night.

However, for spontaneous dance frenzy give us the African tomtom every time.

IN a recent BBC broadcast, film star Zsa Zsa Gabor spoke of her experiences as a member of a television panel in America which answered human problems.

"A woman wrote in," said Zsa Zsa, "and said that she was engaged to a young man who had given her all kinds of things, like a diamond ring, a mink coat, a car, and a stove. Now that she had broken off her engagement, what should she do?"

"I said: 'Send back the stove.'"

Worth Reporting



"Good morning, Alice."

A most unusual concert

PRISON history was made in Goulburn, N.S.W., recently when 300 prisoners at the Goulburn training centre organised a concert to farewell the superintendent.

It is believed to be the first time in Australia that a function has been arranged by prisoners for a gaol official.

In a tarpaulin muster, £70 was raised to buy a gift. Finding that this was forbidden by prison laws, the inmates "commissioned" a prison artist to draw a caricature of the prison orchestra and to paint a religious picture for the guest of honor.

A long-term prisoner hand-printed the invitation cards, which were sent to the prison chaplains, visiting medical officers, dentists, pharmacist, educational officers, and their wives.

Members of the 16-piece prison orchestra dressed in white jackets and trousers and added pale blue ties and pink carnation buttonholes. All stage properties, including the spotlights, were made by the prisoners from scrap material.

The show, which was of professional quality, lasted about an hour, with a competent compere (serving a sentence) often putting over jokes at the expense of the prisoners themselves.

FULL turn of the wheel has come in house decorating in America, according to the director of a Melbourne hardware firm who has just returned from a seven-week trip to the United States.

A number of American women he met were planning to paint their kitchens white—they said they were tired of the modern craze for color.

Dances for 700 couples

TWENTY teams of country dancers will do the "Alberts" at the new Olympic Stadium at West Melbourne during the professional and amateur Australian and Victorian provincial dancing championships to be held on November 14.

As a prelude to Olympic festivities, organisers are confident that the Stadium's seating accommodation for 600 will be sold out.

Already more than 700 couples have entered the contest, 400 of whom are in the under-16 bracket.

Oscar Hammerstein for Games

FAMOUS American Oscar Hammerstein, who wrote the lyrics for "The King and I," "South Pacific," and other Broadway hit musicals, will be among the audience at "Music of Our Own," an Olympic Week concert in Melbourne.

Mr. Hammerstein and his wife, who was formerly Dorothy Blanchard, of Melbourne, are coming to Australia for the Olympic Games. "We cabled an invitation to them," one of the concert organisers, Mrs. John Rutherford, said, "and they answered that they would be 'pleased and honored' to attend."

"Music of Our Own" has been arranged by the Astra Chamber Orchestral Society, and will be held on November 19.

The concert will feature the work of Australian composers Anne Macky, Dorian le Gallienne, Margaret Sutherland, and John Tallis.

They will appear at the concert in association with five other artists—singers John Cameron and Muriel Luyk, violinist Dorcas McClean, cellist Peers Cottemore, and Marion Ogilvie.

The cover design for the concert's programme is the work of Joanna McClelland, daughter of Joshua McClelland, one of Australia's authorities on antiques.

Joanna's design—a shadowy piano on a grey background and including the names of four composers—was chosen from entries submitted by second-year architecture students at Melbourne University.

BOOK NEWS By HELEN GORDON

THE FIVE FATHERS OF PEPI, by Ira Avery (Gollancz). This is no literary masterpiece, but a shortish, light story set in an Italian town where the sky is blue, the sea is warm, and everything ends happily. A six-year-old founding boy has a committee of five self-elected foster fathers, who first attempt to find him a mother, then try to get him adopted by rich Americans.

CRY OF THE DINGO, by Conrad Phillips (Arthur Barker). A realistic and at times moving history of Australian bushrangers, including Pierce, Melville, and, inevitably, the Kelly Gang. Not lighthearted reading, but a searching study of a group of criminals in the period in which they lived.

AND THE RAIN MY DRINK, by Han Sunyin (Jonathan Cape). Another novel by the author of "A Many Splendored Thing." This one is set in modern Malaya, full of tension, unrest, and upheaval. The story centres on a British police officer and a beautiful girl informer.

Power of the housewife

AUSTRALIAN housewives could be the biggest influence on the Australian packaging industry, according to Mr. G. Caylock, senior publicity officer of the Department of Trade.

Mr. Caylock recently showed us round a packaging exhibition in Sydney, which will later be seen in the other capital cities.

"By discriminating against unattractively packaged articles and choosing others with suitability and eye appeal, the Australian housewife can improve most of the goods displayed on the grocers' shelves," said Mr. Caylock.

Under his guidance we looked at the exhibits of Australian packaging, and found almost all the examples were packaged with "suitability and eye appeal."

Australian manufacturers haven't got much to learn, we thought.

Then we looked in the overseas section, with items received from Australian Trade Commissioners overseas. We saw goods that made our mouths water—all because of the packaging.

We saw a selection of seven cheese spreads from America, packed in an attractive little bamboo tray; Japanese confectionery in a wooden box banded with copper; American turkey, chicken, and cherry pies looking luscious in the illustration on the tin; and another tin of Danish pork chops in tomato sauce that made our mouths water.

Mr. Caylock displayed a sardine tin from Germany, spring-loaded for easy opening, and then showed us what he described as "the ultimate" in packaging from America.

It was an attractive box containing an empty salad-dressing dispenser, and a packet of dressing. You put oil and vinegar into the bottle to a depth that is indicated on the outside, and then shake in the packet contents.

"What a way to sell a salad dressing," said Mr. Caylock ecstatically.

NOV. 22
TO
DEC. 8

For
OLYMPIC
Visitors



The National Bank Olympic Map Folder, a reliable guide to places of interest around Melbourne, is available free at all Branches of the Bank.

Visitors to Melbourne are cordially invited to make full use of the Bank's Special Olympic Annexe centrally situated at 281 Collins Street where the following facilities will be available—

- Issue and encashment of Travellers' Cheques and Letters of Credit.
- Personal and expert advice on financial problems.
- Changing of overseas currencies.
- Lounge, writing room and general information bureau.
- All general banking facilities.

Make the National Annexe your Melbourne Rendezvous

Arrangements can be made now, at any branch of The National Bank, for your financial requirements in Melbourne during the Olympic period.

Special offices will also be established at THE OLYMPIC VILLAGE, HEIDELBERG AND THE OLYMPIC HOSTEL, BALLARAT.

THE NATIONAL BANK

OF AUSTRALASIA LIMITED
(INC. IN VIC.)



"Forget etiquette and PICK your teeth

— if you can't brush your teeth after every meal then you should pick them", said a visiting U.S. dentist, recently, in Sydney. This is the way to beat tooth decay which mostly starts in the first thirty minutes after eating.

Safeguard your teeth in these danger periods by using "INTER-DENS".



Inter-Dens are MORE than toothpicks!

1. Inter-Dens are capable of greater thoroughness in the removal of food particles lodged between the teeth—they miss nothing!
2. Inter-Dens are made from a special softwood which is of the ideal texture for stimulating gum massage. Inter-Dens should never be used in the same manner as a toothpick, but with an in-and-out action between the teeth to dislodge food particles and simultaneously to massage the gums.

Supplied in handy "book" form, Inter-Dens are easily carried in pocket or handbag for quick, convenient use.

125 FOR 3/9 AT ALL CHEMISTS

Anytime . . . anyplace . . . use

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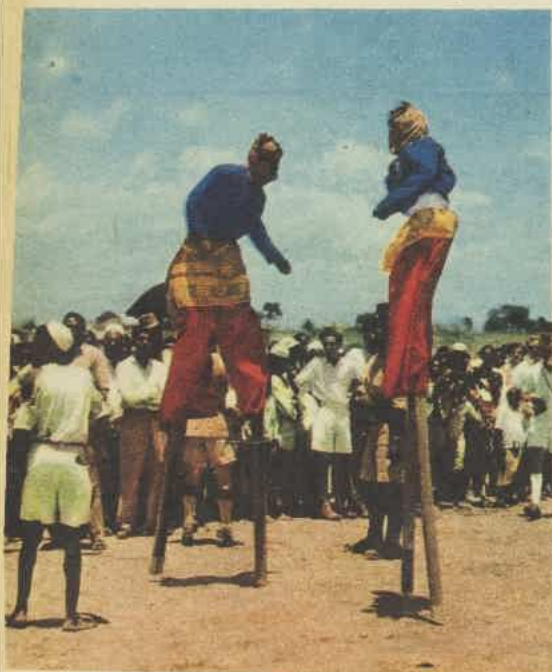
THE TRAVELLING PRINCESS



ABOVE. A charming study of Princess Margaret being greeted by the Bishop of Mauritius. Her smart white frock is patterned in blue, with matching hat.

BELOW. With her baby in her arms, this fearsomely garbed woman danced a native "rock-n-roll" with her tribe in greeting to Princess Margaret.

IN SUNSHINE-YELLOW FROCK, Princess Margaret smiles on Mauritius. These pictures were taken by staff photographer Robert Cleland, who flew to East Africa for the Royal tour.



ABOVE. Daring native stilt-dancers joined the welcome to the Princess at Dar-Es-Salaam.

RIGHT. Princess Margaret inspects an army guard of honor at Dar-Es-Salaam airport.





AT DARES-SALAAM the Princess met Tanganyika High Court judges presented by the Chief Justice and the Governor, Sir Edward Twining (right).

STAR THEY WON'T LET DIE



ONE YEAR after his death, friends and onlookers gather at the grave of James Dean for the unveiling of a portrait of the star, who was killed at the age of 24.

RIGHT: James Dean in the role of Jett Rink in the film "Giant." Although he died more than a year ago, Warner Bros. are still handling thousands of fan letters.



● This is the second instalment of the life story of enigmatic film star James Dean, who was killed in a car crash last year. He was 24.

● Certain lives, usually brief ones, become symbols of their time. To the present rock-'n-roll generation of young, emotionally disturbed Americans, James Byron Dean has become such a symbol. Gwin Steinbeck, former wife of the author of "East of Eden," Dean's first film, says: "For many of these youngsters without emotional roots, without a basic faith, Dean has become a teenage god. As such they are trying to make him a cult."

HENCE the frenzied paranoid letters, the wailing and lamentations, the real tears that push into teenage — the wags say "Deanage" — eyes when the actor comes up for posthumous discussion.

Hence the irrational notion that the tormented introvert James Dean somehow miraculously escaped death when his six-thousand-dollar car crashed on a busy highway.

Now it is not only the fans who have twisted this make-shift death-wish into a resurrection. Unscrupulous entrepreneurs have cashed in, issuing flamboyant statements that Dean is not dead. Walter Winchell, America's Mr. Gossip, after vaguely hinting at Dean's survival, had to issue this broadcast denial:

"I never, at any time, said that James Dean was still alive. This message is addressed to his fans, who have deluged my office with hundreds of letters. The physical James Dean is dead."

Here are the official facts:

Dean was still alive when removed, badly crushed, from his mangled car. But he died in the ambulance which was racing him to the nearby Paso Robles Hospital. Rolf Weatherich, the German mechanic who was his passenger, received only a broken jawbone and a broken knee. Donald Turnupseed, the 24-year-old student hit by Dean's Porsche Spider two-seater, got off with a scratched nose.

The Porsche was fitted

with safety belts and it has been said that if Dean had bothered to fasten his he may not have been so severely crushed. His father identified the body at the hospital and arranged the burial in Dean's hometown of Fairmont, Indiana.

The funeral was at 2 p.m. on Saturday, October 8, 1955.

With the mourning came the soothsayers, crackpots, phony astrologers, and fake

By CHARLES HAMBLETT

psychiatrists—of which there is a deplorable abundance in America.

I PREDICTED DEAN'S DEATH, screamed a witch in tabloid print. Jimmy Dean talks to me every night, countless psychic mediums claim. Junk dealers are selling the most improbable bits of metal as souvenirs of "the death car."

One of the unfounded rumors shaping the myth is based on the statement of a girl from North California, who has pestered newspapers with claims that she is Dean's secret wife.

She asserts that she and Jimmy were married for five months and lived "in a faded white house with colorful flowers in the front yard."

Investigation has proved this story to be full of holes. At the time this young woman claims to have become pregnant, Dean was hundreds of miles away in Texas.

Even more persistent is the rumor that the actor deliberately sought death — another malicious distortion.

Dean was far too conscious of the religious teachings of his Quaker relatives to become actively suicidal. Furthermore, he had a passenger — the mechanic, Rolf Weatherich — and Dean was no killer.

There was one tragic flaw, however. He had a Napoleon complex. He could not be beaten by anyone, and Weatherich has testified that Dean would not give way to the other car as they approached an intersection of the highway.

Foolish, yes. Obstinate, yes. A deliberate killer, never.

The myth grows each day. Jimmy's father is putting together a biography of his son and director Nick Ray is weighing in with a study of the young star who worked for him in "Rebel Without a Cause."

The rock-'n-roll generation has adopted the young actor as a symbol of its own searchings, dissatisfactions, and strange violence.

Just as each generation of film enthusiasts forms its own prototypes — Valentino in the jazz '20s, John Garfield, the golden boy of the depressed '30s, Bogart, the laconic soldier of fortune in the war-raging '40s — so the '50s have formulated the Hollywood image of the social misfit.

He is the vaguely existentialistic "outsider" as superbly created by Brando and further popularised by the Jimmy Dean of "Rebel Without a

Cause" — a particularly revealing film title, by the way. Now, a year after his death, a vast and hysterical flood of fanmail is still being addressed to James Dean.

Latest example: "Dearest Jimmy, All this remembrance of you on your anniversary is a waste of time because I know you are still alive. Why worry so much about the way you look, because your fans worship you no matter how disfigured you are."

Analysis of these letters indicates that less than five per cent. are from "mental cases." They are mostly from normal youngsters who have developed a fixation on Dean, as any British youth might hero-worship an outstanding cricketer or soccer player.

There is a scene in "Rebel Without a Cause" which shows the outcome of youthful tensions in America at its worst.

A pair of young hot-rodgers go on a "chicken run" — each boy is to drive a "hot-rod" racing car to the edge of a cliff and the first to jump out is considered "chicken," or cowardly.

In the film Dean's girlfriend, played by Natalie Wood, sees him leap from his car in time. The other lad plunges to his death over the cliff. It is the key scene to all the other tribulations which follow Dean in this film. Despite a national outcry, variations of this car game still flourish among Dean-agers throughout the States.

There is, then, a substantial link between the fantasies Dean acted out on the screen and the inner urges which frequently erupt into real-life—

and death. And on top of it all the casualness of an older generation towards the younger one.

The prevalence of divorce, desertion, alcoholism, and marital infidelity is so high that most young delinquents are the products of what can only be called a generation of old delinquents, the sons and daughters of the emotionally displaced generation which lived through the jazz age, the depression, and World War II.

Dean has become an idealised figure. In real-life he was, at times, a pain in the neck. Too introverted to cope with the workaday world, he sought refuge in studied rudeness, an almost Oriental lack of time-sense, and a frequently misplaced idea of sartorial unorthodoxy.

At a studio party to launch the filming of "Giant" he turned up unshaven, wearing only a red shirt, slippers, and jeans. He was an hour late.

A genius

WHEN rebuked for refusing to remove his sunglasses for a photographer, he said: "I didn't mean to be rude, but I haven't been sleeping well and my eyes are puffy."

Edna Furber, author of "Giant," and an acute character judge, says: "He was a genius. I don't think there's another actor in the world who could have portrayed Jett as well as he. But like most geniuses, Dean suffered from success poisoning. It's a common ailment with good actors and I'm glad to hear that his friends allowed him that much. He deserves it."

Two of his closest friends were the young actor Nick

Adams and Natalie Wood, an American Audrey Hepburn. Both appeared with Dean in "Rebel." Both are products of the new school of American acting. In discussing Dean with them I have been struck by the gaiety of their reminiscences. Unlike the sobbing teenagers, who saw him only on film, Nick and Natalie remember Jimmy the wit, Jimmy the ham, Jimmy the practical joker.

"We had a lot of fun," said Nick. "Once, at lunch in the studio, Jimmy said: 'Want to have everyone look at us? Then watch this.' And he stuck two round biscuit-crackers in his eyes, like they were monocles. Not funny? Jimmy had the whole place convulsed. He would have made a great clown — as well as a great Hamlet."

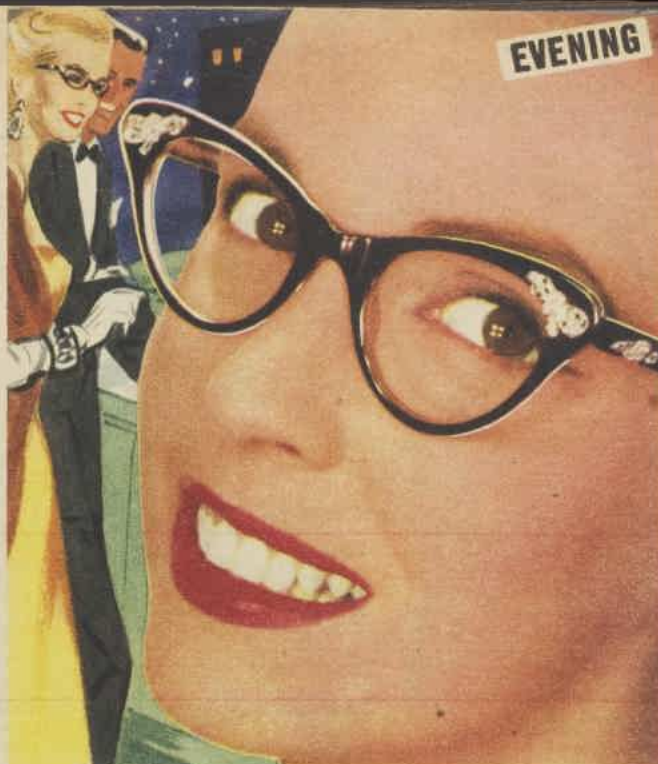
Natalie told me: "If he had lived he would have founded a school of acting right here in Hollywood. He was only at the start of his big adventure."

There is a bright side to this sombre report, however. Recently I went with Natalie, Nick Adams, and Elvis (rock-'n-roll) Presley to a private showing of Nick's latest film, "The Last Wagon," a tough Western.

Suddenly there was a reference to the Red Indian belief in death as the soul's departure for a happier hunting-ground. Natalie and Nick looked across the semi-darkness, both thinking the same thought. Then she smiled, and he grinned.

Somehow, Jimmy Dean no longer seemed a tragic figure.

● Next week: Dean worship in Britain.



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Put your spectacle frames in the fashion picture! Plan them as you would your hats, or shoes, to match your clothes and the occasion. For sports, a simple colourful frame; the office, an immaculate gilt trimmed shape; and for cocktails, the opulent marcasite and pearl trimmed black model. How you frame your eyes determines whether you'll look like a country-miss or a fashion leader. Take advantage of the whole wardrobe of Martin Wells lovely spectacle frames! They're your most important fashion accessory

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 7, 1956

Are your eyes Fashion wise?

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An up-to-date spectacle wardrobe contains: formal frames, sports frames, and business frames.



For sports and outdoors: Wear your casual shoes and unadorned glasses frames, with light-absorbing lenses ground to your prescription. Your drama should come with colour, not unnecessary detail. There are five exciting shades from which to choose, in the Martin Wells range.



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Heartburn?

For Fast **ON THE SPOT** Relief

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When indigestion or heartburn strikes get quick on-the-spot relief with pleasant, effective Rennies. New convenient roll pack now available everywhere.

Their family circles...



ABOVE: Victorian triplets Peter, Paul, and Wayne Miller show individual reactions after their first feed at home with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Miller, of Rye.



ABOVE: Arriving home from hospital, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Miller have their hands well and truly full with three new boys, plus sturdy, 15-month-old twin girls Sandra and Ann.



LEARNING FAST, Mrs. Miller practises carrying two babies on one arm when necessary. "I'll have to work out quite a new routine," she says.



TRIPLET No. 1, Paul William, is handed over to his mother's care by Sister Mollie Murray, of the Queen Victoria Hospital, Melbourne, where the babies had been kept since their birth there.

Two sets of triplets make a round dozen

● Two sets of triplets born about eight weeks ago, one set in Victoria and one in New South Wales, make a dozen little Australians, all under ten, for the two families.

THE Victorian triplets, all boys, were born to Mr. and Mrs. Peter Miller, of Rye, already the parents of 15-month-old twin girls. The New South Wales triplets, three girls, are the fifth, sixth, and seventh children of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Taylor, of Campsie, who have four other children aged between five and ten.

Sheila McFarlane, of our Melbourne staff, accompanied the Miller family home from hospital with their new trio at about the same time as

staff reporter Anne Bradley was meeting the Taylors' new threesome in Sydney. Here are their stories:

In Victoria

OUR little car bulged, the nurses waved, the babies screamed, and off we drove. The Australian Women's Weekly was chauffeuring still-dazed young parents Alma and Peter Miller and the five little Millers, all under 15 months old, from the Queen Victoria Hospital to their home at Rye, 50 miles out of Melbourne.

The twins are girls, Sandra and Ann. The triplets, Paul, Wayne, and Peter, had been under special care at the hospital since their birth.

Although Alma and Peter Miller do not know how they will manage now, as they were struggling with only the twins to feed, they are proud of their family and cheery about all their problems.

A panel-beater by trade, Peter Miller was out of work until recently, when he found a painting job near his Rye home.

The Millers were living in one room at Seaford before the boys arrived. Peter found a cottage at Rye just before his wife left the hospital.

Originally just a seaside holiday shack, it is very gradually being converted into a permanent little home.

Alma and I enjoyed opening the two generous bundles of used baby clothes collected by hospital sisters.

One sister had also given two bunny rugs. Another had knitted booties and bonnets for the three boys and given Alma wool to knit jackets.

Alma, who has a weakness for nicknames, had soon de-

grow by twos, threes



ABOVE: Triplets born to Mr. and Mrs. Bill Taylor, of Campsie, N.S.W., also react differently, this time to the camera. Lynne (right) is intrigued, but Julie and Debra sleep blissfully on.

cided on "Squeaker," "Squealer," and "Squawler" for her sons. At home, their sisters are "Scall" and "Limpety."

As we drove away from the Miller household Peter was cutting out five cardboard clocks.

"I'm going to pin them on the wall and as each nipper is fed the wife can turn the hand round to the time of its next feed — you know, like the clocks over Flinders Street Station," he grinned.

...and in N.S.W.

"WE wished for a girl, but we must have wished too hard because we got three," Mrs. Joyce Taylor said at her home in Campsie.

"We had a name picked out for one and we had to do some quick thinking for the extra two. We've called them Julie Ann, Debra May, and Lynne Margaret."

The other Taylor children are Geoffrey (10), Ross (8), Sharyn (7), and Paul (5).

Mrs. Taylor had had the triplets home for about a week when photographer Ron Berg and I called.

We were ushered out to the back garden by Mrs. Taylor and invited to see them while she prepared their baths. The three identical little girls have tip-tilted noses, dark eyes, and a down of dark hair.

First triplets in the Canterbury District Hospital's maternity section in the two years it has been open, each wore a tiny gold bracelet, engraved with her initials, given by the hospital.

"Is that how you tell them apart?" we asked.

Mrs. Taylor was indignant. "Goodness, no," she said. "Julie is the darkest, Lynne's nose tips more than the others, and Debra still has a piece of sticking-plaster on her back, put there by the hospital, with 'Taylor second child' on it."

When all three were dressed again it was feeding



ABOVE: Seven little Australians pose with their proud parents. The other four Taylor children are, from left, Geoffrey (10), Ross (8), Sharyn (7), and Paul (5).

time, their third meal of the day. The first is at 5.45 a.m., so Mrs. Taylor's day begins at 5.15, when she prepares the day's feeds for them.

Husband Bill, a motor mechanic, had a busy time after the news of the triplets was announced to him. Mrs. Taylor had prepared only one layette, so Bill had to go out and shop.

"Everyone has been wonderfully good to me," Mrs. Taylor said. "People whom I don't know have sent me booties and other things in the mail and I'm very grateful to everyone."

"Outsiders aren't the only ones who have helped, of course," she said. "My own family are wonderful, too."

"Are they pleased with their sisters?" we asked.

"They're tickled pink," replied Mrs. Taylor.

Best comment came from a neighbor's small boy.

"Auntie Joyce," he asked Mrs. Taylor, "did you HAVE to take three?"



BATH-TIME seems to be a big surprise to Julie Ann as she clings to her mother for support. "Triplets are a handful," Mrs. Taylor says, "but I couldn't change them now I've got them. I've had lots of experience, so I'm sure I'll manage."

the eyes



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NP4

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 7, 1956

He lives with family but refuses to keep them

• A husband who spends all his salary while his wife works to keep their children can be forced by law to meet his responsibilities.

DR. David R. Mace, Chairman of the International Marriage Guidance Council, who, with his wife, is at present touring Australia under the joint sponsorship of The Australian Women's Weekly and the National Marriage Guidance Council of Australia, gives this advice to a wife who asks him what she should do about a husband who contributes nothing at all to his family's upkeep.

Dr. Mace has agreed to answer readers' problems during his Australian tour. Address your letters to Dr. Mace, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Pen-names may be used for publication, but real names and addresses must be given as a guarantee of good faith.

MRS. W.G. writes: "I have been married ten years and have two children. For six years my husband hasn't contributed a penny towards the upkeep of the home or the maintenance of myself and the children. He earns a good salary, but keeps it all. He takes a holiday twice a year and goes to all sorts of entertainments and sports. When I try to discuss the matter with him he walks out and slams the door."

"My husband is at the table for every meal. He shares my bed and demands the physical side of marriage. Yet I have to go out to work and depend upon financial help from my parents to keep the home going. Is this right?"

Dr. Mace says:

A husband is legally responsible for the maintenance of his wife and children, even if he doesn't live with them. This legal requirement can be enforced in the courts. It is only through the indulgent attitude of Mrs. W.G. that her husband continues to evade this obligation.

I think the best course

would be to seek the help of someone who would command her husband's respect, and who could bring home to him the gross injustice of the present position. It seems to me that this man's door-slaming acts are paying off so handsomely that it's high time he was confronted with someone who won't stand for that sort of bullying.

MRS. S.T. writes: "My husband and I have a daughter of 21 who lives with us. For some years now I have felt myself to be in a subordinate position in my own home. My daughter makes a great fuss of my husband, and he falls for it completely. He never corrects her and can't see any wrong in her. I have tried to show him what she is doing, but it only leads to quarrels."

"If I cross her, she dresses me down. Whenever she wants the car she just takes it without asking permission. In fact, she does exactly what she likes. The result is that I am a bundle of nerves. Please tell me what I can do about it."

Dr. Mace says:

It looks as if the father, who likes to be fussed over, and the daughter, who likes to have her own way, have established a mutually advantageous coalition to deprive Mrs. S.T. of any effective influence in their lives. She is indeed in an unsatisfactory position.

To me the important question is, why did this situation ever develop? If the husband likes attention, why does his daughter, instead of his wife, provide what he wants? Presumably his wife has failed to meet his needs in this direction and the daughter, sensing this fact, has exploited it to her own advantage.

Does Mrs. S.T. consider it wrong to make a fuss of her husband? Every sensible wife



knows that warmth and affection and tenderness on her part matter a great deal to a man. How much of a loving, responsive wife has Mrs. S.T. been? I suggest she should examine this question carefully.

At the same time, the daughter clearly views Mrs. S.T. as an obstacle to her freedom. The father never "corrects" his daughter, she says. The implication is that she herself does. Her use of the word is significant. I wonder if she realises that a 21-year-old girl can no longer be treated as a child. If Mrs. S.T. is in fact adopting that approach, I wouldn't be at all surprised if the girl is reacting by being rebellious and resentful.

In short, I suspect that Mrs. S.T. may not have handled relationships with her husband and with her daughter very wisely and that the present crisis is a direct result of this. I would certainly suggest that she think this over very carefully.

I suggest that Mrs. S.T. consider approaching her husband and daughter not in a complaining spirit but with a sincere desire to find out where she has gone wrong in alienating them. If Mrs. S.T. would recognise her husband's right to affection and her daughter's right to independence, I think this might create an entirely new atmosphere in the home.

MRS. P.A. writes: "I have been married more than thirty years. After all this time my husband has turned into a man who thinks of nothing but pleasure."

"When I complain of his behaviour he says he hasn't much longer to live and he has to make the most of it. Our children have grown up and gone, so I am left on my own night after night while he is out enjoying himself."

"This has been going on for nearly a year, and all the mad rushing about has made him impotent. He has also taken to drinking and a few times he has come home drunk. He won't take any interest in the house and garden as he has done in the past."

"He has promised to behave himself, but he doesn't keep

his promise. I shall be very grateful if you can help me. It's all getting on my nerves."

Dr. Mace says:

Mrs. P.A.'s husband is, presumably, in his middle fifties. If I understand her aright, his present outbreak represents a sharp change in his pattern of behaviour. It is not typical of him.

The cause may be physical. A man in middle life sometimes undergoes glandular changes somewhat similar to the change of life in the woman. The result is that he is thrown off his balance and behaves foolishly and without discretion. This is a painful experience for his wife. But at least it is more easily borne if she knows that there is a cause. The glandular disturbances seem in most cases to settle down after a year or two.

It is equally possible, though, that the disturbance may be purely emotional. Both men and women tend to resist the unwelcome truth that they are growing old. A woman's method is usually to fight to keep her face and figure looking as youthful as possible. A man may be more concerned about acting young than with looking young. If he can plunge into the sort of gay activities that are characteristic of younger people he may for a time deceive himself into the comforting assurance that there is life in the old dog yet. Or he may just be content to have one glorious last fling before he settles down to accept the inevitable.

Without more information than Mrs. P.A. gives, I cannot be very specific about what is happening to her husband. But from what she says I would guess that it is something like what I have described. All men don't go through this kind of upheaval. Some who do, keep it under strict control. Others lose their balance for a time.

I think the best course for Mrs. P.A. to follow is to be as patient as she can. Her husband's round of revelry can't last. If she can be wise, steadfast, and as understanding as possible, he may before long be persuaded or shamed into a true awareness of his foolishness. If he has really been a good husband for thirty years, I think there is a strong chance that he will in time become his old self again.

DR. MACE'S MAILBAG

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56 PAD 65

PADDLE FOR PREFERENCE

Career Wives



"Every year more and more housewives are taking on a job," says dressmaker-housewife, Madame P. Fischer, 28 Anglo Road, Greenwich. To any woman thinking of doing the same, Madame Fischer has this advice:

"MUSTS" FOR WORKING WIVES

"Remember you'll have half your usual time for housework, so work out a routine. Then, of course, you must keep up your appearance. Nice hands are an asset in any job you take. For instance, all the time I'm fitting a customer my hands are on view. That's why I give them the best of care—and that includes using Persil on washday. Persil, I find, is especially kind to hands, keeping them soft and smooth."

DR. AND MRS. MACE will be in Canberra for two days this week. They will then go to Perth for their tour of Western Australia from November 9 to November 18. Here are details of their public engagements:

November 7: CANBERRA, 12.45 p.m., Lunch Hour Service Address, National Memorial (Methodist) Church, Dr. Mace, "The Programme of Marriage Guidance." 2.30 p.m., Y.W.C.A., Mrs. Mace, "Education for Marriage and Family Living." 8.00 p.m., Public Meeting, Ainslie School Hall, Dr. Mace, "Marriage in the Modern World."

November 8: CANBERRA, 8 p.m., meeting for young people, young marrieds, and similar groups, Institute of Anatomy Hall, Dr. Mace, "Love, Courtship, and Marriage."

November 11: PERTH, a.m., Church Service, Methodist Church, Claremont, Mrs. Mace, "Marriage Guidance and the Church." 7.30 p.m., Church Service, Wesley Church, Dr. Mace, "Marriage Guidance—A Challenge to Christians."

November 12: PERTH, 9.15 a.m., Broadcast, A.B.C. Women's Session, Mrs. Mace, 9.30 a.m., A.B.C. Broadcast, Dr. Mace, 8 p.m., Meeting Young Mothers, Women's Service Guilds, Harvest Terrace, Mrs. Mace.

November 13: PERTH, Public Meeting, Perth Town Hall, Dr. Mace, "The Outlook for Marriage in Australia."

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FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

- When you're 17, and confident of your good looks, it comes as a blow to find that a boy you're interested in seems not to care two hoots for you.

IT'S hurtful to your pride, and you wonder what you can do to make him interested in you, but the chances are you've already done too much.

There's a letter in this week's mail from a teenager who finds herself in this frustrating situation:

"I AM nearly 17 years of age and I have a crush on a boy of 19 who works with me. I am quite attractive, with a nice slim figure, and I dress nicely, but I simply cannot get this boy to show any interest in me. He is always talking about the girls he takes out, but he has never asked me to go out with him. I tell myself it is useless to think about him, but when I go to dances or parties I automatically compare other boys with him and lose all interest in them. Please tell me if there is anything I can do apart from forgetting about him."

"Nola," N.S.W.

I think you're trying too hard. Relax a little, be natural, and stop worrying about this boy. You can't force him to take you out, and seeming eager for his attention will only make things worse. Treat him as you treat other boys at the office—be pleasant and polite, but let him see he is no longer the light of your life.

Anyway, why concentrate on one boy? You're too young to think of going steady for a while. Go out with other boys and enjoy yourself. Once you stop worrying about this boy you may find he'll start worrying about you.

"WE are two 16-year-old girls who like the same boy. He is 17 and likes both of us and takes us out alternately. When he is out with one he denies liking the other and vice versa. When he wants to leave the company of one of us he makes a poor excuse and goes to see the

other. This is becoming very annoying, because we are firm friends and each of us knows what is going on. We don't want to keep him to ourselves, because the three of us are too young to have steady dates, but we do think he could be honest with us and not try to deceive us with his feeble excuses. Apart from this he is very bright and good fun and we don't want to be nasty to him. Could you suggest a way to tell him what we think?"

"Deceived Friends," W.A.

Have a frank talk with this boy. Tell him that you have compared notes on his behaviour and that it's unnecessary for him to go on pretending with you. Don't nag about it and don't laugh at him—just state the facts and tell him how you feel about going steady.

He may feel humiliated at being found out and you'll both lose him. That's the

risk you run. On the other hand, it's equally likely that he'll be relieved at not having to play-act any more.

"MY problem is probably the same one that dozens of girls have and worry about. I want to know about the facts of life. I have read booklets supplied by schools, but they all lead to and stop at menstruation. I have talked to Mum about it, and she said I could buy a book to help me. I am writing to you to find out the name of a book so that I may walk into a shop, buy it, and leave."

Miss B., Sydney.

An excellent book for you is "Attaining Womanhood," by Dr. George W. Corner. It is obtainable by post through the National Marriage Guidance Council, Room 409, 44 Margaret St., Sydney, and costs 10/5, which includes postage. It can also be obtained at leading booksellers in Sydney.



A word from Debbie ...

● Check over the pearl buttons on your summer dresses and blouses. Are they peeling and dull-looking? No need to replace them with new ones—just coat them with nail polish, and they'll look bright as new. Slide a small piece of cardboard with a slit in it under each button to keep nail polish off the garment until the polish dries.

● Instead of giving a friend a party before she takes off for a trip abroad, why not wait until she comes back? She'll be happy at the chance to talk about her experiences, and grateful to know the crowd hasn't forgotten her in her absence. If you want to give her "welcome home" presents, choose something like a photograph album for her pictures from the trip, books about the places she has seen, or stationery to write to new friends she has made abroad.

● Win praise from everybody for your originality when you pep up an ordinary ice-cream dessert with stewed dried apricots. Just before you return your home-made ice-cream to the refrigerator trays after the final beating, mix in the apricots, using a fork to give a streaky effect. Freeze, and serve with small meringues and a dab of cream.

*****DISC DIGEST*****

HERE'S another one-record feast for the collector of good music, and particularly the Brahms fan—a micro-groove disc containing that composer's Double Concerto for Violin and Cello; the Variations on a Theme by Haydn; and the Tragic Overture. If you are just developing a liking for Brahms, this would be the perfect record to begin your library of his compositions.

THE Double Concerto, which is infrequently heard, has long been one of my favorites via the Heifetz-Feuermann recording on 78s, but it's now earmarked for retirement since I've heard the microgroove performance by Isaac Stern (violin) and Leonard Rose (cello) on KLC.522. These two great

artists play this intense and dramatic work with the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of New York, under the conductorship of none other than Bruno Walter—truly a dazzling constellation of stars.

The concerto has its admirers and detractors, and if you don't know it, you should at least give it a hearing before passing judgment. Should you like it, well—this is the recording to have.

ALTHOUGH the word overture suggests the introduction to an opera, Brahms uses it merely as a title to an orchestral work. He wrote two: the "Academic Festival" (based on student songs) and the "Tragic," the latter being played on this 12in. disc by the Philharmonic Symphony. One of the main

reasons why I like Brahms is his robustness, and in this powerful work, which occupies more than half of one side, this quality is exemplified to the utmost.

THE "Variations" has been called Brahms' first truly symphonic work. Although his first version, for two pianos, is interesting, this orchestral setting is the one to have first. The dominating theme is an old Austrian pilgrims' song, "Chorale St. Antonii." Haydn borrowed it in the 1780s and incorporated it in a work for a military band, and some 90 years later Brahms used the same theme and used it, turning it, we might say, "inside out and upside down" over and over again to produce this lovely piece of music.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 7, 1956

They're here! New American type
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 without destroying colour values!



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And this superior quality and smarter styling are yours for LESS than the price of other quality sun glasses! Columbia is easily your finest *value*—and their quality is guaranteed by the fact that they are completed in Australia under strictest licence.

See Columbia Sun Glasses at your optician, optometrist or chemist today. And don't forget—a free Lido plastic beach pillow with every pair for a limited period only!

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LADIES' GOLD PLAYED: Beautifully finished, these optically perfect glasses are ideal for the beach, for the car or for the office. 60/-



PIERRETTE: Just think of the extra "eye appeal" you'll have in this newest-of-new American designs. Wonderful value! 47/6.



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ECCENTRIC: For those who like to be the centre of attraction (and who doesn't?) this style is dramatically different. 47/6.

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See how brief-and-beautifully Casben does it... gives you the long, lovely, slender look you love! See how cleverly Casben translates it, with dozens of variations, into all the loveliest colours and fabrics of summer!



At left (a): Slim, trim and saucy, in sanforized fine cotton gaberdine. Double-placketed front. Ten glowing colours.

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Above right (c): Casben's belted beauty, in sanforized fine cotton gaberdine. Lightning zipper at side. Wide colour range.

(a) 32/6. (b) and (c) 35/-.
Other designs from 29/11.



THE SIGN OF GOOD TASTE IN SPORTSWEAR



ABOVE: The Duke of Edinburgh will attend the Olympic Banquet

MR. MENZIES and Dame Pattie will be among the guests at the dinner.

An Australian menu for Olympic dinner

On November 22, when the red carpet is rolled out over the entrance steps to Menzies Hotel it will be the opening signal for the Olympic Banquet, one of the most significant formal dinners ever held in Melbourne.

By
BARBARA WALLIS,
staff reporter

THE banquet is being given by the president and members of the Australian Olympic Federation in honor of the president and members of the International Olympic Committee.

The Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, and the chairman of the Australian Olympic Federation, Sir Harold Alderson, will be among the party which will receive the Duke of Edinburgh and the other guests.

Exact details of how the Duke of Edinburgh and the guests will be received have been worked out with military precision.

Officials have even counted the number of steps the Duke will have to climb from the red carpet to the Gowrie Room, on the first floor, where the welcoming party will be waiting.

The menu — as Australian as any menu can be — has been drawn up by hotel chef "Blue" O'Malley with the assistance of sweets chef Henry Timmerman.

Samples of all dishes have been approved by members of the committee organising the banquet.

A wine list which was chosen from top Australian wines has also been sampled by members of the committee.

Music for the banquet will be provided by the R.A.A.F. band under the direction of Squadron-Leader L. H. Hicks, Director of Music, R.A.A.F.,

who composed the Olympic fanfare for the 1956 Games.

As the official party enters the dining-room the R.A.A.F. trumpeters will play the Olympic fanfare.

When the guests reach the head table the trumpeters will play a fanfare and a special version of "God Save the Queen" arranged by Squadron-Leader Hicks.

The trumpeters, an impressive sight with R.A.A.F. crested banners flying from their trumpets, will be stationed opposite the entrance to the dining-room. An



YOUTHFUL Princess Margheta of Denmark will visit Australia for the Games.

R.A.A.F. string band will play in the orchestra balcony.

The banquet will be held in the hotel's dining-room, as the banquet-room is not large enough.

Floral decorations will be arranged by the hotel's own florist, Mrs. F. S. Neuss, who will use the Olympic colors and five circles as a theme.

"It's a wonderful thrill to be doing the flowers for this occasion," she said.

"Of course, as it is such a formal banquet, the arrangements will not be extravagant. I haven't quite worked out yet what I will do — except for using flowers in the Olympic colors.

"I will have plenty of scope in November with the spring flowers available."

Here is the menu, all Australian except for the New Zealand toheroa soup:

Capricornia Fruit Cocktail, Toheroa Soup, Tasmanian Lobster, Creme de Menthe Sherbet, Roast Turkey and Ham, Green Peas, Potatoes Parisian, Asparagus with melted butter, Hazel Nut Bombe, Sweetmeats, Coffee.

Chefs O'Malley and Timmerman, both Australian trained, have had experience in preparing dinners and banquets for all nationalities.

"We're used to providing all-Australian menus," Che O'Malley said, "as the Prime Minister always likes an Australian menu for any banquet he attends."

Toasts at the banquet will be proposed by a toastmaster in a specially designed re-coated uniform.

For this occasion a professional actor has been engaged



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Paula Frappell, top Pat Woodley model, thanks Vita-Weat for her perfect figure. She's never hungry with 'tween-time Vita-Weat snacks. Miss Frappell's measurements:

HEIGHT	5' 6 1/2"
WEIGHT	118 lbs.
BUST	34"
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Vita-Weat crispbread contains far less weight-making calories than any other crispbread

If you want to be slim

Peek Frean's Vita-Weat crispbread makes it so easy for you. There's no need to starve yourself. Simply eat Vita-Weat in conjunction with the tested diet chart (* see below) and watch those pounds fall!

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Then do what astute models do. Eat healthful Vita-Weat and keep your energy up, your complexion clear, and keep regular at the same time!

That's why world-famous Vita-Weat crispbread is so valuable to your figure! Vita-Weat, made exclusively by Peek Frean, contains the natural goodness of the whole wheat kernel that keeps you energetic, healthy and complexion-lovely while you slim!

Start now! Eat Vita-Weat just like all Pat Woodley's figure-perfect models. Enjoy the baked-in-oven flavour of crisp, crunchy Vita-Weat as you eat and keep slim naturally!

Vita-Weat keeps you regular, too! As well as providing essential basics in your diet, Vita-Weat forms a natural roughage that keeps you regular — the first step to beauty.



The whole family loves Vita-Weat's exclusive natural wheat flavour. They're so economical, too... about 80 to the pound.

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19/4FC9



ON THE JOB. Expert gardener Fred Streeter tends one of his favorites among the thousands at Petworth Park, Sussex, a British show garden.

Gardener is TV star at 78

Britain's best-known gardener is Fred Streeter, whose weekly television broadcasts attract an audience of millions, and who has been responsible, indirectly, for improving thousands of gardens.

AT 78 Fred Streeter feels as though he is still 28. He gets up at dawn and works until dark. Although he and his wife have no children, he regards himself as the father of millions of plants.

He has been a gardener for 66 years and head gardener at Petworth Park, Sussex, for more than 30 years.

Petworth Park, one of the most stately of England's stately homes, is the family seat of Lord Leconfield and normally requires a staff of 25 full-time gardeners.

Its present occupant, Charles Wyndham, is heir to the title.

Fred Streeter hasn't 25 gardeners now—"good gardeners are dying out," he says — but with a limited staff and budget he manages to keep the grounds, including Petworth's famous sunken garden, in perfect condition.

This is a bigger job than it sounds, for the Petworth gardens include more than a mile of herbaceous borders, and it needs a staff of weeder, planters, pruners, and sprayers.

"Running a garden," Fred Streeter says, "is rather like running a hospital. You spend more time on administration than you do in actually healing the sick."

His comment on Charles Wyndham was: "Both the owner and the gardener must act as one, and I must say that I have always been treated as a friend."

Fred Streeter is a man of many parts.

To the villagers of Petworth he is a local identity of immense popularity and an expert on Sussex folk lore.

To the B.B.C. technicians he is one of the few people able to make regular tele-

vision appearances without any form of preparation or notes. He just sits in front of the cameras and speaks without hesitation, drawing on his vast knowledge of his special subject.

To the Wyndham family he is a dedicated expert who has made Petworth Park one of the showplaces of England.

He keeps the "big house" supplied with cut flowers, fruit, and vegetables 12 months of the year. His floral arrangements are famous.

To the public generally he is the man responsible for the sunken garden at Petworth, made famous by Sir Edward Salisbury, who wrote most of his books there and called it "Paradise on earth."

This sunken garden alone has more than 2000 varieties of plants.

There are many facets to Fred Streeter's work at Petworth Park.

In his greenhouses he cultivates rare varieties of flowers and fruits. The latter include more than 100 varieties of pears and 43 varieties of nectarines, and he has built the only cultivated cranberry bed in the country.

Fred Streeter is often asked to open flower shows, fetes, and garden-parties. His mail bag averages over 200 letters a week from people with gardening problems ranging from how to deal with a tiger lily to inquiries about tomato seeds.

He corresponds regularly with many, and always replies personally. He refuses to have a secretary because he feels it is better for anyone to get a handwritten reply than a typed one.

Kind, gentle, and witty, he often talks in horticultural terms, sometimes with delightful results, as when he refers to the two Wyndham children as "cuttings."

By MARGARET EDWARDS,
of our London staff.

Danger season for ticks starts soon

● With warmer weather comes the threat to household pets of the dreaded tick. A little knowledge about this pest can save the life of many a much-loved animal, and the heartbreak of an unnecessary death.

The tick which causes so much worry to pet-owners is known as the Paralysis Tick or, scientifically, *Ixodes holocyclus*.

IT frequently causes the deaths of dogs — the mortality runs into many hundreds each year—and affects many other animals as well as human beings, particularly children.

Unfortunately, last summer's excessive rain may mean a heavier infestation of bush country this year than usual.

Ticks are confined to bush and shrub country along the coastal areas of New South Wales, north and east Queensland, and part of Victoria and Tasmania.

In New South Wales it is especially prevalent in the Macleay and Kempsey districts and round Sydney, but extends inland in places.

Around Sydney, it is common in the area between Port Jackson and the Hawkesbury River, westward to Castle Hill. Recently, it made its appearance on the western side of the George's River, at Glenfield.

In Queensland, the tick also occurs in the Burnett River area, as far west as the Bunya Mountains, in the whole of the Brisbane River watershed, and at Warwick.

Eastern Victoria has it along the coast as far as Lakes Entrance, and in Tasmania it is confined to the east coast and the Hobart area.

It apparently does not occur in South Australia, Western Australia, or the Northern Territory.

A number of veterinarians and owners have reported that ticks are appearing in places near Sydney where they have never been seen before.

An authority from the Department of Public Health in Canberra believes this is probably due to the spread of one of the tick's common hosts, the bandicoot, a wild animal which is increasing its numbers because more landowners are treating the scrub patches on their properties as wild-life sanctuaries.

Ticks may also be transported accidentally, causing the animals which have not been in a tick-infested environment to suffer tick paralysis.

In the Sydney Metropolitan area the purchase of gumtaps, Christmas bush, and wild-flowers has sometimes led to the introduction into a home of one or more ticks.

Ticks may also be carried on a person's clothing.

In 1945 the Paralysis Tick was found in Melbourne on a dog which subsequently died from tick paralysis.

The dog belonged to a fruiterer, and had been bedded on packing grass used for casing pineapples, presumably from

Queensland. The tick had been carried in the grass.

Tick paralysis occurs chiefly in the spring and summer, particularly when the weather is humid. But in warmer latitudes it can occur all the year round. During cold or very dry weather the tick remains inactive.

It is always adult female ticks that cause the paralysis. Male ticks do not bite their hosts, but a single female can cause paralysis and even subsequent death in the largest dog.

However, dogs, cats, and horses are often found infested with one or more ticks but suffering no ill-effects. Yet they are not necessarily immune; another time they may succumb.

Ticks usually attach themselves to the animal's head, about the ears, eyes, and lips. But they can also choose other spots where they are difficult to find. This is when the danger period for the animal begins.

Quite a long life-cycle precedes this final attachment. It starts with the tick eggs, which in warm weather hatch into larvae. A week later the larvae attach themselves to the first suitable animal that comes by.

The animal may be a dog, cat, goat, horse, pig, cow, or sheep, or a native creature such as a bandicoot, wallaby, or echidna (ant-eater).

After feeding for four to six days the larvae drop off, moult, and turn into a form known as nymphs. Anything up to 41 days later these attach themselves to another host, engorge, and drop off.

In another three to ten weeks the nymphs develop into adult ticks, which crawl up the vegetation and fasten on to passing animals.

During this period of attachment, the last stage of the three-host cycle, the female ticks gorge themselves, then



DOGS like this with long coats are particularly vulnerable to ticks.

drop to the ground and lay from 2000 to 3000 eggs.

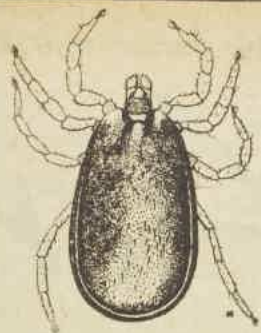
Scientists do not know the kind of poison female ticks inject into animals. But they have discovered that it is exceptional for an animal to get symptoms of paralysis in fewer than four days after a tick has become attached.

The first symptoms of paralysis are vague. The dog may be restless, or even unusually lively. He refuses food. His bark alters, and he may have difficulty in swallowing.

The actual paralysis starts in the hindquarters, first as lack of co-ordination. Later the forelegs fail, so that the animal cannot stand up or even raise itself.

Finally the head and neck muscles are paralysed and the animal dies, either from heart failure or because it cannot breathe.

Dogs with tick paralysis should be taken to a veterinarian immediately for injections of anti-serum. This



● Paralysis Tick—or *Ixodes holocyclus*.

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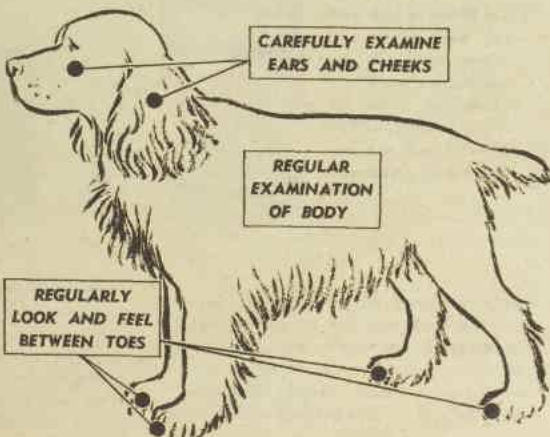
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DANGER AREAS for ticks in a dog. Owners should go over their dogs daily during the warmer months.

Protection

BATHING the dog once a week in a 0.1 per cent. solution of the gamma isomer of benzene hexachloride or a 1 per cent. solution of the para para isomer of D.D.T. will give good protection against the pest.

But it is still necessary to look for ticks where the insecticide may have been washed off.

Though many dogs in tick-infested areas are immune, veterinarians warn that recovery from one attack of tick paralysis does not necessarily make them immune. During the "off-season" for ticks the animal loses any temporary immunity it may have developed.

Anti-toxic serum will give dogs a passive immunity to ticks lasting about 14 days, but unfortunately this serum is fairly expensive and difficult to obtain.

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ABOVE. The Tester family in "Old Elvy," the 1927 sedan that will haul them to Melbourne.

LEFT. The Watsons have a meal in the 5cwt. caravan in which they'll go to the Games.

"Waggon trail" to the Games

● Caravan and trailer organisations are cashing in on the determination of many people to cut accommodation costs in seeing the Olympic Games at Melbourne this month.

ONE Sydney firm advertised recently: "It is cheaper to take your lodgings with you. Book a caravan now and take it to the Games."

And that's just what a lot of families are doing. Some people are coming from country districts, even Queensland, to hire caravans in Sydney.

Firms report heavy bookings from clients like this, who either fly or travel by train to Sydney, and caravan from there to the Games.

However, Mr. Keith Windsor, secretary of the Caravan and Trailer Industries Association, said that many caravan parks in Melbourne were already booked out by "regulars" from the country and interstate.

Melbourne's hills and beaches would be popular sites for caravans, he said, and others would be parked outside friends' homes and in garages.

It was hoped that municipal

councils would allow caravans to park in picnic grounds during the Games, and in the wider suburban streets.

Municipal councils own several caravan parks in Melbourne, and others are privately run. The average charge is from 3/- a night, but some parks equipped with washing machines and hot and cold showers charge higher rates.

One young couple with an above-average interest in getting to Melbourne this month are Ernie and Beverley Watson, of Caringbah, N.S.W.

Beverley, a hurdler and long jumper, was a Games prospect until a recent illness forced her to give up training.

Her boatbuilder husband is an Olympic squad coach with several Games prospects in his team. The Watsons hope to get official observer tickets to some of the events.

Although they have only a small car, and have never pulled a caravan before, the Watsons are thrilled with the one they have hired.

By
ANNE BRADLEY,
staff reporter

It is small, compact, and weighs only 5cwt. "Any 10 h.p. car could pull it anywhere," they said.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Tester and their six-year-old son David, of Lakemba, N.S.W., are another family who will take their lodgings to the Games.

Their 5cwt. model caravan will be pulled by "Old Elvy"—a 1927 family sedan.

"She'll do it"

"GET us there?" said Mr. Tester. "Last year we did 1300 miles along the Murrumbidgee and north-west corners of Victoria. She'll get us there all right."

"We want to go to Bendigo, Geelong, and Ballarat as well as Melbourne," Mrs. Tester said. "I hope we'll see some of the rowing events on the lake at Ballarat."

Mr. Tester interrupted: "And I'm keen on soccer, so I want to see the Olympic matches. And, of course, as we're both keen on cars, we want to see the Olympic Grand Prix."

The Testers are keen movie-camera addicts and have 500 feet of color film ready for this holiday.

Although they usually spend their holidays driving and camping, this will be their first caravan venture.

Young Mr. and Mrs. Robert Robson, of Glebe, a Sydney suburb, have hired a four-berth caravan to take themselves and Mrs. Robson's parents to the Games.

Unlike the Watsons and the Testers, the Robsons have no clear plans on what they'll do when they reach Melbourne.

But they are not inexperienced travellers. They returned recently from New Zealand, where they had a 10 months' working holiday.

These three families are typical of many who will be going to Melbourne this month. They all have one common aim—to see the Olympic Games.



THE ROBSON family will travel in a four-berth caravan with Mrs. Robson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. Wood, of Maroubra, N.S.W. From left: Mrs. Robson, Mrs. Wood, Mr. Wood, and Mr. Robson.

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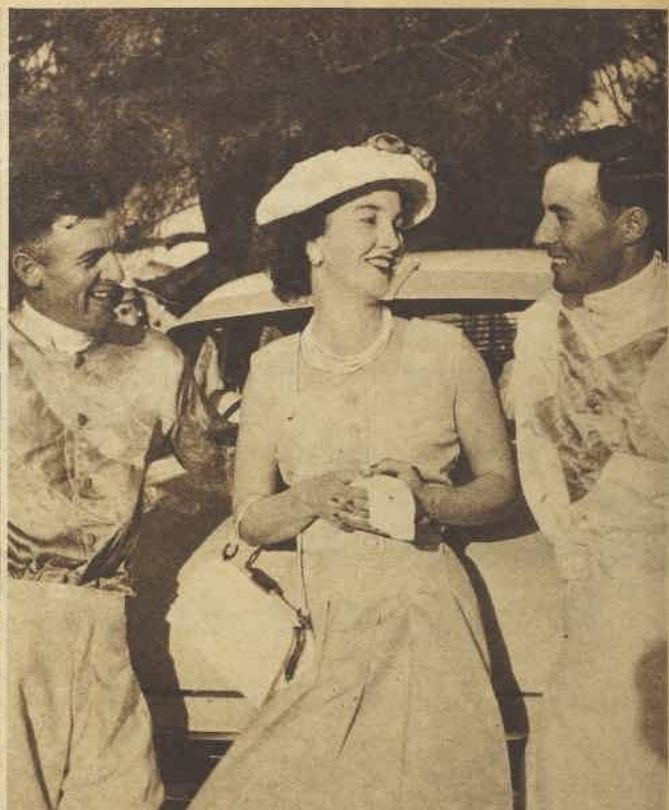
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A PICNIC LUNCH at the Croppa Creek races for (from left) Mr. Jim Morse, of "Danthovan," Inverell, Mrs. Peter Castledon, of "Prospect," Warialda, Jennifer Bull, of "Cooringoor," Bingara, John Castledon, of "Colyton," Delunga, Mrs. Jim Morse, and Mr. Peter Castledon.



AMATEUR JOCKEYS John Scholes, of "Kalaroma," Guyra (left), and John Houston, of "Karraba," Mungindi, with Mrs. W. J. Kendall, who flew from Sydney for the races. John Scholes won the main race of the day, the Yambulla Handicap, on Mr. F. Thompson's horse Reunite.



GOOD WISHES for amateur jockey Robert Gill, of "Ema Creek," Walcha, from Libby Hughes, of "Elmore," Inverell, and Jill McCosker, of "Lynhurst," Inverell.

CROPPA CREEK PICNICS

THE wonderful hospitality of the Shelton family was mainly responsible for the success of this year's Picnic Race Meeting at Croppa Creek.

The races were held at the Shelton property, "Baroma," Croppa Creek, about 40 miles from Moree. They have been held at "Baroma" every year since 1926, when the late Mr. Roland Shelton was the first president.

Unsettled weather — heavy showers of rain alternated

with brilliant sunshine — deterred none of the 400 enthusiastic racegoers, who drove over roads which become impassable after a few inches of rain.

PRESIDENT of the Croppa Creek Picnic Race Club, Mr. Fergus Shelton, and his attractive wife, Pam, had a very busy day at the races. At the lunch break they entertained about 40 guests at a picnic lunch — and Mrs. Shelton told me she had done all the cooking.

THE ball after the races was held in a woolshed at "Baroma." Multi-colored streamers hung from the rafters and masked the tin roof. And even though the electricity failed five times during the evening everybody voted this one of the best balls ever.

TWO days after the races the Moree branch of the Country Women's Association held a gay fashion parade at the Max Hotel, Moree. The eight models (all but one from Moree) showed 53 dresses which were supplied by a Moree store. The proceeds of the parade will go towards the cost of alterations to the C.W.A. Hostel at Moree — the hostel has been raised six feet on piles and will now be out of danger during floods.



WINNER of the O.K. Maiden Handicap, Doctor Jazz, raced by Mr. Ken Scott, is congratulated by (from left) Caroline Hill, of "Terlings," Moree, Margaret Moses, of "Gunnible," Gunnedah, and Margaret Woods.



AT THE BALL, which was held in a woolshed at "Baroma," are Mr. and Mrs. Jim Shelton, who gave a dinner party at their home at "Baroma" before the ball.

PRETTY dresses at the ball . . . Mrs. Jim Cook, wife of the secretary of the Picnic Race Club, chose white organdie applied in black velvet . . . Mrs. John O'Donnell, a houseguest of the Jim Sheltons, wore a grey-and-black-striped empire-line ballerina.

FOUR young folk who were picking all the winners at the races were Jacqueline Elwyn, of "West Lynne," Moree, Bruce Baker, of "Terlings," Moree, Robin Manchec, of "Binnequy," Moree, and Ian Murray, of "Kindee," North Star.

Anne



YOUNGEST RACEGOER, Carolyn Coulton (eight months), with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Colin Coulton, of "Berrilee," Moree. Mrs. Coulton wore an aqua-green linen dress and a rose-trimmed straw hat to the races.



FASHION PARADE, Rosemary Jones, of "Milo," Moree, models a blue-and-white printed cotton dress at the fashion parade held at the Max Hotel, Moree, in aid of alterations to the C.W.A. Hostel at Moree.



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PAN AMERICAN

They make the Cup but never watch the race

By BARBARA WALLIS, staff reporter

Since 1917 the Melbourne Cup has been made by James Steeth, then by his son Maurice, and this year by both of them. But they take no interest in racing, and have never seen the winner of their trophy flash past the post.

WHO wins the Cup interests Maurice Steeth only as a name to be engraved on it.

"I like horses," he said, "but I don't want to go to the races or see a Cup run. I'm satisfied just to make it."

The Cup James Steeth designed and made in 1917 closely resembles the 18-carat gold trophy he and his son have made for the winner of the 1956 Cup.

For that 1917 Cup James Steeth had to get the gold from the mint himself, roll and alloy it himself, and beat every bit by hand.

James and Maurice Steeth, whose workshop is the factory of William Drummond, Melbourne jewellers, are craftsmen with a devotion to their work seldom found in today's world of mass-production.

They are descended from an Irish family named Barton, who were famous 19th-century goldsmiths.

"Many workers in precious metal can carry out some of the processes needed to bring the raw gold to its finished state, but very few can do them all," said Maurice Steeth.

Maurice and his father are two of about half-a-dozen all-round goldsmiths and silver-smiths in Australia.

To a goldsmith the faint pattern of the hammer-beats inside the bowl is an indelible trademark. He can tell at a glance who fashioned it.

Although James Steeth still does much of the intricate work in the factory, his son has been doing most of the work on the Melbourne Cup since 1945.

"It takes us 100 to 130 hours to make it," Maurice said.

"If anything goes wrong we have to start all over again."

The goldsmith's art has a long tradition, and, with the exception of the high-speed modern buffer used in the final stages of polishing the Cup, the tools of trade are mostly the same as those used hundreds of years ago.

This buffer gives the cup a



• The Cup, the pinnacle of every racing man's ambition.

• Cup-makers James Steeth (above right) and his son Maurice put the finishing touches to the 1956 trophy.

• Flemington (below) and a typical crowd that each year packs the course for the running of the Melbourne Cup.



mirror-like finish which once took hours to do by hand.

One other concession to modern technology is the plastic-headed mallet used instead of the rhinoceros-horn hammer wielded by goldsmiths for centuries.

This mallet must strike the gold cup over one million times to make it into the graceful loving-cup shape it is now, with a champagne-glass-shaped bowl on a long graceful stem.

The Steeth family are noted for the fine work they turn out for churches.

Both devout Roman Catholics, they put hours of work and care into the gold, silver, and gem-studded vessels they make for churches.

Monstrances, chalices, crosses, and other intricate religious vessels made by the Steeths are to be found in churches all over Australia, America, South Africa, Jerusalem, and England.

The winner of this year's Cup will handle the trophy for only a few minutes after

its presentation at Flemington. It then will be returned to Drummond's for the Steeths to engrave on it his name and his horse's name.

The only bet Maurice has had was when he was holidaying at Mt. Buffalo in 1940. Mrs. Litchfield, part-owner of Old Rowley, was a fellow guest there and advised him to put his shirt on it.

He ventured 5/- and Old Rowley got up at 100 to one.

Before 1914 the race trophy was a sideboard specimen—a silver plate, rose bowl, claret jug, or tea or coffee service.

In 1908 John Mayo's three-year-old Lord Nolan won a huge plaque with an embossed silver horse galloping across the centre. It was set on a red plush base, and the animal was so low-slung it looked like a greyhound.

When John Mayo's daughter saw it she refused to allow it in the house.

From 1909 to 1914 the trophy was a two-handled sil-

ver cup and in 1942 and 1943 it was a silver centrepiece.

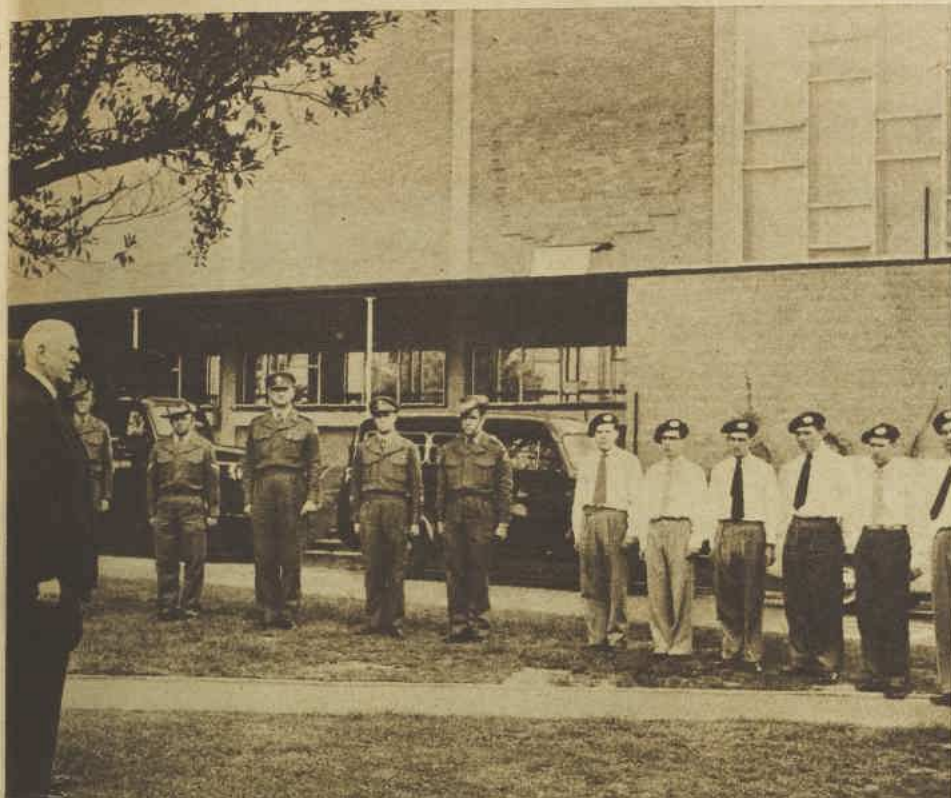
Many owners keep their trophies in a bank safe or present them to a club. But others have regarded the £300 to £400 worth of gold hungrily and sent the Cup to the mint to be returned in cash.

Artilleryman's Cup, won in 1919, was presented to the Melbourne Club by its owner and was stolen. Just as the Steeths had finished making a replica the original was located, so the club put the original on show. The second one was melted down.

Bitalli's 1923 Cup was stolen from the Athenaeum Club and never recovered. A silver-gilt replica takes its place in the club today.

Sometimes the owner leaves the Cup to an unsentimental descendant, who regards it as a useless antique. Some years ago a Melbourne Cup appeared in the window display of a Sydney pawnbroker.

Carrying the Torch to Melbourne



ON THEIR WAY. Lieut.-Gen. Sir William Bridgeford, chief executive officer of the Olympic Organising Committee, farewells members of the convoy.



ABOVE RIGHT. Officer-in-charge of the Olympic Torch relay, Mark Marsden, holds one of the torches to be used in the relay. It weighs 3lb.

No easy job for runners who will bring Olympic flame from Cairns

At exactly 4.33½ p.m. on Thursday, November 22, the final runner in the Olympic Torch relay will kindle the Olympic flame in a special cauldron at Melbourne's Cricket Ground.

It will be a highlight of the opening ceremony of the 1956 Olympic Games and the dramatic climax to the flame's long journey from Olympia.

The runner will enter the Cricket Ground at 4.32 p.m. Holding the torch high in salute to an estimated 102,000 spectators, he will circle the arena, and then transfer the flame from his torch to the cauldron.

There, it will burn day and night for the duration of the Games. The flame's long journey from Greece is scheduled to begin on November 2.

Among the ruins of the ancient Olympic Stadium on the plain of Olympia, a young Greek girl, wearing traditional Grecian costume, will kindle the flame.

She will use a powerful magnifying glass to concentrate the sun's rays on to a small pile of wood strips.

In another ceremony, an athlete from the modern city of Olympia will set the first torch alight, and the flame will be carried by a relay of 350 Greek runners to Athens, 270 miles away.

A special attendant will look after the flame in the Qantas airliner which will bring it 8545 miles from Athens to Darwin.

An R.A.A.F. jet bomber will take the flame on to Cairns, in North Queensland. At 2.39 p.m. on November 9, the first of a succession of about 3000 runners, including reserves, will set off on the 28304-mile journey to Melbourne.

Aborigines and an Australian Greek are among the first people chosen to carry the Torch. Other runners include athletes born in Australia, Great Britain, and Europe.

Intense organisation

For the relay runners, carrying the Olympic Torch will be no easy job. Not only have they the 3lb. torch to contend with, they will have to cope with a brightly burning flame which will be spectacular at night, but difficult to handle in a gusty wind.

Each member of the relay will be presented with a commemorative medal, specially struck for the Games.

Behind the impressive ceremonial of the Olympic Torch relay there is a story of intense organisation and attention to detail.

"We began the arrangements about two months ago," said Mark Marsden, who is in charge of the relay.

"All the lap times had to

be carefully worked out.

"For example, we've allowed for six minutes for each of the mile-laps in New South Wales and Victoria, but in Queensland's hotter weather we've had to allow seven minutes."

Mr. Marsden is heading a small convoy of Army trucks and sedan cars travelling from Melbourne to Cairns.

They will accompany the flame on its way down the east coast of Australia.

"Our job is to see that everything runs smoothly," Mr. Marsden said.

"The Army is supplying two three-ton trucks, which will be driven by Army men. Sixteen men from Melbourne University are going along to look after the 110 torches to be used in the relay."

The University men are Peter Hoobin, who is second-in-charge, Laurie Bartak, C. S. Bennetts, Dennis Bourke, Don Brodie, John Cocks, Jim Cummins, John Fraser, Laurie Johnston, G. L. Klug, Robert Molnar, Aubrey Moss, Bob Rigg, Stan Schofield, Bert Wainer, Ken Thain, and Alan Baird.

Most of them are 4th or 5th year medical students whose exams for this year are over. They all passed.

They will wear a "uniform" of grey dustcoats with the

By DAWN JAMES,
staff reporter

Olympic symbol on the pockets, and bottle-green berets.

They have a heavy programme ahead.

One of the trucks will drive on a few miles ahead of the runner. It will carry a supply of torches to give to each succeeding member of the relay.

The cars will be used to rush the five-man shifts on about 150 miles ahead of the Torch relay, so that the men can have a meal and a rest before their next eight-hour turn on duty.

The other truck will follow the relay runner. It will travel at about 10 m.p.h.

As each runner completes his lap, he will hand his torch to a student in the back of the second truck.

Wearing asbestos gloves, the student will put the torch—each one burns for 15 minutes—on to a fireproof rack in the truck.

"If it should drop on to the ground, which is most unlikely, there is a risk of fire," said Mr. Marsden.

"We've alerted fire brigades all along the route and we're well supplied with fire extinguishers and first-aid kits.

"When the torch is cool, the man on duty in the truck will dismantle it, clean it with a wire brush, methylated spirit, and kerosene, and refuel it with highly inflammable hexamine tablets.

"What happens if it goes out? Short of actually being immersed in water, it can't



MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY students cluster round to watch Mr. W. L. Andrews, left, demonstrate a fire-extinguisher, part of the equipment for the relay convoy.

But if it should, the flame can be relit, because in each of the trucks we'll have one of the miner's lamps that brought the flame from Olympia."

At various cities along the route there will be receptions in honor of the Olympic flame.

During these receptions, the flame will be transferred to

Convoy of trucks

a special urn until it is time to travel on.

The route of the Olympic Torch relay lies through a wide Australian panorama.

Working to a tight schedule, the relay will arrive at definitely specified times.

They are:

QUEENSLAND

Townsville, 7.07 p.m., November 10.
Mackay, 3.42 a.m., November 12.
Rockhampton, 7.37 a.m., November 13.

Bundaberg, 11.11 a.m., November 14.

Maryborough, 8.04 p.m., November 14.

Brisbane, 4.34 p.m., November 15.

NEW SOUTH WALES

Tweed Heads, 1.26 a.m., November 16.

Grafton, 7.24 p.m., November 16.

Newcastle, 9.44 a.m., November 18.

Sydney, 9.32 p.m., November 18.

Canberra (A.C.T.), 5.40 p.m., November 19.

Yass, 9.54 p.m., November 19.

Albury, 12.50 a.m., November 21.

VICTORIA

Bendigo, 8.44 p.m., November 21.

Ballarat, 5.06 a.m., November 22.

Melbourne (Town Hall), 4.12 p.m., November 22.



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"THE EDDY DUCHIN STORY"

—watch for the Australian premiere



Victoria Shaw

Formerly Australian model Jeanette Elphick, Victoria Shaw makes a brilliant debut as Chiquita, the second Mrs. Duchin.

Tyrone Power

Handsome Tyrone Power gives one of his finest performances as Duchin—the leading role in Columbia's "The Eddy Duchin Story".

Kim Novak

Vivacious star Kim Novak plays Duchin's first wife, Marjorie Oerlich.

Hailed by American reviewers as "an actress of great beauty and promise" Victoria Shaw has made a swift rise to fame. It's a dazzling success story!

Victoria is learning many thrilling new beauty secrets these days. But, when it comes to hair care, she still follows the golden rule. Victoria says: "I never wash my hair with soap—I shampoo my hair with 'Vaseline' Liquid Shampoo".

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Rice-field siren lacks glamor Silvana Mangano is demure Italian housewife

● New Yorkers were a bit nonplussed by Italian star Silvana Mangano on her visit here for the world premiere of "War and Peace." With her pale, almost sallow, complexion and dry, rather bloodless lips, Miss Mangano might have been a Victorian governess well on the way to lifelong spinsterhood.

SILVANA eschewed glamor. She appeared to be indifferent to photographers. She wore no make-up except for a touch of pencil at eyebrows and the corners of her eyes.

Her hair, not blond as in some of her films, but in its apparently natural shade of dark auburn, was done in a positively dowdy style: exactly as worn by Olivia de Havilland in "The Heiress"—parted in the centre and drawn back on either side over the ears to a tight small bun.

Was this cool, dignified, austere beautiful woman the same lusty, buxom, bare-legged wench who starred in "Bitter Rice," whose vitality, exuberance, and eye-arresting charms put the Italian girl on the world film map and made her a pin-up favorite of men the world over?

Photographers who came to get that Silvana were disappointed. When Gina Lollobrigida, Diana Dors, and such turn up in New York, they and the photographers know what they want. The poses

and the patience on the one side are many and enduring; on the other side, the scrum and the excitement are a marvel to behold. But everyone goes away happy with the results.

But Silvana . . . how could she be so unkind? The stark black-and-white newspaper shots made her look ten or fifteen years older than her true 25—which wasn't at all what picture editors wanted.

As for her famous figure, even there she didn't give the

By LARRY FOLEY
of our New York staff

boys the kind of break they expect from visiting glamor-pusses.

No low-cut, revealing, skin-tight gowns, the trademark of her sister stars; only simple dresses in perfect taste and genteel style.

And for why?

"It's too much bother," shrugged Miss Mangano, "to use make-up. It's too fatiguing. Lipstick is a bother when eating—you eat it off your own lips, you know, and I do not like that. I used make-up for a year, when I was about 14, and then I gave it up."

Miss Mangano had no part in "War and Peace." But her husband, Dino DeLaurentiis, produced it. Its opening was a big event—the biggest—in his life as a producer and Silvana, like a good wife, tagged along.

This was his affair so, for all practical purposes during their stay in New York, she was there as plain Mrs. DeLaurentiis, not Silvana Mangano.

She was polite to the Press, but markedly lacking the eagerness to please and be noticed, which characterises most film stars in New York.

Her husband, a short, energetic man with rimless glasses, seized the opportunity the day after the premiere of "War and Peace" to announce his intention of creating for the screen an even more stupendous epic—Dante's "The Divine Comedy."

In order to make this momentous announcement Dino took over the Grand Ballroom of the fashionable Pierre Hotel on Fifth Avenue for the Press conference.

He had the assistance of Italy's Under-Secretary for Entertainment, Sports, and Tourism, the president of the Italian Film Producers' Association, an interpreter, a photographer, a recording engineer, three microphones, and a display of Gustave Dore's famous illustrations of Dante's visions of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise, which Dino hopes to recreate on the screen.

Again this was Dino's show and Silvana left the limelight all to him.

Cornered finally, Silvana answered questions about her career, her husband, her children, her home life, and so on, with the air of a lady who has answered the same questions a million times and is now sick of the subject but is resigned to answering them a million times more.

Did she fall in love with Dino, who is quite a bit older and half a head shorter than she?

Well, no. In fact she didn't like him a bit at first.

Why not?

Silvana pulled a face. "He



ITALIAN actress Silvana Mangano pauses to look at an illustration during a tour of the Grand Ballroom of the Pierre Hotel, where her husband, Dino DeLaurentiis, announced to a Press conference his intention to film Dante's "Divine Comedy."

was too . . ." She clenched her fist and jerked it up and down. She conveyed the idea that Dino was bossy, not too easy to get on with.

But later, when she got to know him better?

Silvana smiled and her eyes danced. She gave the idea that it was very nice being Dino's wife.

She was formerly a model. She was 17 when one day in Rome a short pompous man stopped her on the street, looked her over, nodded, and offered her the leading role in a film he was making. He was Dino.

She was 18 when they were married. Dino is still her boss—her contract to make films for his company expires in 1959. The contract calls for one film per year.

Being married to the boss seems to be the secret of her success in combining marriage with her career; for between her films she has produced a family—Veronica 6, Raffaella 4, and Federico 14.

Film-making takes up three months of the year; for the remaining nine months Silvana is content to be a wife and mother.



FAMOUS SHOT from the film "Bitter Rice" shows Silvana Mangano in tight sweater and short pants and with rolled-down stockings standing in the mud of the rice fields. It is interesting to compare this with her recent photograph.

Had she worried about her figure when having her first baby?

No; after the baby was born her weight went right up to about 13 stone. "But I thought that I would come back to normal," she said. "And I did but after my second baby. I got thin—terribly thin. Funny, eh?"

As for her current weight, Silvana said it was about the same as when she starred in

"Bitter Rice." It was hard to believe, but that's her story.

Anyone who recalls the famous publicity still of Silvana in sweater and shorts standing in the rice-paddy in "Bitter Rice" (the picture is reproduced on this page), would doubt Silvana's claim after seeing her at this interview, looking, in her blue-and-white dress, tall and rather angular.



BRITAIN'S Michael Rennie photographed with the radiant Silvana Mangano in a Venetian restaurant. Rennie and Silvana appeared together in the film "Mambo."

CHARMING Japanese film-star Machiko Kyo as Lotus Blossom, the geisha girl, in her first Hollywood movie, "Teahouse of the August Moon," set in Okinawa.

ORIENTAL COMEDY

Slant-eyed guise for Brando

● Hollywood sticks fairly closely to the original theme in its presentation of "The Teahouse of the August Moon," a comedy of rich humor and warmth set in an Okinawan village in which democracy gets a subtle brush-off. Metro went to Japan for the filming, but rain and other disturbances drove the unit back to California. In the film Marlon Brando is transformed by Oriental make-up for the role of Sakini.

Film Fan-Fare



ABOVE: Safety seems the better part of valor to Captain Fisby (Glenn Ford), left, and Sakini (Marlon Brando), as village women storm Fisby's quarters to demand their rights. The worried Fisby feels that he may be falling down on his chief's instructions to "teach the natives how to act human."



LEFT: Aboard a jeep loaded with boxes and bundles and a native goat, Captain Fisby (Glenn Ford), centre, sets off with the indefatigable Sakini (Marlon Brando) for the village of Tobiki. Lotus Blossom (Machiko Kyo) stands nearby.



ABOVE: Protests are unheeded as Lotus Blossom (Kyo) insists on making Fisby (Ford) comfortable while he talks to a superior on the phone. His shoes and shirt are in jeopardy.

RIGHT: Amazing character study of Marlon Brando as Sakini. It took two hours each day to apply Brando's make-up, tape his eyelids, and fit the wig of coarse black hair.



ABOVE: The lovely Lotus Blossom (Kyo) is popular with all the men in Tobiki, but the attention they lavish on the geisha girl eventually riles the other women of the village into action. The "Tea-house" stage-play ran in Australia early this year.

RIGHT: Big three of Metro's color CinemaScope version of the wartime comedy are Brando (centre), bland as cream in the plum role of Sakini, the wise and wily native interpreter and handyman, and Glenn Ford's badgered, humanitarian Army officer, Fisby. A bother of another sort is Lotus Blossom (Kyo), a "gift" of the villagers of Tobiki to Fisby.



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Diana's new hairstyle cost her £3000

● West End stylist Mr. Raymond flew to Hollywood with a new hairstyle for Diana Dors. The result is pictured opposite. Below are earlier versions of the Dors tresses.

From MARGARET EDWARDS, in London

THE other day I walked through an R-shaped door into an R-shaped beauty salon and was offered an R-line chair. R stands for Raymond, the hairstylist who is quite special in his own profession.

He is the man who is responsible for the poodle cut, the petal, and the urchin, the revival of the Alice-in-Wonderland band, and many exotic hair arrangements.

One of Raymond's most-talked-about clients is film-star Diana Dors. The Duchess of Windsor, ex-Queen Marie of Spain, and the cream of English aristoc-

racy and show business also patronise his establishment.

Recently "Mr. Teasie Weasie" (a nickname given him because he called one of his hairstyles the "teasie weasie") flew to America to visit Diana Dors in Hollywood and give her a new hairdo. With him he took a sheaf of designs.

He came back with a whopping cheque from Miss Dors (£A3125), and said he didn't feel a bit mean about taking it because she can afford it. Besides, they've been friends for a long time.

"The most precious package I carried with me," he murmured confidentially, "contained three wigs."

"I had been working on these for some time and was really pleased with them. Diana has not always time to have her hair done after a busy day on the set, so what better than an entirely new crop of hair to give her a lift for the evening. The colors of the wigs? Well, I call them Caribbean-green, Dors-pink, and Love-lilac."

The hairdo that Diana finally chose is shown in the series of color pictures on the

opposite page. In all of these, incidentally, Miss Dors is wearing her own mane of blond hair, not a wig.

The transformation took place in the lush surroundings of the star's new Hollywood home, with Raymond perfectly attired in a blue suit with a floppy red tie and wearing a blue carnation in his lapel and huge gold links in his cuffs instead of the conventional buttons.

For the occasion, Diana, who is almost as famous for her long locks as she is for her shapely figure, chose a modern-Grecian hairstyle with upflung lines and a chignon.

A gold "Alice" band encircles the chignon. Later on Raymond replaced this with a gilt chain for a different effect.

"She should now rate as the best-groomed woman in Hollywood," Raymond confided. "Not that that would

be hard. I thought the women there were appallingly shoddy and don't-car-

ish in their appearance."

He paused to offer me a cigarette inscribed "Raymond."

"Women in England take infinitely more care of themselves. In Hollywood I saw countless screen beauties dashing around in open cars with their hair in curling clips.

"A woman would no more do that in London than fly. But in Hollywood they go to a hairdresser and walk out leaving the ironmongery perched hideously on their heads until just before they wish to go out."

Shocked, I suggested that perhaps he took this view of Hollywood women because he is a perfectionist. But he remained adamant.

He liked Zsa Zsa

SURELY there must have been someone who passed the discerning eye of the much-feted designer with full marks?

There was... Zsa Zsa Gabor. Her hair was pink.

"I met Zsa Zsa at the fabulous party Diana and her husband, Dennis Hamilton, gave for me. They have a lovely house and garden with a swimming-pool and on the night of the party we all gathered down beside the pool for cocktails and a barbecue.

"On the water of the pool there floated red roses and gardenias—my favorite flowers—in the shape of my name. And in front of it was a giant pair of golden scissors."

(This was that famous dunking party.)

Raymond always uses golden scissors when he cuts hair. He carries them around in a white-leather case with bright red lining.

"But," he added, "I seldom use them myself, for I am not a hairdresser, but a designer."

"An architect draws up the plans for a skyscraper, but he does not build it. It is the same with me. Mine is the brain for the top of my clients' heads, but I do not actually set their hair."

Raymond, a dapper man, has for the past 20 years worn a specially dyed blue carnation in his buttonhole. He had them flown to him in Hollywood every day when he was there.

Raymond is anxious to cut Diana's hair very short, but when he suggested it in America her husband firmly said "no." It is probable that it will have to be cut



RAYMOND, personal hairstylist to Diana Dors, seems to be a bit puzzled by his client's changeabout hairdos.



PONY TAIL on the set. With her naturally thick and heavy hair, Diana achieves a really important tail.



GUESS WHO? Shiny gold waves are a scraggy thatch in this unglamorous picture. Raymond would be shaken.



GLAMOR JOB. Waved and combed for the pin-up cameraman, this is Diana at her glamorous best.



EVENING SOPHISTICATE. An unusual shot of Diana Dors with a graceful coronet. Raymond should approve this.



for her next film, so Raymond is not rushing the issue at present.

What does he really think of Diana Dors? Said he, "She is undoubtedly a fine actress and will go a long way in the film world because, as well as talent, she has two things. First, good looks. Second, and most important, she has a wonderful manager."

Dennis Hamilton, Di's husband, fills this role, and in Raymond's estimation he has done a grand job.

Raymond, the self-confessed owner of more than 300 shirts, added, "Dennis has shown Diana to the world. Without him she would be nothing."

Coming from Raymond, himself a

DIANA'S CHOICE. The picture immediately above shows film star Diana Dors modelling her costly new hairstyle while its creator flourishes a comb happily nearby. Most people will agree that Diana looks pretty and elegant.

publicity promoter of no mean skill, that's quite a compliment.

When Mr. Hamilton flew into London on a business trip a few weeks ago, he announced that wife Diana would be coming home in November to stay.

He wanted to stay in Hollywood, but Diana was homesick, he said. "We had a heck of an argument and Diana won."

Before my interview with Raymond, her friend and confidant, came to an

end, I was determined to ask if he believed Diana Dors would really "chuck everything" on the other side and start her own film company in England.

Said he calmly, "There is no question of her living in either place for the time being, anyway."

"Diana is under contract to the Rank Organisation and has to make one picture a year for them for the next five years."

"She is also under contract to R.K.O. Obviously, she will have to spend time in both countries."

"Frankly, I think she will settle down in Hollywood after a while and get to like the place as much as she loves England," he said.

A pretty touch!



A gilt chain to loop the chignon, perhaps?



Charming . . . but shorter still, n'est pas?



But certainly, two loops of gilt—and voila!



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Lightburn	Timesaver	Goblin
Easy	Easyway	Commodore
Colda	Stampco	Rowen
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Thor	Ritemp	Big Chief



ON LOCATION. While Clark Gable (centre) shares a joke with director Raoul Walsh, Eleanor Parker pretends to look haughty while she cocks an ear to listen. The film they are making is "The King and Four Queens." Gable is, of course, the King, and Eleanor one of the Queens.

Talking of Films

★★ **Rebel Without a Cause**
WARNERS' "Rebel Without a Cause" is a tough and angry melodrama about teenagers in an American community and their problems of getting along with people.

The picture is extremely well acted and the presentation is on the sensational side. Its theme, however, fails to arouse much sympathy.

As the confused young man of the film title, the late James Dean is the centre of attention from start to finish.

His actor's capacity to get inside the skin of his tortured character is quite extraordinary.

Parental shortcomings create the core of confusion in Dean and the two other main characters of the film.

They are Natalie Wood, a child actress just a few years ago, now growing up fast, and a boy, new to the screen, named Sal Mineo.

I hope that some day somebody may make a movie in which American parents and their offspring can manage to get along together. That should be a riot.

A prosperous community on the right side of the tracks sets the domestic background for "Rebel Without a Cause," and a local high school is the source of its minor characters.

For the most part, these last are as boorish and brutal a bunch of hooligans as you could hope to see anywhere.

★★ **Storm Over The Nile**
THE flag of Empire flaps bravely, if somewhat belatedly, in "Storm Over the Nile," London Films' new technicolor CinemaScope version of A. E. W. Mason's hoary saga of the Sudan, "The Four Feathers."

It was this story of bravery and cowardice in battle which threw everybody into a patriotic furore back in grandma's day.

By present-day standards the headlong heroics of "Storm Over the Nile" are probably outmoded, but, nevertheless, producer Zoltan Korda and director Terence Young manage to put the old plot across with dash and verve that is most entertaining.

R. C. Sheriff, too, deserves

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★★ Excellent
- ★★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars—below average

a pat on the back for introducing some light touches into a screenplay that must otherwise have been too stiff-upper-lip for words.

Action sequences, actually shot in the Sudan, are splendid. It was here, as you may recall, that the armies of Lord Kitchener had that spot of trouble with those fierce desert fighters, the Dervish hordes.

Star Anthony Steel is a bit stolid in the role of a young Faversham, the idealist soldier who becomes a death-or-glory boy during the exchange of white feathers.

Laurence Harvey and Mary Ure, a charming young screen newcomer who plays Steel's fiancée, fit nicely into the nostalgic pattern of events.

Burly James Robertson Justice is in fine, robust form as a bombastic old general.

News from studios

A FRUSTRATED man is Kenneth More, who recently finished "Reach for the Sky" and is now leaving for Bermuda and location shooting of "The Admirable Crichton." To portray the part of air ace Douglas Bader, Kenneth More has taken 15 flying lessons. He was ready to go up solo for his "A Licence" when the film insurance people stepped in and said the risk was too great. Now he is only allowed to fly when he is not making a film. Which is never, as he is leaping from film to film these days.

★ ★ ★
THERE'S a story going around that Zsa Zsa Gabor inscribed a photograph to Jack Brooks, the man who managed her successful Las Vegas night-club season, with the words "To Jack with gratitude," and dated 1966. When Brooks asked her why, Zsa Zsa cooed, "Darling, in 1970 you'll look at this picture and say, 'Gee . . . look how good Zsa Zsa looked four years ago.'"

(CUT OUT ALONG DOTTED LINE)

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WESTINGHOUSE If a jam starts the Westinghouse "Wonder" Wringer stops and gives a warning CLICK BUZZ	POPE The Pope "Fill 'n' Empty" pump automatically fills and empties the 6 GALLON tub 12 GALLON tub	RINSO Rinso is the only washing product recommended by the makers of all 40 of all 42 leading washing machines

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Pay a visit to your nearest electrical store, have a look at all the washers pictured above, and select the washer you would like to own. This will also help you to get the correct information for your entry. Now study the sentences alongside the pictures of the washing machines and the packet of Rinso above. Choose which of the alternative words is the correct one. Cross out the word which seems to you to be wrong. Complete the entry form with the name of the washer you would choose if you were buying one and the reason why you would like it. The washing machines will be awarded to competitors who correctly complete the list of nine sentences and give the best reasons for choosing the washing machine they would like to own.

RULES:

- Contest closes midnight, 24th November, and entries must be received by midnight of this date.
- The judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into. All entries, contents and ideas become the property of Lever Brothers Pty. Limited, and may be used as the Company sees fit.
- Any resident of Australia may compete except employees of Lever Brothers Pty. Limited, its associated companies, its advertising agencies and their families.
- The prizewinners' names will be announced on "Australia's Amateur Hour," commencing from 8th November.



CUT OUT all around the dotted line

(Note: Contestants may send entries on a plain sheet of paper. Contestants should copy out all the wording enclosed by the dotted lines.) You may send as many entries as you like, but each must be accompanied by the opening flap (marked "Press Tab Here") of the Rinso packet.

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Closing date, 24th Nov. **ACT NOW!**

* End flaps not required from residents of any State where inclusion of such would contravene the law of that State.

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Philippines Adventure



● Filmed in color on locations in Luzon, "Huk" (United Artists) is an action yarn of guerrilla warfare in the Philippines in 1952. The story, which stars George Montgomery, is fictional, woven round the real-life activities of the Huks (short for Hukbalahap). After World War II the Huks, who had fought against the Japanese, formed into guerrilla bands and for a time spread terror throughout the country.

The main role is a change of pace for George Montgomery, who is a veteran of America's old West.

1 RETURNING to dispose of his father's estate, Greg Dickson (George Montgomery) is met at the airport by Cindy Rogers, wife of Bart, his boyhood friend. In Manila they pick up the boat for Paoli Island. On the way they survive an attack from shore by a band of Huks.



2 AT PAOLI there is a reunion with Steven Rogers (James Bell), Bart's father (at back). It is cut short by Major Balaibat (Teddy Benivides), right, who says the Huks will kill Greg as they did his father. Greg doesn't want to fight, but merely sell out and leave.



3 BATHING in a nearby river that afternoon, Greg is attacked from behind by a Huk. After a willing struggle in the water, Greg kills the native and swims back to shore. Next day Huks attack the island.



4 LED by Kalak (Marlo Barri), the Huks progress inland to the plantation. Greg is in the thick of the fight, and Bart, a neurotic ex-P.O.W., embarks on a mad flurry of killing. Major Balaibat's men manage to arrive just in time to disperse the bandits.



5 DEATH of Steven Rogers occurs while he is trying to defend the schoolhouse during a later attack. Bart (John Baer) and Cindy say a prayer before the population is evacuated by a steamer that sets out for Manila.



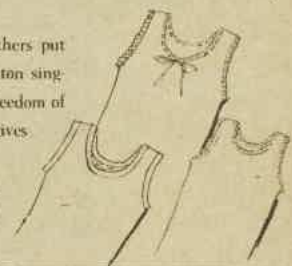
6 AN ARMADA of Huk canoes attacks the boat when it is disabled by engine trouble. Keeping the women and children below, Bart, Greg, and the crew stand alone as bandits pour on board.

7 HOLDING a bundle of dynamite, Bart, badly wounded, staggers with it into a crowd of Huks as it explodes. The enemy beaten, Greg, Cindy, and the others return to their island home.



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IN THE MORNING, wake with a fresh, clear skin—softer and younger-looking—thanks to Mercolized Wax. Face the new day with new beauty—new radiance.



AS A MAKE-UP BASE, for complexion beauty all day long, Mercolized Wax is non-greasy... makes skin smooth and velvety.

Mercolized Wax nourishes and stimulates—penetrating deep down into the pores—dissolving dry skin particles... and revealing your skin in all its natural radiance.



THE IMPROVEMENT ON FACE CREAM
A DEARBORN Quality Product—LONDON,
SYDNEY, CHICAGO, BUENOS AIRES.

Mercolized Wax
cream

★ THE BEST GIFT FOR ANY NEW BABY

is a subscription to that informative monthly magazine for Mothers—BABY. It's the only magazine devoted exclusively to babies. BABY is 2/- at newsagents, a subscription direct costs 20/- for one year; 40/- for two. If you don't know BABY, write for free sample copy. Address subscriptions: BABY MAGAZINE, Box 1238, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

ONE FOR THE FRONT GARDEN

ONE FOR THE BACK GARDEN



Every home needs **TWO** hoses

Save hours of time every week by watering back and front gardens at the same time . . . with Nylex, the plastic hose you won't wear out, the hose that has proved its worth in over a million gardens.

Nylex Plastic Hose is flexible, light, weatherproof, is unconditionally guaranteed. Available in 60' coils or larger lengths up to 300'. Nylex offers you a choice of five types and a wide range of garden-gay colours:—

NYLEX "Garden Beauty". In transparent green or transparent red; $\frac{1}{2}$ " bore.

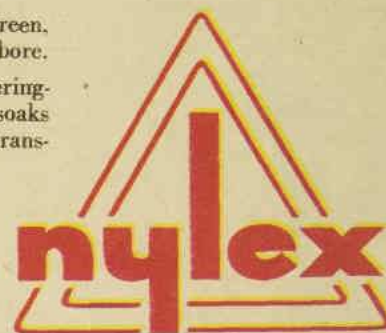
NYLEX "Garden Master". In red, green, yellow or blue; $\frac{1}{2}$ " bore.

NYLEX "Thrifi Master". In blue, red, green or orange; $\frac{1}{2}$ " bore.

NYLEX "Water Master". In red, green, yellow or blue; $\frac{3}{4}$ " bore. Also 1" bore.

NYLEX "Sprinkler-Soaker". The "watering-pipe" method. Low pressure, it soaks . . . more pressure, it sprays! In transparent green or transparent red.

MAKE SURE THEY'RE GENUINE...



REGD. TRADE MARK

Manufactured and guaranteed by Australia's largest plastics organisation . . .

MOULDED PRODUCTS (AUSTRALASIA) LIMITED.



"Just act natural, sweetie, and nobody will guess we're newlyweds."



ELIZABETH MACINTYRE.

"No, dear. I can't cut your toenails just now."

It seems to me

THAT perennial subject, the influence of comics and films on children, has been aired again lately.

Some parents, seriously disturbed by reports of the effects of violent fiction on delinquency, go to immense trouble to keep their young away from inflammatory reading.

There's another school of thought which holds that the balanced child from a good home can survive the stuff quite well. These people point out that traditional fairy tales are simply crammed with ravenous wolves and giants, and that the problem therefore isn't new.

A mother who wavers between the two viewpoints was reading comics to her five-year-old son the other night.

"Read this one, Mummie," he implored, pointing to a space-fiction strip that my friend describes as revolting.

"Oh, no," she cried, "I can't read you that awful thing, full of those terrible monsters. It's horrible."

"Don't be silly, Mummie," said the little boy gently, "they're only pictures, you know."



Dorothy Dean

FLYING around the world on a fast schedule has become so commonplace that it has ceased, mostly, to occasion any surprise.

But now and then you hear things that remind you how the outlook on travel has changed.

The other day I heard a man outlining his prospective world tour.

"I'll be away a few weeks," he said. "Expect to spend a day in San Francisco, a couple of days in New York, and then do England and Europe. Probably spend a couple of days in Paris and a couple in Switzerland. Might stay three or four days in Rome. I know people there, you see."

Which reminds me of another story about the place of the Eternal City on modern itineraries.

A wife, recently back from abroad, was telling travel tales to her friends. One of them asked her a question about Italy.

"Darling," she called to her husband in the other room, "did we go to Rome?"

★ ★ ★

RE those eccentric breakfasts I mentioned a couple of weeks ago, a Victorian reader sends a note of another to add to the collection.

"I went to a children's party a few months ago," she writes. "The mother had buttered millions of triangles of bread and spread them with hundreds and thousands, only to have them all ignored by the little darlings."

"So her husband scoffed the lot for his breakfast."

"I think" (adds the writer) "that grinding those things up at the breakfast table should be grounds for divorce."

★ ★ ★

WIDOW of the famous explorer Cherry Kearton told, in a B.B.C. broadcast, of playing a gramophone record of "William Tell" to a group of penguins. The penguins liked it, she said.

Attired in their black-and-white suiting, among the blizzards and snow, Dressed for a formal outing, but lacking a place to go.

It isn't surprising if penguins, remote in Antarctic wastes, Are conservative, not bohemian, when it comes to artistic tastes.

If you picked on some of the moderns, you'd find them harder to sell, But they showed their appreciation, did the birds, of "William Tell."

As a penguin afterwards stated, when called for a chat to the mike, "We don't know much about music. We only know what we like."

THE Great Yarmouth Town Council has appealed to the public to stop eating fish and chips on buses, according to a message from London. Grease is damaging passengers' clothes, and one conductor slipped and fell on a chip.

This problem of chip slips doesn't arise on Australian public transport. People rich enough to buy them nowadays are well enough off to drive cars.

★ ★ ★

THE other day I saw an American paper with the most entertaining batch of View Mat. ads. that I've ever come across.

At first they puzzled me considerably. The advertisers seemed rather too old to be considering marriage.

"Brooklyn gentleman, 5'6", 150 . . ." one began. It then dawned on me that 150 meant pounds, not years.

Almost every male advertiser stated his height and weight, and some, but not all, were precise about age.

One, a tactful fellow, I thought, wished to meet a "shapely girl, up to 40."

The word "shapely" occurred in several ads. Its choice seemed odd at first, for it is a word with an old-fashioned ring. But at 50 cents a line a man looks for a brief way to say "with good figure."

Doubtless he discards "neat" in case it is taken to mean "tidy."

One advertiser wanted an "honest, shapely lady," and another an "attractive, shapely, pleasant lady." This last one was obviously entitled to demand special qualifications, for he quoted his income at 15,000 dollars a year—which makes it surprising that he had to resort to the advertisement columns.

● In refrigeration — experience counts

Westinghouse Food-File REFRIGERATOR

**A SPECIAL PLACE
A SPECIAL COLD..
for each and every
kind of food**

FREEZE CHEST AND TRAY
Stores 37 lb. "Dry" cold for frozen foods, ice cream, ice blocks . . . Freeze Chest refrigerated on five sides for fast freezing and safe, uniform temperature.

MAIN STORAGE
Correct temperatures for general foods. Ample provision for tall bottles, sundries and leftovers. "Moist" cold in Humidrawer keeps vegetables garden fresh.

DOOR SHELVES
Five temperature zones . . . one each for eggs, butter, cheese, milk and fruit . . . everything you need in a hurry—at your finger-tips.

SELF-CLEANING CONDENSER
Automatically air cooled and air cleaned . . . this assures continuous maximum efficiency and economy without cleaning by the user.

FIVE SPARKLING COLOURS
Five beautiful "confection" colours . . . Desert Sand, Sunshine Yellow, Sage Green, Arctic Blue, Shell Pink . . . White or Cream exteriors.

Model 1096

PROTECT YOUR INVESTMENT . . . BUY WESTINGHOUSE

- Behind every "Food File" Refrigerator stands the international reputation of Westinghouse—the world's greatest name in home appliances. Each 1956 model is a new triumph of Westinghouse engineering!
- Choose your new Westinghouse modern-styled "Food File" Refrigerator from six popular models . . . from 7.1 cu. ft. "family" size to de-luxe 9.0 cu. ft. automatic defrost "Frost Free" model.

YOU CAN BE SURE..IF IT'S
Westinghouse
Manufactured by a Unit of E.M.I. Limited

AVAILABLE ALL ELECTRICAL RETAILERS

CHOOSE THE NAME THE WORLD HAS CHOSEN!

NEW DAZZLERS FOR AFTER-DARK

IN step with current fashion are these six party dresses, pretty and exciting enough to decorate any festive evening.

Glittering jewel colors (to dazzle your beau), romantic white, a bow-ribbon hair decoration or ribbon trim, a colored shoe, and a tiny hat worn way back on the head are some of the details that make news and add to the beauty of summer night-life fashions. See (at left) how brilliance is achieved by sparkling color — and (far right) just how breath-taking white can look. The short, wide-skirted dance dress (left) is causing a fashion flutter. It's the perfect dress for a "whirl" on the dance floor.

One of the newest silhouettes — and it's ravishing — is the Empire line with a softly lifted waist. A waist can also be in its natural place, belted or unbelted. Slenderness has a soft, new, rounded look.

Enchanting new form of trimming is ribbon. This season a party dress can be ribbon-tied — like a pretty surprise.

— BETTY KEEP

SPARKLING TRIO of day-length party dresses (left) made in ruby, sapphire, and emerald taffeta, and worn with matching colored shoes. Note that the ruby dress is self-embroidered and that the tiny back-on-the-head evening hat is matched exactly to the color of the dress.





ADMIRING THE DECORATIONS with her escort (above) is a girl in a romantic white lace evening dress. The dress has a bare bodice-top, and an above-ankle-length skirt spreading prettily to the hemline. For the trim, deep and pastel pink ribbons are threaded and bowed. Superb chandelier earrings made in fake diamonds are worn for extra glamor and formality.



CHALK-WHITE pique one-piece (above) has a beautiful embroidered trim. The bodice-top is moulded with a deep V decolletage back and front. The skirt bells.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 7, 1956

EMPIRE SILHOUETTE is chosen for the slim dress (right) made in glistening green taffeta and worn with a matching hair bow. Note the chic pale turquoise accessories.



THE SPOTLIGHT FOR STYLE
SHINES ON...

ONILE



NILE DISTRIBUTORS PTY. LTD.



No more night scares

Now she can see it's only a cat rustling in the bushes! Fears disappear when you can see at night. That's why every woman should have a handbag-size "Eveready" Flashlight with her always. Whenever it's dark, you need an "Eveready" Flashlight — powered by dependable "Eveready" Batteries. They have 20% more power... give brighter light.

"EVEREADY"
BRAND

"Eveready" "Nine Lives" and the Cat Symbol are the registered trade-marks of Eveready (Australia) Pty. Ltd., Rosebery, N.S.W.



FLY NOW... PAY LATER... on the new

PAN AMERICAN

"PAY-LATER" PLAN

Call your travel agent or Pan American World Airways

Special Party Feature

How to ask your guests

• One of the essentials for party guests as well as hosts and hostesses is the correct observance of party etiquette.

ETIQUETTE is really very simple and is founded on commonsense. On examination you will find a good reason for the rules, even for invitations to a formal party, which seem a little stiff.

The first rules of etiquette apply to invitations and replies, whether they be by letter or verbal.

Of the two, most teenagers find it harder to word the letter invitations, and yet the rules are simple to follow.

If the Smiths were holding a coming-of-age party for their

should always be sent to the woman, even if it is Mr. and Mrs. on the invitation.

If the occasion is less formal, write (not print) your invitation on notepaper.

2 Green Street, Maryville,
November 1, 1956.

Dear Tom,
I am giving a small informal party at my home on Saturday, November 17, to welcome my cousin Mary Smith from Tasmania.

The party starts at 8 p.m. and I would be delighted if you could come along.

Betty Smith.
R.S.V.P.
November 10.

Tom, if he is able to go,

Currently fashionable form of invitation.

Judy Brown
Mr. and Mrs. John Smith
At Home
on Saturday, September 27
at 8 p.m.

2 Green Street,
Maryville

R.S.V.P.
Black Tie

This invitation is correct for a formal party.

daughter Betty, they could indicate this on the card in writing.

They would put at the bottom of the card in ink the words "for Betty."

Never say formal on an invitation. It can mean anything. State rather the degree of formality — "Black tie," "White tie," or "Dress informal."

An important point about any invitation to a private house is that it should be a personal one.

In other words, don't invite "So-and-so and partner," as you would to a public ball or function.

If you want one of your guests to bring somebody, it is more correct to find out his or her name from your friend and send a card.

To accept the invitation illustrated the guest would reply:

September 15, 1956.

Miss Judy Brown has much pleasure in accepting the kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. John Smith for Saturday, September 27, at 8 p.m.

If Judy were unable to attend she would word her reply this way:

September 15, 1956.

Miss Judy Brown regrets that owing to a previous engagement she is unable to accept the kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. John Smith for Saturday, September 27, at 8 p.m.

Replies to the invitation

will word his acceptance this way:

20 Baker Street, Maryville,
November 4, 1956.

Dear Betty,
Thank you for the invitation to your party for your cousin Mary Smith on November 17 at 8 p.m.

I am very happy to accept.
Tom Jones.

If he is unable to accept he will write instead, briefly stating his reason:

"Unfortunately I have accepted a previous invitation for that date and will be unable to attend."

Invitations for informal get-togethers — record parties, barbecues, and just-for-the-sake-of parties — can be extended either verbally or by letter.

If by letter, use a little ingenuity. Make invitation cards yourself by either drawing suitable sketches or pasting on colored drawings cut from magazines, and commence them: "Bring yourself, a friend, and your favorite records..."

If it's verbal, then:

"Tom, I'm giving a party for the gang, and I'd like you and a friend to come..."

Send your invitations out at least two weeks in advance... never later.

Indicate clearly the time, place, date, name of host and/or hostess, the nature of the party, and the degree of formality.

When accidents happen—
DON'T RISK INFECTION



Remember —
there's safety in Solyptol!

You can make certain that your son's cuts and scratches never get infected. Bathe them in a solution of Solyptol, the powerful, safe antiseptic. Keep a bottle in your home, and be ready for any emergency.

Solyptol
antiseptic

IF IT'S FAULDING'S — IT'S PURE



Look Mum!
A HOME PACK with
40 Crisp BISCUIT BLOCK CUPS

Can be used
for serving
Ice Cream
Ice Blocks
Party Jellies
and other
Frozen Foods



Obtainable

FROM YOUR NEAREST GROCER OR STORE

Interstate Agents

N.S.W. Geoff Penney Pty. Ltd.
62 Alexander St., CROWS NEST, SYDNEY
Sth. AUST. H. H. Tandy Ltd.
223 Angus Street, ADELAIDE
Q'LAND Geoff Penney (Q'land) Pty. Ltd.
24 Hamilton Street, CORINDA, BRISBANE

MANUFACTURED BY R.J. McNIVEN (VIC) PTY. LTD.

2-8 GRIFFITHS STREET, RICHMOND, VICTORIA. JB 3264

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 7, 1956

Boy advises
girl on

PARTY ROMANCE



Hoping for romance at parties? You'll do best if you put the success of the party before your personal campaign for a boy.



DO BE
INTERESTED

ROMANCE can't be forced. It's a by-product of success as a person, and this applies particularly to girls at a party.

The girl who treats a party as a hunting-ground is the one most likely to find herself going home alone.

The girl who helps to make the party go for everybody usually attracts the attention of some boy while she's doing so.

Parties are communal affairs, and girls make a fundamental mistake when they lose sight of other people's enjoyment while in search of their own.

In other words, you don't try to pinch Somebody Else's boy-friend (at a party, anyway), even if he seems ready, willing, and eager to defect.

You will be sure to spoil Somebody Else's evening if you do.

If you are in that limpet-like condition known as "going steady," call it a truce for the night.

If you just can't bear to be separated from your steady for a few hours, you made a mistake in going to the party.

One of the requirements of a successful party-goer is that she is able to "mix" with the guests.

If you are going to sit in a corner all night and hold hands with your one-

and-only, it becomes very difficult for you to "mix" at the same time.

Be careful of what you drink. No girl in the world is clever enough to fool with alcohol.

Few things are more calculated to put boys off than a public display of affection at a party.

There is a time and a place for everything, and party-time is not the right time or place for necking.

Remember, too, men always prefer modesty, although they might try to tell you differently.

BY A BOY

They also feel easier in the company of the good-mannered girl. This means the one who says good night and thank-you to her host and hostess before she leaves their home, who will lend a hand with the dishes and take some of the burden off the hostess.

Bear in mind that girls shouldn't go off into corners and chat away together. Admittedly the boys often do this themselves, but it is up to the girls to move in on them.

Oh, yes, and don't make catty remarks about other girls in the presence of boys. They usually aren't impressed.

As for clothes, follow fashion, don't set it. Finally, after supper, when you all go and powder your noses, don't stay there for an hour and talk about the party. The boys get tired of waiting for you.



DON'T BE
OBVIOUS

Make this a perfect



Kelvinator "Space Saver" 10 De-Luxe is the only refrigerator with "Magic Cycle" Automatic Defrosting



You're looking at the master of all refrigerators Australia has to offer — "Space-saver-10 De-luxe".

Here is a truly magnificent refrigerator which features Kelvinator's exclusive "Magic Cycle" Automatic Defrosting. With this big, beautiful and impressive model defrosting is a thing of the past—it defrosts itself every night.

Look at the space-saving design—cold from "top-to-bottom" to give you a full 10 cubic feet of refrigeration storage. Up top there's a full-width

Frozen Food Chest—which holds 34 lbs. of meat, fish and packaged frozen food. There are three special quick-release Ice Trays. No need to tug and scrape ice-trays free. These trays free themselves. And ice-cubes pop up at the touch of a handle.

There's a special Butter Box right in the door—keeps 1 lb. of butter at s-p-r-e-a-d-able temperature. Three Door Shelves—perfect for all those items you use most. And look at those sparkling, highly polished aluminium shelves. One rolls out and one

slides out . . . to bring all the food right out in front so that you can get at it easily.

There's a big Meat Keeper right under the Frozen Food Chest. And there are Twin Crispers for moist-cold fruit and vegetable storage.

Like every model in the brilliant Kelvinator range this refrigerator features a sparkling interior of pastel blue and gold . . . and it's powered by the amazing new "Polarsphere" Sealed Unit. You can purchase this model on a low deposit and easy terms. £225.

You'll never have to defrost again!

Nothing to turn on or off—with Kelvinator's "Magic Cycle" Automatic Defrost! No need to remove food. No defrost water to empty—it is evaporated for you! This is the greatest defrosting system of all time. There are no electric elements of any kind to go wrong. It's revolutionary! The refrigerant which makes the refrigerator cold is simply reversed—automatically. "Cold-making" refrigerant becomes "Warm-making". "Magic Cycle" acts in a matter of minutes—so that even quick-melting ice-cream stays frozen during defrosting.



YOU'LL NEVER SEE THIS. Ice-cream melts when defrosting takes place in other types of automatic defrosting refrigerators. Frozen foods can also be adversely affected.

WITH "MAGIC CYCLE" Automatic Defrosting—even delicate ice-cream moulds stay frozen during defrosting. "Magic Cycle" uses no electric heater. It defrosts without defreezing.

"MAGIC CYCLE" IS SET when installed, from then on you forget defrosting forever! Acts in a matter of minutes overnight while you sleep. Note the big frozen food chest.

Kelvinator summer!

Only Kelvinator brings you:

- **Magic Cycle Automatic Defrosting**
- **Polarsphere Sealed Unit**
- **Cold from top-to-bottom design**

Comes Summer with its steaming heat . . . and you'll want to live as comfortably and as easily as you can. So why not live with the refrigerator you'll love — Kelvinator — Australia's most popular refrigerator?

All the features you want are here in the new Kelvinators! Now six new models to choose from. Sparkling colour interiors — big frozen food chests — shelves that bring food right out to you . . . feature after feature to give you value plus!

CHOOSE FROM SIX EXCITING MODELS:

1. "Space-saver-10 De-luxe" with "Magic Cycle" Automatic Defrosting. 10 cu. ft. £225
2. "Space-saver-10" with "Magic Cycle" push-button defrosting. 10 cu. ft. capacity. £215
3. "Space-saver-10" . . . same features as model above with normal defrosting. £195/10/-
4. "Space-saver-80 De-luxe" with "Magic Cycle" push-button defrosting. 7½ cu. ft. £182
5. "Space-saver-80" . . . same size and features as model above with normal defrosting. £166
6. "Space-saver-75". Kelvinator's big Economy model with 7.5 cu. ft. capacity. £146/10/-

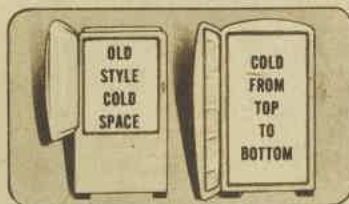
(Prices slightly higher in country areas).

Look at the brilliant features Kelvinator gives you:



"POLARSPHERE" SEALED UNIT

The "Polarsphere" floats within its housing — gives the quietest possible running, reduces vibration to a minimum . . . has enough reserve power for five refrigerators yet costs no more to run than an ordinary refrigerator.



COLD FROM "TOP-TO-BOTTOM"

A Kelvinator "first"! Every model in this new range gives you up to *twice* the storage area of old style refrigerators—in the *same* floor space! Every fraction of space gives you true cold storage.



FULL-WIDTH FROZEN FOOD CHEST

True, full-width Frozen Food storage space for meat, fish, and frozen packaged foods. Makes planning a meal easy . . . means less shopping for you. Frozen meals always on hand for unexpected guests.



SPECIAL ICE TRAYS

Another advance Kelvinator feature. Easy-release handles detach trays easily. Also, quick release grids pop the ice-cubes up so that they can be removed singly or together . . . no need to melt ice-cubes under a tap.



SPECIAL BUTTER CHEST

Butter too hard or too soft? This special chest keeps 1 lb. of butter at a s-p-r-e-a-d-able temperature. Chest is set in door and contains a plastic dish for table use. Yes, every advanced feature you want is in the new Kelvinator range.

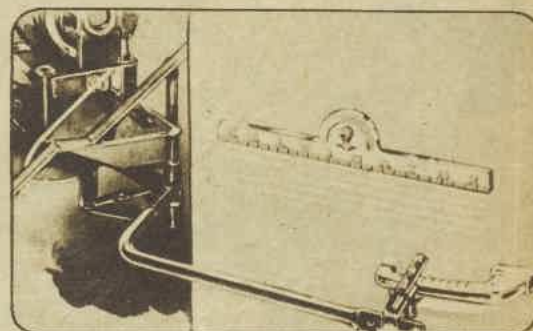


ROLL-OUT SHELVES

Both the roll-out and slide-out shelves are of highly polished aluminium — to bring food right to you. Nothing is packed away. Shelves can't tip. Anodized to prevent rust. Edges "rolled under" for easy cleaning.

Kelvinator quality is "built-in"

With your own eyes, in a dozen different ways, you will see how every Kelvinator model is *better built*. But behind the visible evidence there is also genuine quality manufacture — quality which is built-in. Before they are allowed to be sold, Kelvinator refrigerators have to undergo 197 different tests.



The SLAM! SLAM! SLAM! Test...

Here's a good example of Kelvinator's built-in quality. This mechanical arm for instance, opens and slams the door every 3 seconds, day and night, week in and week out for months to test Kelvinator's special hinges and door-lock mechanism. You'd never give your refrigerator this wear. But once again, Kelvinator passes with flying colours. *No wonder Kelvinator has always had the reputation for building a better refrigerator!*

PRECISION BUILT BY KELVINATOR AUSTRALIA LIMITED

Plus these extra-value features!

- Full-width vegetable crispers • Big meat keepers
- Three door shelves • Extra tall bottle storage
- Luxurious blue and gold interiors
- 5-year protection plan.

CHOOSE

Kelvinator

FOR BETTER LIVING

FREE LITERATURE FOR YOU!

Send this coupon now for informative literature on this beautiful range of 6 new refrigerators to: Kelvinator Australia Limited, P.O. Box 1347, ADELAIDE.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

KR17a



Good taste. "GARRICK" brings you a new and never failing smoking thrill. You get all the rich flavour of "GARRICK'S" choice mild Virginia tobacco through "GARRICK'S" miracle tip. "GARRICK" is correct for the lips of a lovely lady . . . satisfying for the most fastidious man . . . just right for the occasion.

Garrick

Miracle FILTER - TIP

CIGARETTES

THE GARRICK NEW MIRACLE filter-tip contains 20,000 tiny filter traps. Garrick, with the NEW MIRACLE filter-tip of "ESTRON" material, ensures for you the cool, satisfying taste of Garrick's choice Virginia tobaccos.

DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

● How to dress for a particular party is a recurring question in my fashion mail. This week I have chosen for answer a batch of readers' queries that are most typical of those received.

THE first letter deals with the correct fashion for restaurant wear.

"COULD you please advise me on the following problem? Would brocade made in a short-skirted style be formal enough to wear in a restaurant where there is dancing? The material is pale blue embossed in gold. If you consider this correct, I would be grateful for a style and pattern to fit a 36in. bust."

A short-skirted evening dress (by the way, the short-skirted formal is positively booming) is the correct fashion for restaurant wear—either dining or dancing. The formal material you have chosen for the dress makes it doubly correct. The design I suggest is illustrated at right. Note the new high, wide-to-the-shoulder neckline and flat, self-material bow at centre front for decoration. The skirt is bouffant. A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in your size, 36in. bust. Under the picture are further details and how to order.

"I WOULD indeed be grateful if you could help me with the following problem: What would be the correct type of shoes to wear with a pink tulle ballerina?"

The correct shoe would be a bare-strapped sandal or a narrow court shoe with a pointed toe, made in satin the same shade as your dress.

"IS it in order to wear a white evening frock to a 21st-birthday celebration? I am not the guest of honor. The party starts at 8 p.m., and the men will wear tuxedos."

White would be perfectly correct worn for the occasion you mention. This summer, white is very popular for all formal after-dark occasions.

"PLEASE help me with a suggestion for a summer evening wrap. It is really more for looks than anything else. I have an evening frock of black faille made very slim, and the wrap is to wear over it."

Special Party Feature

There is nothing newer for an evening wrap than a cape—whether brief or full-length. As your dress is slender, I like the idea of a pleated cape, finger-tip length, made in a diaphanous white sheer.

"I AM thinking of a full-length frock for a special evening function. It must be very formal and I wondered if you could offer an idea. I have two lengths of material I wish to combine—six yards of white crepe and 5½ yards of white organza."

My suggestion is a sheath dress with back fullness. Have the sheath made in crepe (fully lined), finished with a

portrait neckline outlined in a drape of silk organza. Use the remaining organza for a fan-shaped flying panel commencing below waist-level and reaching to the floor to form a tiny train.

"COULD you please give me a suggestion for suitable separates to wear to beach parties? I am 16 years old and am fond of bright colors."

I suggest a camisole top tucked into a belt, pleated like a cummerbund, plus a wide skirt. Color suggestion—three shades of blue: sky for the "top," navy for the cummerbund, and sapphire for the skirt.

"DO you think if I embroidered a white orlon cardigan it would be suitable to wear over informal party dresses? I am 16 years old."

Yes, I do. A rose embroidery or applique plus bands of pink and rose velvet ribbon to trim the front closing would convert a plain cardigan into a very pretty evening jacket.

"IS a plainly tailored black frock dressy enough to wear to a large afternoon-tea party held in a restaurant?"

Yes, if you wear the dress with an important and pretty hat. A large-brimmed hat in beige straw swathed with

matching chiffon, or (if you are the type) a rose-red chiffon turban would be suitable.

"PLEASE suggest a striking color scheme with navy used as the basic color for an Empire-line frock? I want the ensemble for a late-afternoon function."

I suggest you wear your navy dress with a dotted (navy on white) obi sash and a navy straw cloche trimmed with white roses.

"PLEASE suggest a fashionable silhouette suitable for a formal evening frock. My material is black in a sheer-weight chiffon."

A slim floor-length dress with an Empire bodice and floating back panels is one of the dominant silhouettes in this season's formal fashion.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 7, 1956

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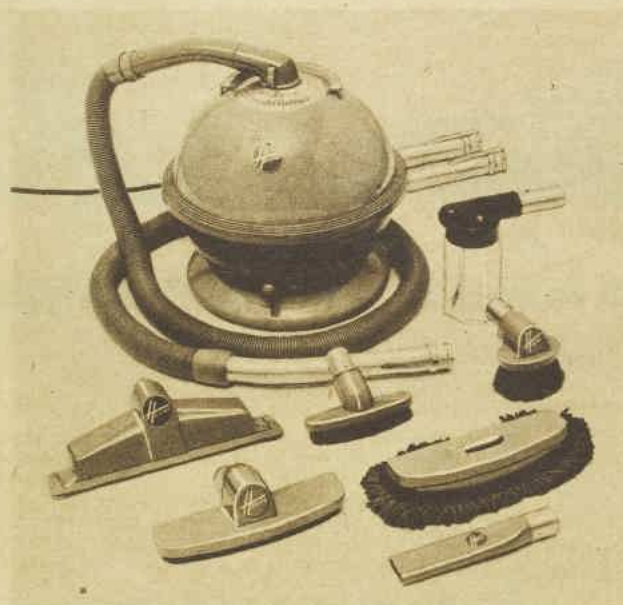
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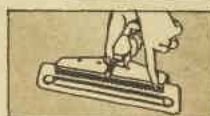
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sagging paunch. "What I'd say is this," Albert said. "If there's any graft being taken by anybody on this Kirkbean deal, whoever it is that's taking it, he's an awful sucker if he doesn't cut Albert Bede in for his share."

They stared at each other for several moments. They ended with a small, ping-pong sound. It was caused by Lester Sparrow flicking his thumbnail against the edge of his straight razor.

"There's no reason for anybody around here to be a sucker," he said slowly. "Is there, Albert?"

"None that I can think of, Mr. Sparrow."

"How would it be if we left it that way?" Lester Sparrow said. "For the time being, of course?"

Albert Bede dipped his shapeless body in a mock bow.

"For the time being," he said, "of course."

Lester Sparrow turned back to the mirror.

"These questions that your mind has been asking you," he said casually, as he started to shave. "Have you any reason to believe that anybody else—anybody else's mind, let's say—has been asking similar questions?"

Albert Bede flexed his bare feet on the cool hardwood floor. Sure, but it doesn't matter," he said. "Because anybody in this town that's got a mind good enough to ask him that kind of question, it's also good enough to show him how he can get his bundle of loot out of this deal. And believe me, Mr. Sparrow, this town is loaded with them kinds of minds." He started across the room toward the dumbwaiter, then paused. "Why you shaving?"

"I'm going to the meeting tonight at the high school," Lester Sparrow said. "Aren't you?"

"Gosh, no," Albert Bede said. "I know how that clambake is gonna come out before it even starts. Besides, I got something more interesting to fill up my leisure time."

The tone of his voice caused

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Lester Sparrow to turn from the mirror.

"What?" he said. Albert Bede chuckled and winked.

"Mrs. Headland's daughter? That Kate dame?"

"What about her?" he said.

"She came back from Chicago this afternoon, didn't she?"

Lester Sparrow nodded.

"Well, her room is right below this one; Albert Bede said.

"And if you open this dumbwaiter door, like this—" he did so, and his voice sank to a whisper as he winked again.

"—you'd be surprised what you can hear!"

"I don't have much time," John Aden said. "The meeting is scheduled to start at eight-thirty, and I've got to pick somebody up for dinner first."

Kate Headland turned away from the bed. Her hands were full of clothes from the open suitcase.

"Oh," she said. "I had an idea you were taking me to dinner?"

"Where did you get that idea?"

"Right in this very room, just before I went to Chicago."

"If I'd known you were coming, if you'd sent a wire or even a postcard, I would have kept the evening free. As it is, arriving the way you did without warning—"

"You felt you needed a warning?"

Aden wished he were not raising the cigarette to his mouth at the moment. He had cut down on his drinking quite a lot during the past few weeks, and the effect was noticeable.

But even so, he didn't have the control he used to have. Or would have liked to have at the moment. His hand shook just enough to send the cigarette ash spattering down the front of his tweed coat.

"My life is an open book," he said.

"Maybe that's why I've been able to read it all the way out

in Chicago," Kate Headland said. She carried the things to the bureau, dropped them, and plucked a cigarette from the small silver urn near the vase of heliotrope. Casually, but not as casually as she intended, she said, "Have you made love to her yet?"

Aden looked back, across his shoulder, but, of course, the door was closed. He had closed it when he came in. He had forgotten that. Just the same, looking back gave him a moment. He needed it.

"It's a lucky thing for you I don't know what you're talking about," he said. "If I did, I might be tempted to slap your teeth down your throat."

"I wouldn't succumb to that temptation, if I were you," Kate Headland said. "You

Youth is a wonderful thing; what a crime to waste it on children.
—Bernard Shaw

might be surprised by whose teeth you found moving down what throat." She picked up a book of matches and tore one free as though she were hurling it across her shoulder.

"I'm talking about your little assistant, Miss Susan Gendron," she said. "And I don't care what you do with her, so long as it doesn't mess up my plans. If it should, Mr. Aden, you will learn a new definition for the word trouble. Got all that?"

She struck the match, touched it to her cigarette, and flicked the small flame toward him. It went out on the way across the room, but the spent match struck his coat and hung there, caught in the tiny fibres of the tweed. It prevented John Aden from doing what he wanted to do, namely, turn on his heel and

walk out. Now he couldn't. Not while the symbol of Kate Headland's contempt hung on him like the mark of a branding iron.

"I've got some of it," he said in a voice that was almost calm. "Before I tell you what I think, it might be interesting to know what your plans are."

"I've signed a lease with your protegee's mother, Mrs. Margaret Gendron, and her partner, Mr. Cecil Inch, for three-quarters of an acre of the Furthgast property. On Saturday, as soon as the Secretary of the Interior finishes his acceptance speech, my Chicago friends will start filling in the land in preparation for building the Headland Playhouse, of which I am managing director. I asked you, before I went to Chicago, to take it easy on your annotation of the 'Kirkbean Papers' because I didn't want any embarrassing discoveries made in father's journal."

"You promised to take it easy. The minute I was gone, you turned around and hired an assistant to help you find some missing pages. I gather that they're the same pages Patterson Osler has been screaming about in his column. His screams don't seem to have bothered anybody in Washington, and I didn't have too much trouble muffling them from the ears of my friends in Chicago. I don't intend to have any kind of trouble here. Just because you've got yourself all tied up in a dewy-eyed romance with a child of eighteen, I don't want you getting all energetic and patriotic on me, and finding those missing pages."

"If you want to moon around with little Susan, fine. And if you want to annotate your middle-aged head off, that's fine, too. But don't you go throwing monkey-wrenches in any machinery I've put together. Does that fill in the spaces for you?"

"All except one," John Aden said. "What plans have you made for handling the

monkey-wrench that might get tossed at tonight's meeting?"

"That's funny," John Aden said.

It was not the word Margaret Gendron would have chosen.

"Why?" she said.

"We had a date for dinner."

Aden spoke through a troubled scowl. "I told Susan I'd pick her up at seven. We're supposed to eat at the Cherry Stone and then go to the meeting."

"You'd better come in," Margaret said.

John Aden came in, and she closed the door, and as she realised all at once that this was the first time she had ever been alone with him, Margaret Gendron realised something else; she didn't trust him.

"What did Susan say when she called?" he said.

"She had a date for dinner downtown," Margaret said, and then, wondering what to do with this unexpected and inexplicable distrust she felt for him, she added, "I assumed she was eating with you."

"She was supposed to," Aden said. He seemed genuinely disturbed. "She said—but I just told you what she said."

"Yes, you did," Margaret wondered to which of them Susan had lied: to her or to Aden.

"You've been driving her home every day after work," she said. "Why didn't you do it tonight?"

"Susan told me around five o'clock not to bother, because you'd be stopping to pick her up."

Irrationally, and understanding completely how irrational it was, Margaret felt relieved. She still didn't know what Susan was up to, but at least she knew that her daughter had lied to Aden and not to her.

"Couldn't you see, when she left Kirkbean, that she didn't leave in my car?"

"I didn't see her leave," Aden said. "I was . . ." he gave her a quick glance, and now Margaret knew why she distrusted him. "I was busy in another part of the house,"

he said. "Something came up unexpectedly. I mean—"

Aden's voice petered out, but Margaret knew what he meant. Not actually. Not the actual thing that had come up unexpectedly. She didn't know that, of course. But Margaret knew all at once that, whatever it was, it was the sort of thing that was always coming up in John Aden's life. And she knew that in some way it was disreputable. And she knew it was why she distrusted him. He was one of those charm-boys that Roger had always disliked.

They always knew how to order the right wines, Roger used to say, but they never seemed to be able to earn the money with which to pay for it. They were great on standing around when other men were working, lapping up martinis and making with the epigrams, but they never knew how to dial for the ambulance when you were lying there bleeding. Maybe funny was the right word after all, Margaret thought. It was funny that she shouldn't have noticed it at once, weeks ago, as soon as Susan went to work for him.

Margaret supposed she had been so relieved to see Susan get out of Ben Inch's orbit that she hadn't bothered to look too closely at the person responsible.

Looking at him now, Margaret saw to her astonishment that John Aden was not only a type that Roger had loathed. She saw something infinitely worse. He was old! Margaret thought: I'll bet he's forty if he's a day!

"Where's David?"

"David?" she said. "Oh, he's out sitting for the Kingsleys."

"Who?"

"The Kingsleys. Karl Kingsley. You know him. He owns the big garage across from the railroad station. They're going to the meeting, David's sitting with their two boys."

"I see."

Margaret wondered what on earth he saw or was looking for. Aden kept peering around the

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The *lovely* one-piece spread with the luxury two-piece look...

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A rich sweep of scalloping lends a delightful valenced look to the new JELDI charmer—"Minuet." It's a trick of clever designing, the decorative two-piece effect. For one-piece "Minuet" is a made-in-a-minute joy to busy bedmakers!



"Minuet," Design No. 374. Double and 3 sizes, tailored to any bed. In ice blue, ice pink, ice green, ice gold and white. So simple to launder—never needs ironing—never crush. At your favourite store—NOW!

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living-room as though he expected an ambush.

"Well," he said, and then he didn't seem to be able to go any further. He poked his hands in and out of his pockets as though he were hunting a baggage-check. "Well," Aden said, "I guess there's no point."

Once again he allowed whatever he was about to say to trail away into a silence that wasn't quite silence. It was as though he wanted so desperately to hear a distant echo that he could, by the strength of his desire, make her hear it, too. Staring at him, resenting his handsome features and the beautiful tweed coat and the casually elegant stoop that, taken together, had fooled her into thinking he was young enough to be a possible husband for her daughter, Margaret Gendron had an astonishing thought: was it possible that this professional charm-boy, this middle-aged sophisticate from the upper echelons of the cocktail-party circuit, had become so dependent on a child Susan's age that, by breaking a dinner date with him, she could throw him into a panic?

"Maybe she got things mixed up," Margaret said.

The gleam of hope, flashing briefly but unmistakably across Aden's clouded face, suggested to Margaret that perhaps her astonishing thought was not so astonishing after all. Maybe she'd better find out a little more about this.

"No, I don't think Susan could have got things mixed up," Aden said. "Tonight's the night of the meeting. We've been looking forward to it for days. We were going to have dinner before we went to the meeting."

If she was going to find out about Susan and this—this—Margaret scarcely knew what to call him—she'd better do it now.

"So was I," Margaret said. "Why don't we have it together?"

"Turn this way a little," Dr. Whitsun said.

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Susan turned towards him. She kept her eyes closed. The embarrassed blush spread all the way down her neck and shoulders. Dr. Whitsun's white-haired head dipped forward. The stethoscope tapped delicately across the pink, glowing flesh. He heard no more than he expected: only the accelerated pulse of her terror. Dr. Whitsun straightened up and dropped the earpieces of the stethoscope to his shoulders.

"All right, Susan," he said. "You can get dressed now."

He walked out of the surgery and closed the door. In the waiting-room he took a cigarette from the pack Annabelle Moses had left on her desk when she closed up shop and went home at six. Striking a match, Dr. Whitsun moved across to the window. Drawing a light into the cigarette, he stared down into High Street. The clock in front of the bank showed a few minutes after seven o'clock.

On an ordinary day this was the hour when Swindon's main thoroughfare seemed to be taking a breather. On an ordinary night at this hour Joe Crudini's bulky, blue-uniformed figure was gone from the cement island where High and First Streets crossed.

But this was not an ordinary night. Not because Joe Crudini was still on duty. Not because the traffic was heavier than usual. And not because of that damn-fool meeting Ed Woking had called at the high school over that silly Headland business.

This was not an ordinary night because it was the first time in more years than Claude Whitsun cared to remember that he had been reminded of something he had almost forgotten: there were pleasures beyond fame, and rewards above fortune.

Listening to the small sounds the terrified girl was making in

the surgery as she replaced on her slender body the few objects that passed for adequate raiment in this day and age, Claude Whitsun drew deeply on his borrowed cigarette and smiled down into the street on which he had been practising medicine for almost half a century.

Nobody knew better than he how widespread was the belief in Swindon that Claude Whitsun was a doddering old fool who had not looked into a medical book since his graduation from Cornell in 1902. And nobody knew better than Claude Whitsun that most people in Swindon preferred to carry their upset stomachs and sore throats to the half-dozen bright young men with Gauguin reproductions on the walls of their waiting-rooms who had moved into town since the war.

But there was something else nobody in Swindon knew better than Claude Whitsun: he was the only doctor in town to whom a youngster like Susan Gendron would turn at a time like this. She came into the waiting-room. He swung around to face her.

The look in her eyes did something to him that looks of that type were not supposed to do to old men who had been practising medicine for half a century. The temptation was strong to tell her to relax, she had nothing to worry about, to stop being a fool.

But one of the things you learned in a half-century of medical practice was how to sort out temptations, how to separate the ones that had to be resisted from the ones that it was all right to succumb to. This one had to be resisted. For a few more minutes, anyway. Otherwise Susan Gendron would learn nothing from her experience. And Claude

Whitsun hated wasted experience.

"Sit down, Susan," he said. She sat down in the chair beside the desk. Claude Whitsun dropped into Annabelle's chair. He pushed Annabelle's cigarettes across the blotter.

"No, thanks," Susan said. "I—She gulped, cleared her throat, and the look in her eyes did it to him again. "Dr. Whitsun, am I—?"

"We'll come to that in a moment," he said. "First, I want to know something, Susan. What made you think you are pregnant?"

She stared at him as though he had slapped her. Claude Whitsun gave her an inch or two of his professional smile. That was all. It was up to her.

"I—I—" Susan shook her head, looked down at her hands, and started to cry. "I

—I can't," she said. "I just can't."

"I'm afraid you'll have to," Claude Whitsun said.

She looked up at him.

"Does it matter?"

"Very much," he said gravely.

"Well," Susan said, addressing her knotted fingers, "I don't—"

She paused again, and she sniffed very hard, and then, in a swift rush of embarrassed but surprisingly well-constructed sentences, she told him.

"I will ask you only one more question," Claude Whitsun said when she finished. "Do you mind?" Susan shook her head. He said, "Why did you ever bother with him in the first place?"

The question seemed to astonish her. Susan stared at the old man with the white hair at the other side of the desk as though she were trying to de-

cide whether he deserved an answer to this question. Apparently he did.

"I felt sorry for him," she said, speaking slowly and distinctly, as though she wanted to keep all emotion out of her reply yet was anxious to make it a model of accuracy. "And sort of grateful, too, of course. At the beginning, anyway. Because he did get me the job. But mainly, the main reason, it was just I felt sorry for him."

"Why?" Claude Whitsun said.

Again Susan hesitated. Again she seemed to be hunting for the precise words.

"He seemed to need me," she said at last. "He sort of seemed to need me to be near him, is what I mean," she said. "I had the feeling he was, well, sort of leaning on me. I didn't mind, at first. I felt I owed him something for getting me

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Adam and Eve



Contributions are invited for our Adam and Eve Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for the most amusing accounts of typically male and female behaviour. Here are this week's winners.

JUST LIKE A MAN

IT happened during the war, and we were to be married on the Saturday. On our wedding eve my husband-to-be took a film to the chemist to be developed. The assistant told us it would be ready on Monday.

My husband turned to me and said: "Would you mind collecting them, darling? I'll be away on my honeymoon."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. E. F. Vincent, Box 155, Loxton, S.A.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

RECENTLY I bought my wife a gadget to prevent the milk from boiling over, and some days later I asked if it were a success. Came her reply:

"Oh, I haven't used it. I just keep it as a reminder not to let the milk boil over."

£2/2/- awarded to Mr. R. Rennie, Old Belmont Rd., Charlestown, via Newcastle, N.S.W.

Send your entries to "Just Like A Man" or "Just Like A Woman," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Cepea Merriespun—a No-Iron Rayon Fabric.

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Continuing

The Third Angel

[from page 61]

the job. And it didn't get to be annoying, I mean he didn't get to be a bore about it, until the other night, when—

She stopped, and her suddenly flaming face dipped down as she returned to an intensive examination of her hands. Claude Whitsun's heart moved again, but this time it brought a smile to his lips. He suppressed it at once.

"I have already promised you that I won't say a word about this visit to your mother," he said in his slow, careful, old man's voice. "Now I will make you another promise, if you will do something for me in exchange. Will you?"

"Of course," she said. "I promise you," Claude Whitsun said solemnly, "that you will not, indeed, you could not, become pregnant as a result of what happened the other night."

Susan's head came up slowly. Looking into her eyes, the old man didn't know whether it would have done him more good at the moment to laugh or cry.

"You're not and you won't," he said. "Not as a result of what happened the other night, that is. As to the future . . ." Claude Whitsun paused, and he punched out his cigarette in the ash-tray Annabelle Moses had brought back from her summer vacation trip to Howe Caverns, and he shrugged his heavy shoulders.

"You're a nice girl, Susan," the old man said. "It's pretty fashionable in some quarters these days to make jokes about that. But I've lived a long time, and I've seen a lot of fashionable jokes go out of fashion. Nice girls never have, and they never will. Don't be a fool and change what you are, what your mother and father have made you."

"No, sir," Susan said in a low voice, staring at him. He didn't say or do anything. But she must have seen the dancing lights in his eyes, because all at once her body was shaking with sobs that kept getting mixed up with gasps of laughter.

"You—you're—you've been oh, Dr. Whitsun, I don't know how to thank you."

"There's still your promise," Claude Whitsun said.

Susan found a handkerchief in her purse, and nodded as she blew her nose.

"Of course," she said. "Anything at all, Dr. Whitsun."

"It's almost seven-thirty, and I haven't bought a dinner for a pretty girl since Teddy Roosevelt was busting trusts," he said. "Come to the Cherry

Stone with me for a lobster, and then let's go take a look at this side-show Ed Woking has cooked up for tonight at the high school."

Howard Aronson could see, as he guided his car up the horseshoe driveway towards Swindon High's main building that his wife was right again.

"You can do what you please, Howard, because after all you're not a child, but if you use your head you'll stay home," Lillian had said at dinner. "Your job in this town is to fill teeth, not to stick your nose into public arguments."

"Who is sticking his nose into what public arguments?" Howard Aronson had said. "All I'm doing, I'm just going to a meeting."

"Remember Sacco and Vanzetti? They also just went to a meeting. The way they figure things in this town, Howard, the five years we've been here, we're not exactly off the Mayflower, you know. In towns like this they don't like newcomers going to meetings like this one."

"I live here. I vote here. I pay taxes here. It said in 'The Swindon Star' the Selectmen want every citizen to show up at this meeting."

"In towns like this, Howard, what they say in the papers and what they mean in their heads, these are two separate and distinct and entirely different things. You're a dentist, Howard. You're a professional man. You have patients from all sides of the question. For this Headland thing. Against this Headland thing. Drop dead already with this Headland thing, etc. If you show up at this meeting, even if you don't say a single word all night, the sides that get licked, right away they'll take it for granted you voted on the other side. Just because they saw you there. The only smart thing, Howard, believe me, is to stay home."

"This is the typical ghetto mentality, Lillian. Don't stick your nose out of the house. Under no circumstances. To this I say baloney, Lillian."

"You can say baloney, Howard. I say stay home. This thing will be such a mess, with everybody in town going, you wait and see, Howard, and you mark my words, you won't be able to find a place to park."

It certainly looked as though Lillian was right. Howard Aronson's watch showed a few minutes short of eight-thirty

as he swung his car in from the Post Road, but already the scene in front of the school reminded him of Madison Square Garden on a fight night.

It was a mess, all right. But Howard Aronson didn't mind that. In fact, he had a feeling that the bigger the mess the better his chances of finding out what he had come here tonight to learn. Because Howard Aronson did not understand his fellow citizens.

Just what it was, this thing that hung like a curtain between Howard Aronson and his ability to understand his fellow citizens, he was not sure. But Howard Aronson was sure—in fact, he was dead certain—that a careful study of this Headland thing would clear it up.

Because nothing he had seen or experienced during his five years in Swindon had seemed to Howard so dramatic an illustration of the gap between himself and his fellow citizens. The more he thought about it the more astonishing it seemed.

What, Howard Aronson had been asking himself for almost a month, was the fuss all about?

A lovely person like that Mrs. Headland, with as beautiful a set of first and second bicuspid as Howard Aronson had ever seen, offers her house to the Government and right away everybody starts acting like she suggested let's go print Hitler's profile on the dollar bill.

He had asked questions until he was blue in the face. But not even his most articulate patients had been able to put even a dent in Howard Aronson's puzzlement.

They told him all sorts of things that were interesting. Things like why some people in town were for this Headland business, and why others were against it. Things that anybody with eyes in his head could see for himself. But nobody told him the only thing that Howard Aronson felt was the root of the problem: what sort of a man had this Admiral Headland been?

Nobody seemed to know. Or cared to tell.

Not the people who were for him, like Margaret Gendron and Selwyn Hite Steer. And not the people who were against him, like Bella Oldhill and Saul Slough. Not even when you came right down to it, this Patterson Osler, whose every column during the past month Howard Aronson had read with scrupulous attention.

All they could say, it seemed to the puzzled dentist, was that

To page 70

EMBROIDERY MOTIFS



PRETTY FLORAL GARLANDS, butterflies, and swans are among the motifs featured in embroidery transfer No. 196. These and other small motifs are ideal for decorating your guest-towels, pillowcases, and other household linens. You can order your transfer from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 2/6.

For the most relaxed sleep of all

Laconia

"SUPER-SPRING"



AUSTRALIA'S FINEST VALUE INNERSPRING MATTRESS



Guarantee

The Laconia Super Spring mattress carries a full unconditional guarantee and will be replaced, free of cost, should any fault arise due to imperfect manufacture.



REINFORCED CENTRE

Instead of using larger, heavier gauge springs where weight is greatest, Laconia have increased the NUMBER of springs in their exclusive "rest centre" thus increasing the resiliency and comfort while providing the extra support necessary.



SAG-RESISTANT EDGES

Heavy-duty, reinforced springing around the sides keeps edges permanently in shape—the only design that will withstand a life-time of "edge-sitting" without damage to the mattress. Special side vents keep mattress well "aired". Strong handles facilitate turning.



TAILORED WALLS

Gone are the bulky piped edges once necessary to give strength to earlier designs. Laconia's hidden spring steel wire frame holds the entire mattress in perfect shape and allows for beautiful, smooth, tailored sides to enhance the appearance of your bed.

You buy more than comfort and beauty when you buy a Laconia "Super-Spring" mattress. You buy quality—the "out-of-sight" quality of workmanship and materials so necessary to ensure lasting satisfaction. For with their high reputation, established over more than 50 years of making Australia's finest blankets, Laconia could not afford to produce anything less than the very best—a mattress not only unequalled in appearance and comfort, but one that will continue to retain all its qualities throughout its long life... a good companion for Laconia Blankets.

Manufacturers of Mattresses since 1884



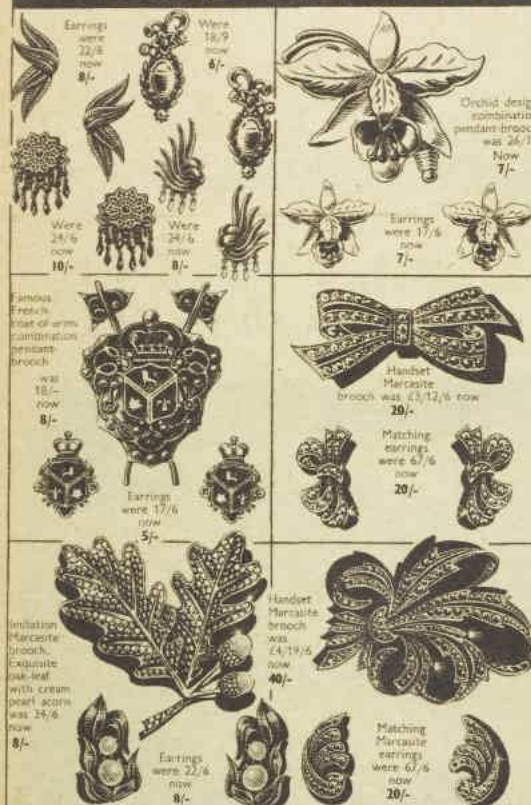
Available at all good stores in standard sizes and a complete range of modern, attractive tickings in all popular shades

"MAKES GOODNIGHT A CERTAINTY!"

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 7, 1956

Page 63

Harveys COLOSSAL SALE



CHAIN NECKLET TO MATCH BROOCHES 18/3/6 4/-

MAIL ORDERS C.O.D.

HARVEYS

127 GEORGE ST. (NEAR WYNARD)
SYDNEY BX 417

GIBSONS TEA

£1,000 Simple Word Competition

RESULT



J. A. D. Gibson & Co. Pty. Ltd. wish to thank the many thousands who entered the Competition, and to advise that the judges have now completed their scrutiny of the entries, and the winner is:

Mrs. Norma Cullen, 117 Waratah St., Haberfield, Sydney.

Mrs. Cullen's entry complied in every detail with the conditions of the Competition. It contained the greatest number of correct words. Mrs. Cullen is therefore entitled to £1,000 and as the winning entry was accompanied by a label from a bottle of Gibson's Coffee Essence Mrs. Cullen is entitled to a further £100, or a total prize of £1,100.

J. A. D. Gibson & Co. Pty. Ltd. wish to express their appreciation not only to the buying public, but also to the judges, who, in turn, have expressed a desire that the entrants be complimented on the high standard generally of the entries received.

Fly **PAN AMERICAN**

World's Most Experienced Airline

call your Travel Agent, or Pan American.

BEACH WRAP



CAPACIOUS BEACH WRAP, shown above, is simply made from terry towelling in two contrasting colors, decorated with covered buttons to match, and the ends finished with bobble fringe. It can also be used as a bathroom wrap.

● This towelling stole would make an excellent Christmas gift for a beach belle.

TERRY TOWELLING
In deep blue and white was used to make this capacious stole for seaside wear.

It takes two yards of 36in.-wide towelling to make the stole. Buy one yard of each color. You can choose any two colors you prefer.

Fold the material into 12in. widths and cut into 12in. squares.

To make the stole join seven 12in. squares to form a strip, alternating the selected colors as you work. Then join another seven squares, com-

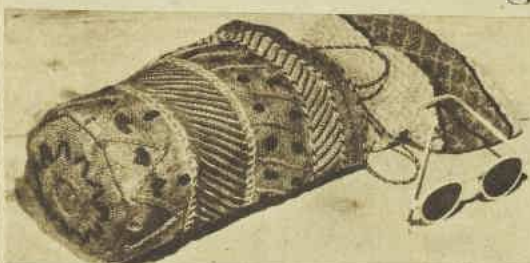
encing with the opposite color to that used for the first strip.

Place long edges of each strip together and sew hem, sides, and ends.

Sew bobble fringe to each end, cover penny-size buttons with the left-over material, and attach as shown in the picture; or get extra quantity of bobble fringe, cut off bobbles, and sew to the centre of each square.

Large washcloths made of terry towelling may be used to make the stole, but the cost will be greater.

Hessian beach bag



THIS ATTRACTIVE BEACH BAG is made of hessian, banded with scraps of gay material, and decorated with a bright design in colored wool. The cost is trifling.

● Fine canvas or burlap can be used instead of hessian to make this beach bag.

HERE are the easy directions:

Materials: Half yard hessian, remnants of striped, spotted, or patterned material, colored wool for embroidery, 4 curtain rings, cord for drawstring.

To Make: Cut a strip of hessian 15in. by 25in. wide. Cut two strips of patterned material, turn in raw edges, and stitch crosswise with widely spaced chain or stem

stitch as trimming bands. Embroider the hessian between these bands with any simple decorative design in brightly colored wool.

Turn in raw edges at top and sew up side seam. Cut a round of hessian to fit base, embroider as desired, then line with sateen or silk and sew on to body of bag.

Sew four curtain rings on the inside of bag and thread with cord drawstring.

Baby will love these NEW

ACTIL 'Popular Quality' NURSERY SQUARES

Popularly priced to meet wider demand!



Baby's delicate skin needs these new, soft, super-absorbent, protective Actil Nursery Squares. You'll appreciate the extra wear in Actil's deep pile weave and non-fray hems.

WEAR LONGER
—Strongly woven the careful Actil way.
EXTRA SOFT
—In caressing deep pile Terry towelling.
SUPER-ABSORBENT
—Thirsty towelling weave assures maximum absorption.
HYGIENICALLY PACKED

Now you can choose Actil Nursery Squares in two qualities . . . "STANDARD" and "POPULAR" QUALITY



BUY QUALITY BY ACTIL

AUSTRALIAN COTTON TEXTILE INDUSTRIES LIMITED



"We're in LOVE with our new McILWRAITH bathroom."

And no wonder! Their McIlwraith bathroom will be modern for years to come. McIlwraith craftsmen-built baths and basins are beautifully enamelled, acid resisting on a rugged cast-iron base — available in 10 glorious colours. Our happy couple have added charm and convenience

to their ideal bathroom by installing gleaming "Kentex" taps and fittings — another top-grade McIlwraith product. Be discriminating — be sure to specify McIlwraith Baths, Basins and "Kentex" fittings. At all leading Builders' Suppliers.

Write for free literature.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 7, 1956

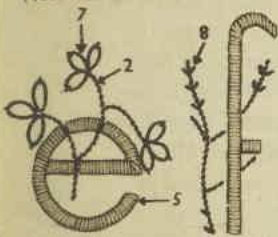
Pretty monograms

● For Christmas give plain linen handkerchiefs made elegant with hand-embroidered monograms. You can trace the required initials from the attractive flower-entwined alphabet below.

You need 1 skein each of white, 733 (amber-gold), 487 (canary-yellow), and 420 (grey) Clarks Anchor Stranded Cotton (use two strands throughout); one Milwards "Gold Seal" crewel needle No. 8; linen handkerchiefs, white or colored as desired.

Trace the selected monogram in one corner of the handkerchief 1 in. from point. Follow the diagram and number key for the embroidery. All parts similar to numbered parts are worked in the same color and stitch. When the embroidery has been completed, press well on the wrong side.

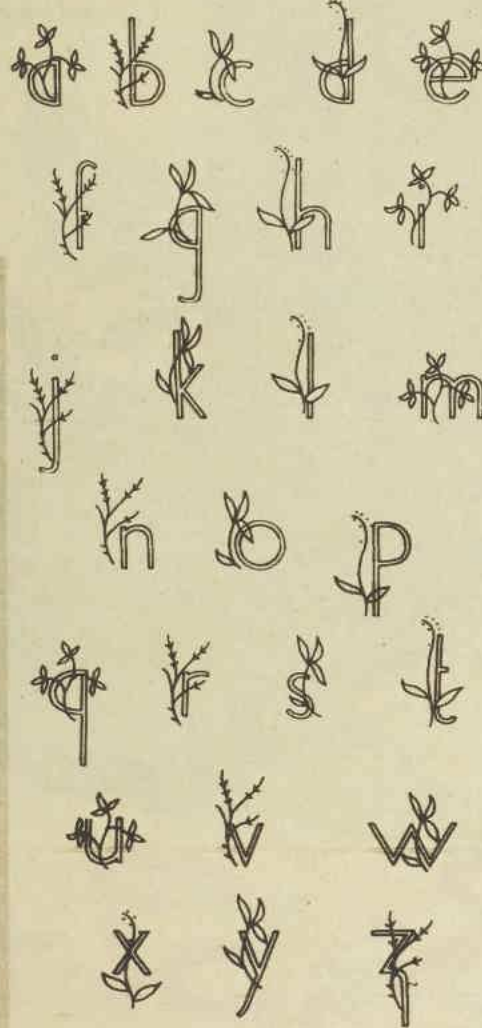
Key to Diagram: 1 (733) stem-stitch; 2 (420) stem-stitch; 3 (white); 4 (733); 5 (487) satin-stitch; 6 (733) french knots; 7 (420) daisy-stitch; 8 (420) straight-stitch.



KEY to color and stitch diagram. See directions above.



FLOWERS AND LEAVES entwining initials decorate the handkerchiefs shown above. The initials are worked in white, the flower motifs in color. Half a dozen monogrammed handkerchiefs, prettily boxed, would make a greatly appreciated present.



FROM THIS ALPHABET you can trace off the letters you want for handkerchief monograms. If you wish to embroider initials on table and house linens you can enlarge the letters above. The monograms, incorporating flower and leaf motifs, can be worked easily and quickly by anyone.

★ lovely
★ limpid
★ eyes...



Give your eyes a new compelling beauty with Creme-Cara

Containing Vitamin D, Creme-Cara promotes rapid eyelash growth, imparts an immediate high sheen, gives straight lashes an exotic upward curve. Apply Creme-Cara night and morning for added sophistication.

Sold by chemists and department stores. Creme-Cara costs 4/6.

Best Mince Preparations
49 Rose Street,
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 7, 1956

Be a Smart Cookie



FOR
SURE RESULTS
EVERY TIME... USE

"Mother's Choice"

FLOUR



● Mother's Choice Flour is ENTOLETTED for purity. Entolettation ensures that the flour is completely free of any impurities.

● Every Mother's Choice packet is date-stamped for freshness. The date of packing is stamped on the coupon.

● There's good wholesome nourishment in Mother's Choice Flour because it's VITAMIN ENRICHED.

● Mother's Choice self-raising flour contains AEROPHOS, the modern raising ingredient.

Easy-to-make recipes on every packet.

for SELF-RAISING and PLAIN FLOUR
remember . . . Mother's Choice in EVERY HOME

Christmas
won't be
Christmas
without a Big Sister Plum Pudding



This is the way a pudding should taste! The choicest fruit, tender flavoursome candy peels and grand old rum and brandy keep 'Big Sister' Plum Pudding moist and mellow. At all grocers, vacuum-packed in 1-lb., Family Size and big 3-lb. tins.



**...and Rich
 Fruit
 Cake**

Why make and bake when you can serve 'Big Sister' rich fruit cake? It's full of goodness and delicious to the last crumb. Sealed in 2 and 3-lb. gaily wrapped cartons. Also in re-usable decorated tins!

Big Sister

Home baked in the ovens of
LILLIS & COMPANY LIMITED, SYDNEY Makers of Fruit Mix, Citrus Peels, Red Cherries

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 7, 1956



MAKE this soft, hand-knit toy to give a child at Christmas.

Golliwog as child's gift

Little children love golliwogs because they're cute to look at, easy and soft for small folk to handle, and light to carry.

THIS hand-knitted golliwog is easy to make and assemble. He has a white shirt, grey trousers, a yellow belt, a scarf in many colors, and white linen buttons for eyes.

Make it for a child's Christmas stocking. Just follow these directions:

Materials: 1 skein each of "Sun-glo" shrinkproof 3-ply fingering wool, shade No. 1016, black; 1075, white; 347, grey; 2138, red; and 2195, yellow; 1 pair of No. 12 knitting needles; 2 linen buttons for eyes; kapok for filling.

BODY: Using black wool, cast on 8 sts. and work in g-st. for 26 rows.

Next Row: Cast on 2 sts., k to end.

Next Row: Cast on 42 sts., k to end.

K 13 rows.

Next Row: Cast off 24 sts., k to end.

K 3 rows.

Next Row: Cast on 24 sts., k to end.

K 13 rows.

Next Row: Cast off 42 sts., k to end.

Next Row: Cast off 2 sts., k to end.

K 26 rows. Cast off.

HEAD: Pick up and k 12 sts. across top of body and k 3 rows.

Next Row: (K 2, k twice into next st.) 4 times.

K 15 rows.

Next Row: (K 2, k 2 tog.) 4 times.

K 2 rows.

Next Row: (K 2 tog.) 6 times.

Cast off.

Make another piece in same way.

Sew up body to top of head, then stuff lightly and stitch head. Using a darning needle and a long length of wool, make loops over the seam for the hair. Sew on buttons for eyes, coloring the centres blue. Mark mouth with red wool.

TROUSERS: Using grey, cast on 28 sts. and k 6 rows, then 2 rows red, 2 grey, 2 red, 2 grey, 2 red, 5 grey. Cont. with grey, cast off 20 sts., and k to end.

K 1 row.

Now cast on 20 sts., k to end.

K 4 rows grey, 2 red, 2 grey,

2 red, 2 grey, 2 red, 5 grey.

Cast off. Work another piece in same way.

Sew up side and leg seams.

SHIRT: Using white wool, cast on 12 sts. and k 16 rows.

Next Row: Cast on 14 sts., k to end.

K 29 rows.

Next Row: Cast off 14 sts., k to end.

K 16 rows. Cast off.

Make another piece to match.

Sew up side and sleeve seams, leave openings for arms and head.

Dress golly in trousers and shirt.

BELT: Using yellow wool, cast on 30 sts. and k 2 rows.

Cast off. Stitch in position round waist.

SCARF: Using red wool, cast on 60 sts. and k 1 row, then k 1 row yellow, 1 grey, 1 yellow. Cast off. Tie round neck.

HAND-KNITS FOR BABY

IN The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book for 1956 a whole section is devoted to children's hand-knits.

There is a wide range of warm and pretty garments specially designed for infants and for toddlers and school-age children. All these hand-knits would make ideal gifts for Christmas.

You can obtain this wonderful 48-page knitting book at newsagents and booksellers or from our offices in every State for only 2/-.



SOMEBODY DIDN'T LOOK FOR THE "SANFORIZED" LABEL

ALL COTTONS CAN SHRINK

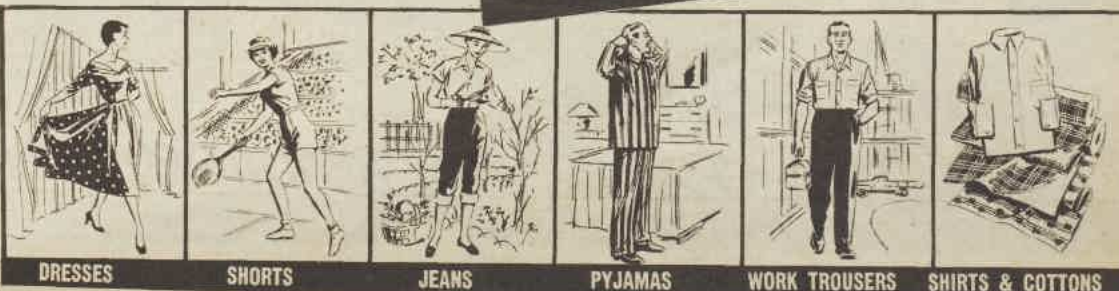
These Shrink-up overalls are enough to make any man irritable. They're tight and uncomfortable after only a wash or two. Obviously somebody didn't look for the "Sanforized" label. If you don't buy "Sanforized"-shrink cottons—no matter what tedious washing precautions you take—your garments may easily lose that first-day fit. Don't be misled by labels that merely bear the words "pre-shrunk." Many of these general promises are made, knowing the shrinkage may be as high as 5%—enough to take a garment down two whole sizes.

THESE COTTONS WON'T

"Sanforized"-shrink fabric is processed on special machines and tested to make absolutely certain that shrinkage will not alter the fit of a garment in the slightest. The "Sanforized" label is your assurance of permanent protection against shrinkage. When shopping for overalls, jeans, dresses, shorts, pyjamas, work trousers, shirts—any cotton at all—ask to see the "Sanforized" trade-mark on the label before you buy.

THESE GARMENTS ARE
AVAILABLE IN SANFORIZED
SHRUNK FABRIC, TOO!

•SANFORIZED•
REGD. TD. MK.
Shrunk Fabric
FOR PERMANENT FIT



DRESSES

SHORTS

JEANS

PYJAMAS

WORK TROUSERS

SHIRTS & COTTONS

NOW—just 2 easy steps to mirror-bright, waxed floors without old-fashioned scrubbing!

1 CLEAN—Apply wax-rich Nairn's Spred-ezi sparingly, whisking away dirt and film.

2 POLISH—Quickly and easily buff up the high quality wax surface to a beautiful, sparkling lustre.

It's so easy!

CUTS CLEANING AND POLISHING TIME IN HALF!

Say goodbye to buckets and mops and "scrubbing-brush hands"! Now you can clean and polish your floors the modern, easy way with Nairn's "Spred-ezi" Floor Polish—the new miracle liquid polish with the special cleansing agent that does away with back-breaking washing and scrubbing. Developed by Nairn's, makers of the world's finest linoleum, this wonder cleaner-polish has a rich wax content that buffs up in just minutes to a superb, long-lasting, high gloss! Won't discolour! Non-greasy! Simply glides on! Protects, preserves and beautifies! And it costs less to use because it lasts longer!

Developed by the makers of the world's finest linoleum.

Also available—if you prefer it
NAIRN'S WAX FLOOR POLISH (12 OZ. TINS)



NAIRN'S

Spred-ezi

FLOOR POLISH

PROTECTS—PRESERVES—BEAUTIFIES!



**GENEROUS 16 OZ. SIZE
BUDGET PRICED
AT GROCERS, FURNISHERS,
HARDWARE STORES,
EVERYWHERE!**



IF ZIPP FASTENERS tend to stick they can be made to run smoothly again by rubbing a soft lead pencil along the teeth. The graphite in the pencil acts as a lubricant.

Miss Precious Minutes says—

● Here are some hints to help housewives get through their household and kitchen chores faster and with more ease and efficiency.

BEFORE creaming butter and sugar heat the beaters of your electric mixer in hot water. It makes the job much quicker.

TO keep cakes fresh leave a small apple in the tin, but don't leave it so long that it goes bad. The moisture in the fruit keeps the cakes from drying.

WHEN cotton is lightly scorched, wet the scorch with water and cover it with

a thick paste of laundry starch. After it dries, sponge it off with peroxide; iron the article and put it in the sun for a few hours.

TO whiten woollens use one part of peroxide to ten parts of water and add a few drops of ammonia. Soak for one hour and then rinse well in water to which a little blue has been added.

CUT your old stockings in 14 in. strips and use them as garden ties. They stretch as the plant grows and won't cut tender stems.

Onions without tears

● The easiest way to peel an onion is to slice it top and bottom with a sharp knife and then peel off the skin. This saves waste and torn onion layers.

● When you have to grate onions, keep your flattened left hand over the top of the grater. This keeps fumes and splashed juice from getting near your eyes.

● If those hard-to-peel small onions are topped-and-tailed like large onions and then scalded like tomatoes, the skins will be much easier to remove. This method also prevents smarting eyes.

● To keep onions from slipping when cutting them into rings, cut a very thin slice from one side of the onion and place the flattened side on the chopping-board.



● If you want pieces of onion to show in a finished dish, such as a goulash or casserole, cut the onion lengthwise so that a small piece of the root end is left on each piece. The flesh is thus prevented from opening out and becoming absorbed into the dish.

● If you want all the onion to be absorbed, cut in halves from top to bottom, place the flat side on the chopping-board, and slice.

TO CUT ONIONS always use a very sharp knife. This slices cleanly and keeps juice from splashing in the eyes.

● A small piece of potato will remove the onion smell from your hands, and lemon juice will help remove any stains.



HARDY GAILLARDIAS will make a bright patch of color in the garden during the summer months. Seeds need to be sown where plants will spend the rest of their lives.

NOVEMBER is the time to ...

- Plant out summer-flowering annuals before the heat is turned on ... make further sowings of these and all summer vegetables ... plant out dahlia tubers and chrysanthemum cuttings ... spray pome fruit trees for codlin moth ... take steps to check fruit flies in stone fruits.

IN the excessively wet weather of last summer and autumn, most home gardeners in the eastern States lost all their plants, and have since been paying famine prices for flowers and vegetables.

If this season should prove excessively wet, as was predicted months back, now is the time to make sure the flower and vegetable beds have good drains dug down on all sides to run off any surplus moisture.

Where the soil retains moisture too freely, raise the beds about 9 inches above the common garden level, and set out plants. In this way, the water-table is lowered and plants have a chance of survival.

Summer-flowering annuals, such as gail-lardias, African and French marigolds, scabious, zinnias, phlox, portulaca, and sun-flowers, may be sown safely where they are to spend their lives.

For massed beds where plenty of color without much work is desired, sow cockscombs, celosias, amaranthus well back, portulaca on the edges of beds, verbenas in rough places or to spill over rocks, and coreopsis for bright color on fairly dry banks.

Another useful plant for filling beds with-out a lot of labor is the summer cypress (kochia triophylla), which makes a hand-some little bush about 2 feet high all sum-mer, and turns rich russet-red in autumn be-fore it dies.

Dahlia tubers, that were started under moist soil some weeks back, can be divided if they have developed nice shoots near the base of last season's old stems.

- Do not delay in lifting and setting out rooted cuttings or well-rooted basal shoots of your best chrysanthemums.

Don't leave old clumps standing in the

same place as last season, or the blooms will be small and of poor quality.

Fork out the chrysanthemum clumps, break them up, throw out the old woody parts that flowered last year.

Set out the rooted outer pieces in well-manured ground in a sunny spot.

Spray the plants with E605 every week or two once they've become established.

This will control leaf nematodes, which caused great havoc nearly everywhere last year.

- Home fruit trees will need a lot of at-tention now.

It is too late to do anything much for peaches and nectarines that have developed leaf-curl disease. This appears in pinkish to red, or yellow to pink lumps on the foliage.

Pick off the lumpy leaves and burn them. Next winter, spray with lime sulphur or Bordeaux mixture. Burn all prunings.

Splash the foliage of peach, nectarine, plum, apricot, and other fruit trees attacked by fruit flies with any of the good fruit-fly specifics advertised.

Don't spray the fruit with the sticky, poisonous mixtures, which won't wash off soft fruits like peaches. Simply dip a coarse brush into the mixture and splash big masses of foliage. Try to avoid wetting the fruit.

The idea of this is to give the female flies something deadly to drink, and thus reduce their population and egg-laying. Splash at least once a week from now until harvesting the fruit. Otherwise you will get maggots.

Pome fruits (apples, pears, and quinces) need fortnightly sprayings of lead arsenate from petal-fall to harvest to assure that the grubs of the codlin moth do not riddle the fruit.

GARDENING

SEED SOWING CHART

The following seeds can be sown during November:

FLOWERS

Alyssum, amaranthus, antirrhinum, arc-totis, aster, balsam, celosia, cockscomb, coleus, cosmos, dianthus, euphorbia mar-ginata, gerbera, glove amaranth, gypso-phila, kochia, petunia, phlox, portulaca, salpiglossis, salvia, sunflower, tithonia, torenia, verbenas, viscaria, and zinnia.

VEGETABLES

Beans (dwarf and climbing), beets, cab-bage, carrot, cress, cucumber, celery, cape gooseberry, capsicum (peppers), lettuce, marrow, melons (rock and water), jam melon, mustard, parsnip, popcorn, sweet corn, pumpkin, radish, tomato, table tur-nip, and most herbs.

Seedlings and flowers in bloom should be protected from heavy summer rains in North Queensland, otherwise damping off and other damage may be done. Sowings should be arranged to avoid periods when such weather is likely.

Nothing else gives your hands surer protection than **ANSELL 'Silver-Lined' RUBBER GLOVES**



Slip them on and off like lightning!

With Ansell's crepe surface, you can handle the most delicate china in the hottest soapy water with the sureness of bare-hand touch. They're tough — yet so light and cool! And only Ansell give you the magic smooth-as-satin silver lining. You slip them on and off like light-ning — no powder, no tugging! And remember —

Ansell's silver lining always stays fresh and clean. Now you need never touch harsh deter-gents, skin-drying soap powders, cleansers, paint, dirt or grime. With soft, 'Silver-Lined' rubber gloves your hands stay smooth and beautiful. So be sure you insist on the original ... Ansell 'Silver-Lined' Rubber Gloves. Only 3/3.

3/3
A PAIR

Ansell 'Silver-Lined' Rubber Gloves



Slip on 'Silver-Lined' when you're painting.



Ansell protects when you're scrubbing.



Keep your hands free from "washer-lady's fingers".



Slip them on when you're planting out seedlings.



Cream away UNDER-ARM HAIR in 3 minutes

No razor to scrape tender skin and leave ugly stubble. Amazing Veet smooths away all superfluous hair in three minutes! Veet is the modern way to remove hair. Just apply Veet. Leave for 3 minutes. Then wash away. Skin is left as soft as velvet, completely hair-free. Remember, under-arm hair spoils summer glamour. So use Veet Cream. From all chemists and where-over toilet preparations are sold. Large Economy (double size) 5/3. Medium size 3/3. Success guaranteed with Veet or money refunded.



LEGS TOO!

Keep sun-tanned legs silken-smooth and hair-free all through summer with wonderful Veet.

Continuing . . .

the admiral had been a great man, or he had been a terrible man. But nobody seemed to be able to say why or offer any proof. And proof, according to Lillian, was to Howard Aronson's eager, inquisitive brain what applause is to the actor. Lillian often said her husband couldn't live without it.

This was an exaggeration. But there was enough truth in the statement to have brought Howard Aronson out of his warm house on this cold December night, at the risk—according to Lillian, anyway—of impairing his flourishing dental practice.

Guiding his car up the narrow lane between the twin ranks of double-parked cars, Howard could see that a good many of his fellow citizens had decided to solve the parking problem at the expense of the high school lawns.

Howard hated to follow suit, but he saw no alternative.

He had to park somewhere. A trifle nervously he eased past Joe Crudin's blue-uniformed figure, inched his car from the gravel to the wintry grass, and parked behind Annie Vroom's station-wagon.

She was just getting out. Howard waited, since this was Thursday night, for the inevitable emergence of Eric Household behind her.

Annie came out of her car like an ocean liner going into a river berth: slowly, stern first, under protest, but with a kind of regal grace. She straightened up, adjusted the strap of her large purse across her shoulder, and slammed the door shut. Howard Aronson's fingers, shoving the key-case into his hip pocket, stopped moving. His brain, sorting out impressions, framed a startling question.

Where was Eric Household?

Answer: obviously not in Annie's station-wagon.

Howard's brain began to race with excited speculation.

One of the first pieces of gossip he had picked up when he arrived in Swindon five years ago had dealt with the relationship between Annie Vroom and Eric Household. At least a dozen of Howard's patients had assured him that these Thursday night dates between Annie and her bedspring manufacturer from Bridgeport had been going on for fifteen long years before Howard came to town. Why, then, he wondered as Annie came abreast of his car, should this Thursday night be different from the twenty years of Thursday nights that had preceded it?

"Good evening, Miss Vroom," Howard said. "Looks like quite a crowd has turned out for—"

Howard Aronson's voice stopped. Annie Vroom had brushed by him without so much as a nod.

Howard was glad Lillian was not with him. He knew what Lillian would have done. Lillian would have made a Federal case out of it. Right away, before Howard could have opened his mouth, Lillian would have seen herself as the victim of race prejudice.

Baloney! Annie Vroom had her mind on her own troubles, and she had not seen him. Howard Aronson slammed the door of his car and hurried after the big woman to correct the oversight.

He would have done it, too, if it had not been for Denham Pusey and his Boy Scouts. The moment Howard set foot in the school foyer, most of Swindon's Troop No. 1 descended on him, brandishing long staves.

"Don't hit!" Howard said. "They're not hitting, Dr. Aronson," Denham Pusey said coldly. "They're just closing

The Third Angel

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off this entrance to the auditorium."

Howard always forgot that the scoutmaster had absolutely no sense of humor.

"You mean I can't get in?" he said.

"Not through this entrance," Pusey said. "We're directing all latecomers to the north entrance. If you'll step this way, Dr. Aronson." He tapped a boy on the head. "Will you take care of Dr. Aronson, please?"

The boy turned. Howard recognised Chuck Steer.

"For me, Chuck, you don't have to do any taking care of. Just tell me where this north entrance is."

"Well, sir, you go up these stairs here, sir, turn right at the top, keep going to the end of the corridor, and then take the door directly facing you, sir."

It seemed to Howard Aronson that he did precisely that. Yet when he got to the end of the corridor and opened the door directly facing him, he found himself in a small, dark, stuffy room. He was just about to turn and go back out into the corridor, when he saw the squares of yellow light in the far wall.

Somehow, through no fault of his own, and probably no fault of young Chuck Steer's, either, Howard Aronson had wandered into the motion-picture projection booth that hung over the back of the auditorium.

HOWARD stood there, considering the advantages of this unexpected piece of luck. For luck it was. At least in the light of Lillian's remarks at dinner. She was a pretty smart cook, that Lillian. There was usually more than mere sound to her observations, and especially her warnings.

While Howard could not as a matter of principle allow her to dissuade him from coming to this meeting, maybe it was just as well to observe what took place without being himself observed. So long as the opportunity to do so had practically been shoved down his throat.

Howard Aronson stepped into the projection booth and closed the door. Enough light fell into the small chamber through the square holes in the wall to reveal a couple of chairs and a small table. He pulled one of the chairs to the lowest hole in the wall, and sat down.

At once he became aware of Armand DeCourcy's voice.

The handsome high school principal was standing on the platform, folding and refolding a small piece of paper as he addressed what seemed to Howard Aronson to be the whole town of Swindon.

The sound of Mr. DeCourcy's voice came up.

"—my duty to begin by setting you all straight on a few plain, hard facts about why we are gathered here tonight," the principal was saying gravely. "A good deal has been written in the papers about this meeting, but I'm not sure that all of it has contributed towards making those facts clear. They are simple enough. It is true that Dr. Woking and Mr. Slough of 'The Swindon Star' were the first to call for this meeting."

"It is not true that this auditorium has been placed at their personal disposal, or the disposal of any individual or group of individuals. This is a town meeting, called by the Selectmen, for the purpose of deciding a question that affects the town as a whole. Mr. Orville Krazy, our first Selectman, is unfortunately sick with

flu. Because he is unable to be with us tonight, Mr. Krazy has asked me to serve as chairman of this meeting. There may be some objections to this, since I have a very definite opinion on the matter that will be voted on here tonight, and I have not hesitated to express that opinion during the past few days. If there are any such objections, I will be glad to relinquish the chair to anybody chosen by—"

"The only objection we got is wasting time," a coarse voice called from somewhere to the right of the platform. "So why don't you cut the cackle and get the ball rolling?"

Peering down from the projection booth, Howard Aronson saw with astonishment that the man who had interrupted the principal was one of those two tramps who worked for Cecil Inch. Howard was not astonished by the fact that this no-good Lou Kakacz would interrupt a fine man like Mr. DeCourcy. Or maybe it was Roy Dienst who had done the interrupting. What astonished Howard was the fact that these two morons, who didn't even live in Swindon, should be present at the meeting. What could there possibly be of interest for these two dim-wits in a group of intelligent people gathered to discuss soberly a problem that Howard Aronson felt he had a right to describe as intellectual?

"In accordance with the politely phrased suggestion from the floor," Mr. DeCourcy said dryly, "I will attempt to get the ball rolling as quickly as possible. First, however, a brief, and I think necessary, summary of the steps leading up to the issue before us. A few weeks ago one of our fellow citizens offered her home to the United States Government as a national monument to the memory of her dead husband. The Federal Government accepted the offer, and arrangements were completed for the Secretary of the Interior to come up from Washington next Saturday and officially take title to the property."

"There was no reason to believe, until ten days ago, that the ceremonies scheduled for next Saturday would not take place, as planned. Ten days ago, however, a nationally syndicated journalist published the first of a series of columns in which he called upon the United States Government to turn down the offer of this property on the ground that the deceased owner was not worthy of having a national monument raised in his honor."

"Simultaneously with the appearance of this first column, the editor of our local paper here in Swindon withdrew his former endorsement of the project. He joined the nationally syndicated journalist in his urging that the Government refuse to accept the offered property. Does that state the case?"

With his last words, the high school principal turned to Dr. Edmund Pullman Woking, who was seated on the platform behind him. The Congregational minister, who was studying a sheet of paper, nodded.

"Yes, I think so," Dr. Woking said. "If you want to call it a case, Mr. DeCourcy."

"I can think of no better word for the situation you and Mr. Slough have created," the principal said. "Would you care to begin?"

Dr. Woking nodded again and stood up. The audience shifted on its collective haunches like a vessel straining at its moorings. Watching some of the shifting rear ends, many of which he could identify by their contours, Howard Aronson had a moment of astonishment. At one side of the audi-

torium he saw little Susan Gendron sitting with old Dr. Whitson. And at the other side he saw Susan's mother sitting with John Aden.

What, Howard wondered, was Susan doing here on a night like this with the old man, when everybody in Swindon knew she was going steady with the historian? And what was the historian doing here with Susan's mother?

A couple of quick glances to right and left did not supply Howard with an answer to these questions. Howard hiked his chair a little closer to the slit in the projection-booth wall.

ON second thought," Dr. Woking said suddenly, "I think Mr. DeCourcy has probably chosen the perfect word to describe this gathering. It is a case, and I can think of no better way to state my side of it than to read to you a few paragraphs I cut from my copy of this morning's paper."

"Ladies and gentlemen, fellow citizens of Swindon," he said solemnly, "I will now, with your kind indulgence, read to you from this morning's issue of the New York 'Globe.'"

"In approximately forty-eight hours from the moment when these words appear in print," he intoned throatily, "the Secretary of the Interior will mount a platform on a small island off the shores of Swindon, Connecticut, and utter a few seemingly innocent words about a house that stands approximately one hundred feet behind him. At four o'clock on Saturday afternoon, when the Secretary of the Interior finishes speaking, that house behind him will cease to be a place of shelter for human beings, the home of a mortal like you and me. At four o'clock on Saturday afternoon the American people, through their accredited representative, will deliberately disobey the Biblical injunction: 'Thou shalt have no other gods before me!'"

Dr. Woking tapped the nose-piece of his glasses. Mr. DeCourcy, who had taken the minister's chair on the platform, folded his arms across his chest as though this were the only possible way to keep his ribcage from exploding. All the way up in the projection booth Howard Aronson could see the rippling of small muscles under the skin of the high school principal's jaw.

"At four o'clock on Saturday afternoon," Dr. Woking read, "with their eyes wide open, the American people will watch the Secretary of the Interior fashion for them a golden calf. At four o'clock on Saturday afternoon, in spite of the facts published, repeatedly by this reporter, facts which nobody has yet dared or cared to deny, Full Speed Ahead Headland, the boy-friend of Little Eva Gormley, will become a consecrated saint."

"At four o'clock on Saturday afternoon the already overburdened American taxpayer will have foisted on his weary shoulders yet another white elephant committed to the expensive care of the National Park Service; a so-called American shrine; the ultimate irony of a life that was dedicated fiercely to one man's selfish ambition and boundless vanity; a colossal joke—imposed on the living by the hand of the dead—to be known henceforth as The Home of Admiral Fulton Stephen Headland National Historic Site at Swindon, Connecticut."

Dr. Woking paused, but his voice seemed to go right on, rising in a low, insistent hum to Howard Aronson's ears like a distantly plucked violin string.

"If there are any words that can better express my reasons

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AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard For week beginning November 5

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 - APRIL 20 TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 - MAY 20 GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 - JUNE 21 CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 - JULY 22 LEO The Lion JULY 23 - AUGUST 23 VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 24 - SEPTEMBER 23 LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 - OCTOBER 23 SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 - NOVEMBER 22 SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 - DECEMBER 20 CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21 - JANUARY 19 AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19 PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, blue. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck lies in past efforts. ★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck is in partnerships. ★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, yellow. Lucky days, Monday, Wednesday. Luck is in a new enterprise. ★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck comes in a surprise packet. ★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, silver. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday. Luck is within the family circle. ★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, black. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck lies in an advertisement. ★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, grey. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck is in an agreement. ★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck is in personal relationships. ★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday. Luck is in independence. ★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, yellow. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. There is luck in social events. ★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, yellow. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck is in a communication. ★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck is on a busy highway.	★ Delay decisions involving money matters; you may be hampered by the opinion of someone close to you. A bleak outlook could be frustrating; wait and see. ★ Attend to details; if you neglect them you will only have to come back and repeat the groundwork. A slipshod attitude will defeat your brightest hopes and expectations. ★ Others come to you with their problems; you can help by being very frank and practical. Although you think of love, peace, and harmony, they would soon bore you. ★ There will be temptations to spend where you might have little to show for the money. Get wise, particularly if friends are trying to sell you on a sure thing. ★ You may consider leaving certain long-time associations in favor of what is new and untiried. Be very sure of your ground before taking definite action. ★ If there has been extra pressure on you, it is likely to ease off now, but don't rest. Opportunities are growing for those who make themselves indispensable. ★ This week calls for a steady pace. Do not attempt to shelve the uninteresting in favor of more appealing but less urgent work. Deal with essentials first. ★ In case you change your mind, leave a door of escape open. What you do on impulse may not be good for your long-term plans; don't be stampeded. ★ No job is perfect; there are always many angles which could be improved on. Don't allow criticism to discourage you. Experience is an excellent guide. ★ A project you have been interested in might pay off handsomely. If extra money comes your way, hang on to it for the present. Later on it could help you to fulfil a wish. ★ Independence is a fine quality, but, pushed too far, may discourage others from taking a genuine interest in you. Friendly relations should be carefully maintained. ★ You are frequently handicapped by sensitivity and distaste for asking favors. If you have a sound proposition to make, put it forth boldly. Confidence is catching.	★ Something may have been kept secret from you. This week you may be told what it is and have to decide to accept or reject a novel idea. Be level-headed. ★ Dining out with friends, listening to pleasant conversation could have a relaxing effect on your nervous tension, and lead to the untangling of complicated problems. ★ Try as hard as you can, you will not prevent certain information from leaking out. You are happy about the matter, so why hush it up. Tell the world. ★ If you are a parent, compliments to your children, a goal achieved by joint effort, luck to a member of the family, otherwise a little family celebration. ★ Don't think you know all the answers. Your loved ones may not agree with you, but they go on loving you, and could be hurt if you are inconsiderate. ★ If you come home late, don't wake up the entire household. If you dash off on outside activities, make sure you do your share of housework during the week. ★ If a pleasure must be denied for financial reasons, suggest an alternative. Set up a money-box to which all can contribute and turn savings into a game. ★ You asked for more responsibility. Now what are you going to do with it? Carry out your schemes with enthusiasm and humor; you'll win hands down. ★ Watch your diet; eat at regular intervals food that is wholesome and varied. Elaborate, rich dishes will cause digestive upsets. Keep away from heated arguments. ★ You rebel against experience. You will be influenced by the ideas of your contemporaries. Whether this is wise or not, you will get a thrill out of it. ★ Often people can learn only through their own mistakes. Give advice if asked for, but don't thrust it on people. Be ready to comfort, if necessary. ★ If you are called upon to put wheels under your home, regard it as an adventure. It could bring new ideas, new experiences. Give the lead in co-operation.	★ The ability to laugh and not take yourself seriously could save you pain. Many a comedy of errors is the result of the highest romantic intentions. ★ Love is one of the joys of living, but teenagers should think twice before setting their affections on one person. Later you may smile at your first romantic episode. ★ When your best beloved tends to be regarded as a duty it's time to call a halt. This week your thoughts hover over more than one object. Make careful decisions. ★ You are swooning with a crush on someone you hardly know, until the jolt of real facts brings you up short. Your heart isn't broken. You'll soon be laughing again. ★ There may have been an argument with the one you love. It went farther than you intended and now there's a coolness. Be generous and make the first overture. ★ Better write that letter soon, and make it entertaining. If he, or she, is away from home, news of what is doing among your crowd will always be welcome. ★ If either you or the boy or girl friend is a selfish gold-digger, your romance will rapidly go up in smoke. Is it love or just "gimme"? ★ Loyal, patient, considerate, it is a wonderful experience to be loved by one born under Scorpio. This week a number of you find lasting true love or domestic bliss. ★ If you are teetering on the brink of love, you may plunge in abruptly and tell nobody. The object of your love may not even suspect your state of mind. ★ Maybe you've known each other for years and maybe your parents, relatives, and friends have long paired you off, but are you sure it is love? Think before you decide. ★ A small incident could heighten an attraction which began in a mild way and is about to reach fever heat. It could culminate in an engagement, or fade out. ★ Creative activities such as art, music, or any similar interest which you share in common is likely to be the key to a remarkable new friendship.	★ The urge to get things done could flower into an achievement. You can win over the opposition if you proceed by gradual stages and don't use pressure. ★ Recent strains may ease with a willingness to listen to both sides. Work out a programme that allows more leeway for fun, but don't splurge recklessly. ★ Anticipated pleasures may fall a trifle flat, with some members of your circle absent or preoccupied with personal affairs. Make arrangements flexible. ★ Confidence mounts as you marshal your friends and supporters, also your own talents and imagination. But do not make grandstand plays you can't live up to. ★ Demands may run against a blank wall; don't put yourself in wrong by continuing a hopeless argument against rules and regulations. Find a detour if you can. ★ Get in the current of friendliness and good will. This week is likely to be characterized more by contact with casual acquaintances than long-time friends. ★ Should nagging details cramp your style or personal wishes be put aside under pressure of family or other obligations, manage as well as you can with good grace. ★ Best foot forward, carefully groomed, vitality glowing, take action now in your social world. Effort expended now will bear pleasant fruit in the immediate future. ★ Quiet, behind-the-scenes activity is a good bet. Let others dream up wonderful schemes which never come off. Your turn to shine will not be long delayed. ★ Clear sailing still; wishes may be granted, praise bestowed. Don't permit people with a grudge or other outside factors to deflect you from your present course. ★ Keep the charm turned on. Call on patience and have a soft answer handy. Start early on any new angle and strengthen your position. Energy brings results. ★ Social, romantic, or career offers may be yours for the asking. Examine any proposition with a view to long-term planning, and try to reconcile conflicting interests.
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Continuing...

for objecting to this Headland project," he said. "I cannot think of them."

"I can!" Howard Aronson did not have to crane to see the speaker. Neither did anybody else. With his first explosive syllable, Selwyn Hite Steer had leaped to his feet. He was having a little trouble remaining on them, however, because his wife kept tugging at his maroon corduroy sleeve.

"This is an orderly meeting," Dr. Woking said coolly. "I suggest, Mr. Steer, that you wait until you are recognised."

"And I suggest that you stop poisoning the minds of the people of this town with the filth prepared by Patterson Osler."

"Selwyn!" Howard Aronson could hear Clementina's fierce hiss all the way up in the projection booth. A moment later he could hear the dull thud made by her as she hit the seat into which her infuriated husband thrust her.

"Hey, now, look, Steer!" It was big, fat Karl Kingsley. The garage owner's wife slid down into her mink stole to make room for her husband's enormous bulk. "You want to go around beating up your wife," Kingsley said, "do it in your own house. This is a—"

Everybody knew what it was, of course, so Howard Aronson supposed it didn't matter that Selwyn Hite Steer's fist stopped Karl Kingsley's sentence on its way through the garage owner's teeth.

"Thank you, officer."

Howard's eyes, leaping back from the far right-hand corner of the auditorium, where his eager, probing glance had spotted Bella Oldhill's fanatical profile, saw that the calmly spoken words of gratitude had been uttered by Mr. DeCourcy. The high school principal had joined Dr. Woking at the edge of the platform. They stood there, side by side, the pro and the con of an issue that baffled Howard Aronson, watching Joe Crudini's bulky, blue-uniformed figure conveying Selwyn Hite Steer up the aisle.

"I'm sorry about this interruption," Mr. DeCourcy said to the audience, and, with a short nod, indicated that his regrets included Dr. Woking, too. "Perhaps, if less inflammatory language were used we might—"

"Then why don't you try using it?"

Howard Aronson stared helplessly down on as much of Saul Slough's angry red face as he could see. Now what was he getting so excited about? Everybody knew the editor of "The Swindon Star" was against this Headland thing, even though nobody seemed to know why, and Dr. Woking had just stated his side of the argument. Did Mr. Slough think maybe he could state it better?

"Mr. Slough seems to want to say something," Mr. DeCourcy said. "Do you mind, Dr. Woking?"

"Not at all," said the Congregational minister. "I yield to Mr. Slough."

"Birds of a feather!" Selwyn Hite Steer yelled from the back of the auditorium.

"Damned right!" Saul Slough yelled back. "And I'm proud of it, too!"

"I don't think Dr. Woking can be especially proud of your language," Mr. DeCourcy said. "I suggest you remember—"

"You'd better do a little remembering yourself," the editor of "The Swindon Star" snarled. "Dr. Woking just told us why the citizens of this town shouldn't let the Government take over the home of Admiral Headland, and maybe you better remember that he was talking for all of us."

The Third Angel

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"He wasn't talking for me!" Selwyn Hite Steer shouted.

"Nor was he talking for me," said Mr. DeCourcy. He took a step to the right, as though he wanted to make clear his separation from the thin, patrician figure beside him.

"I have been asked to do a bit of remembering," the high school principal said. "All right, I will. Dr. Woking can think of no better way to tell the members of this audience why they should vote against urging the Federal Government to accept the home of Admiral Headland as a national historic site than by quoting a man named Patterson Osler. I ask you to remember that Mr. Osler is not a resident of Swindon. I ask you to remember that Mr. Osler, without a shred of proof to back up his irresponsible accusations, has been publicly vilifying the reputation of one of Swindon's most distinguished citizens."

"Says who?" demanded the coarse voice from the right. Up in the projection booth Howard Aronson's eyes popped. The voice belonged to Lou Kakacz! Or maybe Roy Dienst. Which ever one it was, what were these two up to?

"Says me!" Mr. DeCourcy

I like work; it fascinates me; I can sit and look at it for hours.
—Jerome K. Jerome

said grimly. "I served under Admiral Headland! I ought to know what I am talking about!"

"Yeah?" Lou Kakacz or Roy Dienst shouted. "Then maybe you also know what happened to the missing pages from his diary?"

"Whoever you are," Mr. DeCourcy said, "I suggest you get up on your feet and let us all take a look at you!"

From the projection booth Howard Aronson could see clearly what could be seen only by the immediate neighbors of Roy Dienst and Lou Kakacz: the two men slid down in their seats. That settled one thing, anyway: whatever their game was, they were not seeking personal publicity.

"I suggest you stop changing the subject," Saul Slough shouted at the high school principal. "What about those missing pages from Admiral Headland's diary?"

"I don't know anything about Admiral Headland's diary," Mr. DeCourcy said. "I was talking about the man."

"So was I," Dr. Woking said. "When I read from Patterson Osler's column."

"The man and the diary are one and the same," Saul Slough shouted.

"I don't know what you're talking about," Mr. DeCourcy said. "If you do, I suggest you tell it to all of us."

"All right," Slough said. "I will."

He thrust his way out into the aisle and came lumbering up on to the platform.

He would have been smarter, Howard Aronson thought, to speak from his seat on the floor. Standing up there in the full light of the auditorium seemed to emphasise Saul Slough's mean little mouth and his uneasy, jumpy, squinting eyes.

"Our friend here, Mr. DeCourcy, he's been casting a lot of aspersions on a certain journalist named Patterson Osler," the editor said, and his glance rested balefully for a moment on the school principal. "But I tell you, my fellow citizens of

Swindon, we'll all end up being very grateful to Mr. Patterson Osler, believe me."

"I'm sure your fellow citizens would much rather have you tell them why," Mr. DeCourcy said.

"I will, and I'm going to," Saul Slough said. "And all your sarcastic cracks won't stop me."

He hiked up his pants an inch or two.

"The people that have been urging us to accept this Headland thing, all they keep saying is that Admiral Headland was a great man, and what a great thing this is for the town," Saul Slough said. "They don't say anything about the fact that all these weeks, right there in Admiral Headland's house, a historian from New York has been working on the admiral's journal, getting it ready for publication. Isn't that the truth, Mr. Aden?"

The heads in the auditorium swung to the right as though they were all wired together and a button had been pressed. Howard Aronson, who had spotted Aden earlier, now saw the historian turn nervously towards Margaret Gendron. Howard saw her shrug and nod. John Aden rose to his feet. And at once Howard Aronson knew that the pro-Headland forces had suffered a setback, even though they may not have been themselves aware of it.

There was something about this Aden character that Howard Aronson had not liked from the moment he showed up in town with his fancy sports coat and his trick yellow car.

Right this very minute, as he watched John Aden tuck one hand gracefully into the side pocket of his beautiful grey flannels and stare up at Saul Slough, with a small worldly, insolent smile, Howard Aronson was willing to bet that a lot of people who had been for this Headland thing when they came in would be against it before they went out.

"Why, yes," Aden said. "I suppose one could, by stretching a point, describe your statement as the truth."

Saul Slough's mean little mouth twitched.

"What do you mean, stretching a point? What I said, is it the truth or isn't it?"

"It is and it isn't."

"What part is?"

"The part about my working on Admiral Headland's journal."

"And what part isn't?"

"I'm not a historian from New York," John Aden said. He paused. The insolent little smile grew an inch or so wider. "I happen to come from Chicago."

Oh, boy, Howard Aronson thought. Aden didn't exactly turn to take a bow. But that was the general effect. It was also a complete flopperoo, because that audience was as cold as a well-digger's feet. But Aden didn't seem to know that.

Just the opposite. Howard could see that the silly dope thought he had scored. Howard could also see that Saul Slough didn't think so for a minute. The editor of "The Swindon Star" gave the audience a funny look, half helplessness and half contempt, as much as to say, "See what I'm up against?" Then he turned back to Aden.

"Okay, Mr. Historian from Chicago but Not from New York. You're such a hot shot for the truth, how about giving us a little more of it?"

"Anything you wish, Mr. Slough."

"That's Slaw, if you don't mind."

"Sorry, Slaw. And I don't mind at all."

"This diary you've been preparing for publication. Have you got all the pages?"

"What does that remark mean?"

"You heard it, Mr. Aden. It's in plain English. Everybody in this auditorium understands it. Maybe if you tried a little you'd understand it, too. I asked if you've got all the pages of Admiral Headland's diary?"

"I have all the pages that were turned over to me when I took on the assignment, if that's what you mean."

"It isn't what I mean, and you well know it isn't, Mr. Aden. I asked if you have all the pages of Admiral Headland's diary. Not only the pages that were turned over to you. All the pages, Mr. Aden. All of them."

"How would a man know a thing like that?"

"Never mind how a man would know it. We're talking about you."

"Look here, Mr. Slough."

"Slaw, brother, Slaw. And never mind the tricky beating around the bush. You know quite well that some of the pages of Admiral Headland's diary are missing. And you even know which ones they are, because you went and reported that fact to your boss, Mr. James Jodelin, of the Levi Leavenworth Foundation, didn't you, Mr. Aden?"

Howard Aronson didn't know where all these questions were leading. He did know that John Aden would have made a much better showing with his answers if, at this particular moment, the historian had not jerked his hand out of his side pocket and begun fishing nervously in his hip pocket for a handkerchief.

"As a matter of fact—" he began.

"Nuts to that," Saul Slough said. "Did you report missing pages to your boss, or didn't you? Let's have a straight answer, Mr. Aden. Yes or no?"

Aden found his handkerchief. "Suppose I did?" he said.

Even a man who had never gone to a meeting in his life would have known, merely from the way the audience shifted in its seats, that the historian had just knocked himself out of the box.

"Suppose he did," Saul Slough said to the audience. "Did you hear that, ladies and gentlemen? Suppose he did!" made a gesture of contempt in Aden's direction and began to talk across the historian's head.

"Now I'll tell you what's in those missing pages, ladies and gentlemen, and maybe you'll understand why, even though I was one of the first people in this town to throw my hat in the air when Mrs. Headland first announced her offer. I grabbed it back and clapped it on my head as fast as I could." He stopped abruptly, as though he had suddenly remembered something, and, with a small but unmistakably humble bow, he said to the Congregational minister, "Unless you would prefer to do so, sir?"

"Not at all," said Dr. Woking. "Proceed by all means."

"Thank you, sir," said Saul Slough. He turned back to his audience as though he had just had a refreshing nip from a bottle. "I'll tell you what's in those missing pages from Admiral Headland's diary, ladies and gentlemen, and then you won't have to ask why they're missing. That diary contains everything that ever happened to Admiral Headland, including the whole story of Minutayo, from the moment that tragic battle was conceived, right smack up to the moment the first shot was fired."

"For years Admiral Headland has been publicised as a great hero because he lost his life at Minutayo. In fact, as you all know, it's because of this publicity that the Federal Government has practically accepted Admiral Headland's home as a national historic site. Okay. That's the publicity about the

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mad. What is the truth, however, ladies and gentlemen? The real truth about Admiral Fulton Stephen Headland?"

"Go on! Tell us!" Howard Aronson didn't even bother to look. Roy Dienst again. Or maybe Lou Kakacz.

"The truth is that Admiral Headland was just the opposite of a hero," Saul Slough said. "The exact and complete and total opposite. He was a traitor to his country, not a hero. A traitor! Minitayo was absolutely unnecessary. It did nothing to win the war. That battle, in which twenty thousand American boys died, need never have been fought. But it was fought, and Admiral Headland wrote down the reasons why it was fought, as well as the names of all the men who wanted it fought. Men in high places, in this country and abroad. Men who are still alive. Men who can't afford to let the world read what Admiral Headland wrote about them."

"That's why those last pages of his diary are missing. They were taken by the people who want to perpetuate the fraudulent legend of his heroism as a cover for their own traitorous acts, the same people who want the good citizens of this town to allow the Federal Government to set up right here, under our very noses, a monument to this traitor. Are we going to let them do it?"

"No!"

"No!" Howard Aronson saw that the small problem of trying to keep Roy Dienst and Lou Kakacz separated in his mind no longer existed. Their activities, like

Continuing . . .

their personalities, had merged at last. Both men were shouting the same word, over and over, bellowing it out.

"No!" they roared. "No!" Inevitably, in a matter of moments, they were joined by others. Up on the platform, Dr. Woking polished his rimless glasses and smiled in a way that couldn't exactly be called smiling. He seemed to be pleased by what was happening, but it would have taken a skillful lawyer to prove it. No such difficulty would have arisen with reference to the editor of "The Swindon Star."

Saul Slough, who was sponging the sweat from his red face, was beaming happily.

None of this surprised Howard Aronson.

As an old meeting-goer, it was all familiar to him. Drearly familiar. He even understood, now that he saw them doing it, why those two drunken morons were present: Roy Dienst and Lou Kakacz had obviously been hired by the anti-Headland forces to stampede the meeting.

What did surprise Howard Aronson was that they seemed to be succeeding. More and more people were coming to their feet, all over the auditorium, and joining in the anti-Headland uproar.

Then sounds coming up from the auditorium changed slightly. A new voice, indistinct but oddly familiar, seemed to be cutting through the uproar like the prow of a speed-boat seen dimly on the horizon from the boardwalk at Coney Island.

The Third Angel

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Howard Aronson stepped back to the slit in the wall of the projection booth.

"A minute!" Cecil Inch was saying. "Just one minute, please!"

The tall, spare figure in the suede windbreaker and the knee-length boots was out in the aisle, to Howard Aronson's right. He stood a few rows in front of the centre of infection, the spot where Roy Dienst and Lou Kakacz were bellowing, but somehow Inch's thin, reedy voice seemed to carry into every corner of the auditorium.

"A minute for what?" Saul Slough called angrily.

"You will find out," Cecil Inch said, without raising his voice, and Howard Aronson was a monkey's uncle if the shouting and stamping didn't begin to quiet down! He wished Lillian were here to see it.

Cecil Inch took a couple of steps back up the aisle. He pointed his fingers at Roy Dienst and Lou Kakacz.

"Who's paying you for tonight's job?" Cecil said.

HE might have been asking them for the time of day. There was absolutely no change in the unhurried voice Howard Aronson had come to know during the past five years. Absolutely no change whatsoever. But from where Howard Aronson stood, it looked as though Roy Dienst and Lou Kakacz were made of wax or something and they had been dropped on a hot stove. They really seemed to melt. Cecil Inch turned to the audience. His thin lips were twisted in a grin.

"I wish I could get a day's work like that out of them," he said.

There was one of those peculiar moments of silence that had nothing to do with quiet or noise, a moment that reminded Howard of something teetering on a ledge, say a vase, something that could fall either way, and then a burst of laughter swept through the auditorium like a sudden, unexpected pelting of spring rain. They were laughing with Cecil Inch!

"We've heard a lot of fancy talk here tonight," he said, and the laughter simmered down to a sort of sympathetic background bubbling. "First we heard Dr. Woking read a column by this columnist Patterson Osler, and then we heard Saul Slough give out with an explanation of what's behind that column."

Cecil Inch paused to scratch his chin. "I don't know how it struck any of you other people here in this auditorium tonight, but I'll tell you how it struck Cecil Inch," he said. "It struck me pretty peculiar that on a question like this one, a question that affects us people

here in Swindon, we should be asked to rely on the words of outsiders, people who don't even belong here in Swindon."

Hours later, when he was excitedly reconstructing the scene for Lillian over coffee and the remains of the cheesecake, it occurred to Howard Aronson that Cecil Inch's remark could have applied to him, too, since he and Lillian had come to Swindon at just about the same time that the editor of "The Swindon Star" arrived. At the moment when he heard Cecil Inch's remark, however, Howard Aronson happened to be looking at Saul Slough. And it was obvious that Mr. Inch had hit Mr. Slough where he lived.

All at once Saul Slough looked white, old, and as unnerved as a fillet of flounder. Howard Aronson had never seen anybody look so completely as though a ton of bricks had been dumped on him. And Howard Aronson was astonished. It had never occurred to him before that Saul Slough could be affected by such a remark. It just went to show you. Here Howard had been thinking all this time that Slough considered himself a real old-timer in Swindon.

"What's that got to do with it?" Saul Slough managed to say, but all the conviction there was in his voice you could have dropped into the works of a real delicate Swiss watch, and it wouldn't have missed a tick. "Besides my wife and I, we've lived here five years. How long does a man have to—"

"You can direct that question to the other people who have lived here five years," Cecil Inch said, and he turned his back on the platform. "I'm talking to the people of this town who have lived in it as long as I have," Cecil Inch said. "All our lives."

He paused. There was a low, scarcely audible murmur of approval. Howard could see Gabe Kishner and Mannie Crudini and little hunchback George Gruendahl, all the way over on the left side of the auditorium, begin to nod their heads.

"People like us, we know a few things this Patterson Osler and Mr. Slough will never know," Cecil Inch said. "We know the difference between a lot of wind and a few hard facts. So far as I could hear, and there's never been nothing wrong with my ears, there wasn't any facts in anything Dr. Woking read to us from this Osler's column, and neither was there any in what Mr. Slough said afterwards. It was just a bunch of opinions, and opinions that don't get backed up by facts are worth about as much as a bunch of radishes in August."

"Another thing we know, those of us who have lived here all our lives, we know the Headland family. They been here a long time. Nobody ever said a bad word against them before, and a lot of im-

portant people, all over the world, including the President of the United States, they've said a lot of good words about the Admiral."

"From where I sit, which ain't where this Osler sits, or where Mr. Slough sits, from where I sit it looks like Admiral Headland is about the biggest man this town ever turned out. And if the United States Government wants to take his house down there off Shore Road and turn it into a museum or something, I say let them, and I say let's be proud they're doing it to one of our citizens, and instead of listening to a lot of outsiders knocking it, I say let's cheer them on."

The audience began to do precisely that. Howard Aronson, listening to the new sounds that rose to fill the projection booth, made a mental note to tell Lillian later that, in the midst of all the excitement, he noticed Kate Headland for the first time. The admiral's daughter was standing at the back of the auditorium, almost below him, and not far from Annie Vroom. He wished he could see her face, because if Howard Aronson could feel himself begin to choke up a little, and him just a total stranger, could you imagine how that girl must have felt? Hearing her father talked about like that? And listening to the cheers? My God, it must have made her feel like—like—

At that moment Kate Headland turned, and Howard Aronson did see her face, and as he told Lillian later, honest, if he wasn't a man who took pride in his self-control, he would have fainted. Kate Headland's

face, with that pointed chin and those harlequin-shaped dark glasses she always wore, her face was twisted in a contemptuous grin! Like she was laughing at what Cecil Inch had said!

"That's all very nice, to wrap yourself up in the flag of an Old Citizen. Saul Slough shouted above the cheers. "But how about answering a couple of questions, Mr. Inch?"

Cecil turned. The cheers began to subside.

"You ask them," he said. "If I think they deserve answering, I'll answer them."

"Isn't it true that you don't really give a hoot about Admiral Headland? Isn't it true that you actually hate him? Because thirty years ago he stole your girl? Isn't it true that the only reason you're for this Headland thing now is that you and Margaret Gendron bought the Furthgast property, right across the causeway from Kirkbean, and you stand to make yourselves a big fat killing if the Government takes over the Admiral's home as a national historic site? Isn't that true, Mr. Inch?"

The tall, spare figure turned to face the audience.

"It's true," he said, "that I own the Furthgast property. Half of it, anyway. It's true, I guess, that I'll probably make some money out of it if the Government takes over Kirkbean. If I don't it'll be the first business deal Cecil Inch ever got stuck on." He smiled briefly. "All the rest of it, how I feel about the admiral, that's my own business, and I'll mind

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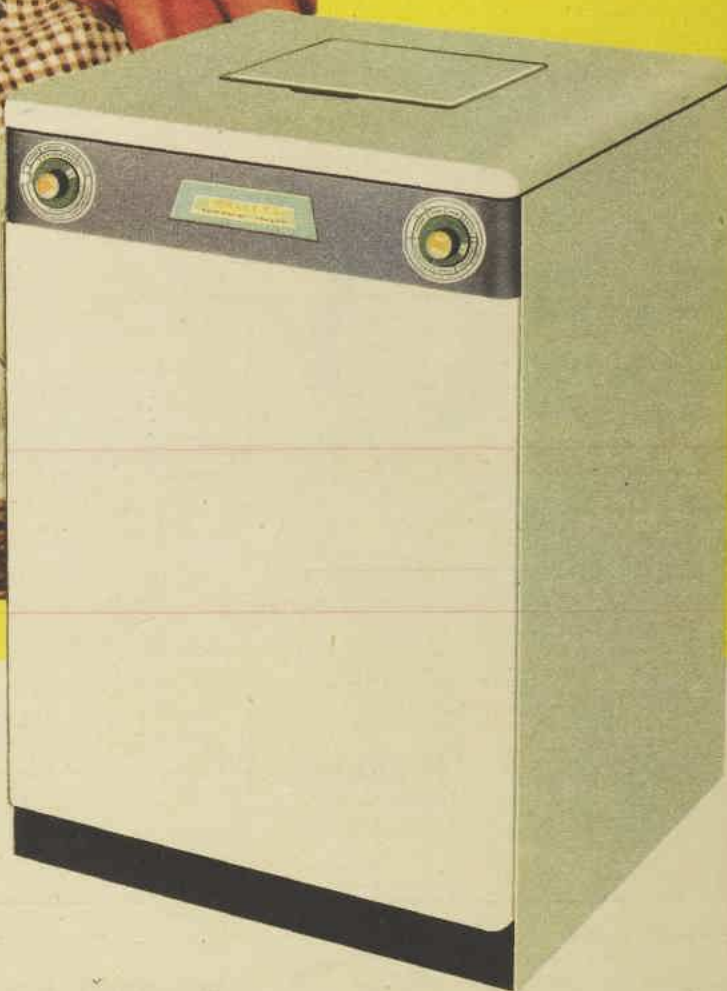
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it. I'm asking the people of this town to do the same."

There was that same murmuring sound.

"We are," Dr. Woking barked. "Just because Mr. Slough was not born in Swindon does not mean he does not have the right to express an opinion. Even you, Cecil, will grant that, I'm sure."

"I'll do better than that," Cecil Inch said. "I'll tell you why your friend Mr. Slough changed his mind on this Headland thing."

"He has already told us," Dr. Woking said, and Howard Aronson could tell the minister's confidence was mounting from the way the temperature of his voice kept dropping. "As soon as he learned the shocking content of the pages missing from Admiral Headland's diary, Mr. Slough, like any decent citizen, felt he could not support—"

"That's what he told us, all right," Cecil Inch said. "Now I'll tell you what Mr. Slough didn't tell anybody." Inch cocked his head towards the editor, "Or would you prefer to tell them yourself, Saul?"

Howard Aronson could see that all of a sudden what Saul Slough would have preferred to do was to find a nice deep hole, crawl in, and then pull the hole in after him.

"Tell us what?" Astonished, Howard saw that the question had been hurled up from the floor by Julie Bierwirth.

"When Mrs. Headland first announced her offer to 'The Swindon Star,' the paper was seven months behind on its printing bills," Cecil Inch said. "The Norwalk Printing Company was threatening to throw the paper into bankruptcy. I happen to know about this because I happen to own the Norwalk Printing Company, a fact that may come as a surprise to Mr. Slough. I also happen to know that Mr. Slough told his creditors on the morning after Hallow-e'en that he was broke. If anybody wants any proof on that, just ask Herbert Dirksen how big a balance 'The Swindon Star' had on November first in the Swindon Bank and Trust Company."

"Just the same, a mere three

Continuing . . .

weeks later, along about Thanksgiving Day, Mr. Slough suddenly paid all his creditors in full, and at the same time he publicly reversed his position on Mrs. Headland's offer. Anybody who wants me to trace for him the relationship between Mr. Slough's sudden prosperity and this Patterson Osler, just stop in at my office after this meeting. I have some interesting photostatic copies of cheques and letters with Mr. Slough's signature and endorsements."

Cecil Inch paused. He turned to look up at Saul Slough. Howard Aronson guessed that Lillian, who was never at a loss for words, would have known how to choose the correct ones to describe the editor's face. Howard couldn't. He didn't have the time. He was too busy watching the face of Dr. Woking.

It seemed to be turning the color of dirty snow as the audience began to shout and move from the seats to the aisles.

The Congregational minister took a step forward on the platform and raised his hands. He might have made the gesture in another room. His lipless mouth began to frame words. He could have been uttering them in the next State.

Then Cecil Inch began to speak again. The audience quieted down at once.

"I didn't come here, like Dr. Woking or his friend Mr. Slough, to swing this meeting one way or another," Cecil Inch said. "Everybody here is entitled to vote any way he wants. And everybody here knows you don't have to tell anybody how you're going to vote, any more than I have to tell you how I'm going to vote. But this much I can tell you. When I do vote, I'm going to remember this about all the talk that went on here tonight about Admiral Headland's diary: nobody can convince me he knows what's in those missing pages until the pages are found, and nobody can convince me there are any missing pages until they are found!"

The Third Angel

from page 73

"That goes for me, too!"

"And me!"

"You said it, Cecil!"

The mounting roar of approving shouts was stopped abruptly, not by Dr. Woking, who wanted so obviously and so angrily to stop it, but by Cecil Inch, who merely raised his hand.

"I see Dr. Woking hasn't finished yet," he said dryly. He turned to the minister on the platform. "Go ahead, Edmund, if you got anything to say you think will do any good."

"I have nothing personal to

The woman's natural jealousy is not at a man's loving another, but at his forsaking her.

—James Hinton

say," said Dr. Woking, and Howard Aronson could see that this was a lie. The old gaffer was quite clearly pulling himself together for his Sunday punch. "I would merely like to quote a few words that the members of this audience would be well advised to bear in mind."

He paused. He took a deep breath. It seemed to add a full twelve inches to the minister's height. Then Dr. Woking said, "I quote to you from Revelations, fourteen, nine," and he did, as though he were tolling a bell.

"And the third angel followed them, saying with a loud voice, If any man worship the beast and his image, and receive a mark on his forehead, or in his hand, the same shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out without mixture into the cup of his indignation."

There was one of those moments of silence that seemed to have absolutely nothing to do with the absence of sound, and Howard Aronson had the feel-

ing that something was teetering on a ledge, that it could fall either way. Then Cecil Inch made a small sound of contempt in his throat, and he started up the aisle, and up in the projection booth Howard Aronson knew it was all over.

For all the pride he took in his scientific approach and his capacity to maintain an attitude of strict impartiality, he was not at all surprised to find that he was glad the pro-Headland forces had won. Howard Aronson was not even surprised to find himself in the grip of an impulse to join the cheering crowd below.

What prevented Howard Aronson from joining the cheering pro-Headland forces on the floor below was not his cool, inquiring, scientific mind. Neither was it his realisation that he knew no more, in this moment of triumph, about Admiral Headland than he had known when he had left Lillian and her cheese-cake a couple of hours ago.

What prevented Howard Aronson from joining the cheering crowd below, in fact what stopped Howard Aronson dead in his startled tracks, was the sight of Bella Oldhill.

The proprietress of the Tots Emporium seemed to have gone crazy. Her face was distorted. Bits of saliva whipped away from the corners of her mouth as she clawed her way through the crowd towards Dr. Woking on the platform. Somewhat incredibly, like one of those dog-whistles that are supposed to be inaudible to the human ear, her voice rose above the shouts and the cheers and the stamp of feet, coming clearly to Howard Aronson in the projecting booth.

"You crazy fool!" Bella Oldhill screamed. "You don't know what you're doing! You don't know what's going to happen to you! Wait until Saturday! Just wait until Saturday!"

"Hello, Captain Craigie?"

"Yes. Who is this?"

"Arthur, Arthur Carver. I'm sorry to bother you at this hour,

but I was wondering if Eloise is still awake?"

"I don't know. She went up to bed a little while ago. If you want to me to see—?"

"Would you, please? It's rather important."

"Of course. I'll be glad to. Is it about the meeting up in Swindon?"

"Yes, it is. I just had a call from my sister."

"How did it go?"

"Well, I wanted to tell Eloise first."

"Of course. If you'll hold the phone, I'll go get her."

"Thank you, sir."

"Nothing at all, Arthur."

Pause.

"I just had a thought, Arthur."

"Yes, Captain Craigie?"

"You couldn't give me a hint, could you?"

"Well, it's sort of important to me to tell Eloise first, if you know what I mean."

"Of course I do, Arthur. Quite right, too. The only thing is, as you know, it's been sort of important to me a good deal longer than it has been to Eloise."

"I know that, Captain Craigie. But it's important to you in an entirely different way."

"I see your point, Arthur."

"Thank you, Captain Craigie. Would you call Eloise to the phone, please?"

"As soon as I make a suggestion, Arthur. If I may, that is?"

"By all means, Captain Craigie."

"If you want Eloise to come back to you, Arthur, I would suggest that, so far as Admiral Headland is concerned, you make no distinction between his importance to me and his importance to you. If you know what I mean, Arthur?"

Pause.

"Yes, I think so, Captain Craigie."

"You don't sound as though you do."

"I'm sorry. I was thinking that you're recommending a course of action that isn't quite honest."

"Honesty has very little to do with hero-worship, Arthur."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Hero-worship, Arthur. It's a good deal like illegitimacy. It leaves a stain as difficult to erase as the bar sinister. It certainly can't be done in one generation. My feelings about Admiral Headland, which began when we first met at Annapolis forty years ago, were purely personal. I had no intention of passing them on to others. Nevertheless, I seem to have infected my child. I must admit that at first I was pleased by the infection. It was a source of satisfaction to me to know that Eloise shared my regard for the Admiral's genius."

"Now that she is no longer a child, I am no longer pleased. It is a mistake to hand down heroes from one generation to the next, like the family silver. It is better for everybody to choose his or her own heroes. For me, however, the lesson comes too late. Eloise is incurable. If you want her, if you want to get her back and hold on to her, Arthur, you must allow yourself to be infected. Failing that, you must pretend to be a fellow-sufferer from the same ailment. I should have told you that when you got married. But frankly, Arthur, until this Headland thing broke, I hadn't taken the time to think the thing through. Now I will go get Eloise."

"No, wait. I don't see any reason why you shouldn't have that hint you wanted, Captain Craigie."

"That's awfully good of you, Arthur, but I really can wait another few minutes and get the news from Eloise. Hold on a moment and I'll call her."

"No, please. I don't want to disturb her if she's asleep."

"I'm quite sure she isn't. Just hold on, Arthur."

"No, no, Captain Craigie. Please."

"You sound disturbed."

"Not really, sir."

"Is there anything I can do?"

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TRY THIS RECIPE

"JELLY SURPRISE"

Table jelly of any flavour prepared as directed. Few tablespoons of a filling mixture (fruit, cake, chopped nuts, sultanas, chocolate, etc., etc.).

Set the jelly in a mould or bowl, chill. Take a tablespoon, dip in hot water, scoop out the set jelly from the centre into a basin. Fill the hollow with the filling mixture. Melt the jelly in the basin by standing it over hot water; cool it, pour over the ingredients and the jelly itself. Chill again. Unmould.

TO UNMOULD A JELLY

Run knife point around jelly



Dip mould in warm water



Invert on plate, shake very gently



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Interesting ways to serve

LAMB AND MUTTON

By **LEILA C. HOWARD**,
Our Food and Cookery Expert

● It's good housekeeping to know how to make use of the less familiar cuts of mutton and lamb.

THE choice cuts of mutton and lamb are, of course, most popular and therefore more expensive.

However, clever preparation can make the less popular cuts palatable and appetising, and they are just as nutritious as the costly ones.

Mutton and lamb are best when well done. Care should be taken to serve them piping hot.

Families who buy a side of lamb or mutton at a time and country folk who kill for home consumption will find these recipes helpful.

All spoon measurements are level.

HINTS ON FLAVORING MUTTON

Flavor of mutton can be improved in many ways. Here are a few suggestions:

A dash of vinegar or a few thin slices of lemon in the water in which mutton is boiled gives piquancy.

A basting of spiced vinegar or vinegar in which herbs have been steeping gives a new tang to a roast or a grill.

Lemon juice or vinegar, or the sharp flavor of celery leaves or mustard cress, or a tart apple sharpen the flavor of a casserole.

Highly seasoned crumbs may be used to coat cutlets for frying or chops for oven-cooking.

Accompaniments for mutton should be tart. Among the best are mint sauce, caper sauce, tart jelly, such as red currant, spiced fruit, or well-flavored onion sauce.

BRAISED STUFFED LIVER

One lamb's fry, 1 cup soft bread-crumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon chopped thyme or marjoram, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon melted bacon fat, little milk, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 cup boiling water, pepper and salt.

Soak the fry for 30 minutes. Pat dry, remove skin, and cut 2 pockets

in the meat. Combine the crumbs, herbs, onion, flavorings, and bacon fat; moisten with milk. Fill into the pockets and tie into shape. Coat with seasoned flour, brown in the fat. Place in casserole. Add the water. Simmer gently for one hour. Serve with brown gravy.

BARBECUED RIB ENDS

Rib ends cut from loin of lamb or mutton (quantity may be extended with rib chops if necessary), clove of garlic, salt, pepper, fat.

Barbecue Sauce: One cup chopped

onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped celery, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons fat, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons dry mustard, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, 1 dessertspoon sweet fruit chutney, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups tomato juice, 1 scant dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt.

Cut the rib ends between the bones to make service-sized pieces. Rub with a cut clove of garlic, sprinkle with salt and pepper and brown well in hot fat. Prepare barbecue sauce. Brown onion and celery in hot fat, add all other ingredients, first blending mustard with some of the liquid. Simmer 5 or 6 minutes until sauce thickens a little. Add meat, place in a casserole, and cook in a moderate oven until meat is tender, 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

STUFFED LAMB BREASTS

Four unsalted breasts of lamb (each about $\frac{3}{4}$ lb.), 1 dessertspoon fat, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped celery, 2 tablespoons chopped onion, 2 cups soft white bread-crumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated carrot, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 egg-yolk.

Using coarse thread and a strong needle, sew 2 pieces of meat together, leaving broad end open for stuffing. Melt fat in small pan, add celery and onion. Cook until celery is soft and onion lightly browned. Add all other ingredients, turn into basin, bind with egg-yolk. Fill into lamb pockets. Skewer open end of each stuffed joint with strong cocktail sticks or sharpened matches. Lace with fine string. Place joints in baking-dish with hot fat to a depth of $\frac{1}{2}$ in. Bake, uncovered, in moderate oven 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, basting and turning joints at frequent intervals. Place prepared vegetables in for last 45 minutes. Remove sticks, string, thread, and serve.

SAVORY CHOPS IN KIDNEY SAUCE

One and a quarter pounds chump or best end of neck chops, 2 tablespoons fat, 2 tablespoons flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups hot water, pepper and salt, 1 chopped onion, 2 kidneys, 1 rasher

THE TRAY of meat (above) contains good quality shoulder of lamb, boned rolled shoulder of lamb or mutton, leg, chump chops, neck chops, loin chops, and breast.

bacon, 1 stick celery, 1 carrot, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley.

Lightly brown meat in the hot fat. Remove and add flour and brown. Stir in hot water, add onion, chopped bacon, celery, and carrot, chopped kidneys, and meat. Simmer gently for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Season to taste, serve piping hot, topped with parsley.

PIQUANT LAMB SHANK HOT-POT

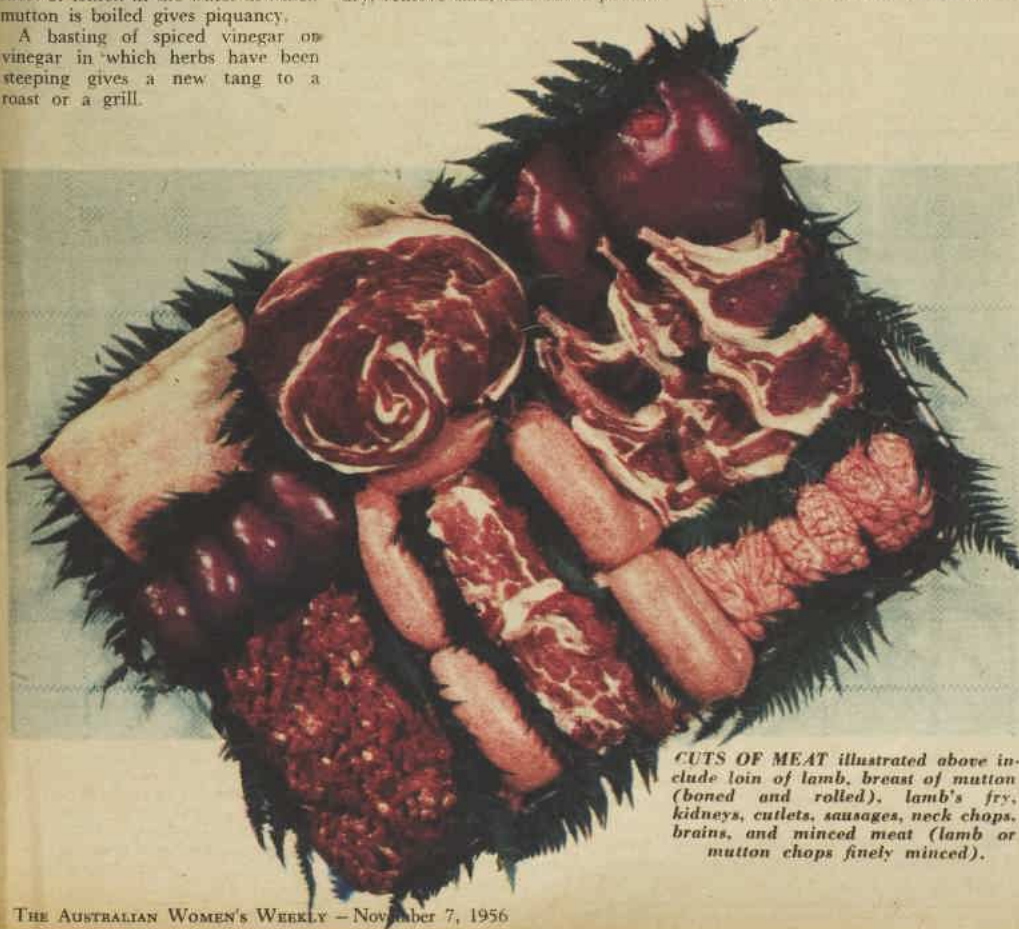
Four lamb shanks, 2 tablespoons fat, 2 tablespoons flour, 3 cups boiling water, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped onion, 1 carrot, 2 tablespoons chopped celery leaves, 1 dessertspoon chutney, pepper and salt.

Brown the shanks in hot fat. Remove and brown the flour. Add the water, vinegar, sauce, onion, carrot, celery leaves, chutney, pepper, and salt. Add the shanks and cover tightly. Cook very gently for $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours. Half-hour before serving time add 1-3rd cup well-washed rice, continue cooking until rice has absorbed some of the stock.

IRISH HOT-POT

One and a half pounds neck of lamb or mutton, cut into pieces, 2 medium-size green apples, 2 onions, 4 medium potatoes, 2 sticks chopped celery, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 cup meat or vegetable stock, 1 cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shelled peas, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced carrot.

Wash and trim chops, discarding any loose pieces of bone, and removing fat and gristle. Place the meat in a casserole in alternate layers with sliced onion, sliced potato, sliced apple, and chopped celery. Dust each layer lightly with parsley, salt, and pepper. Add stock and milk, cover and bake $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours in moderate oven. Add peas and carrots, cook $\frac{1}{2}$ hour longer.



CUTS OF MEAT illustrated above include loin of lamb, breast of mutton (boned and rolled), lamb's fry, kidneys, cutlets, sausages, neck chops, brains, and minced meat (lamb or mutton chops finely minced).

While others swelter... THEY LIVE IN COOL COMFORT



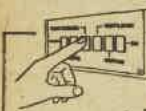
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TRY CHEESED POTATO SLICES as an appetising accompaniment to roast beef. Parboil sliced potatoes, place in shallow oven dish with small quantity melted butter, brush butter over potatoes. Combine equal quantities crushed cornflakes and grated cheese, season, sprinkle over potatoes, bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes.

Readers' recipes

● A family sweet, simple, easily prepared, and flavored with tangy lemon and peaches, wins the main prize of £5 in this week's contest.

THE prizewinning sweet, peach delicious, requires little cooking, but should be assembled carefully for best results. Any fruit in season can be used in place of peaches.

Consolation prizes of £1 each are awarded to honey nut bread, a wholesome loaf that is ideal for lunch-boxes, and fruit salad pie.

If pineapple is used in the fruit salad for the pie, it must be cooked first; otherwise it will prevent the jelly setting.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

PEACH DELICIOUS

One layer sponge cake cut into fingers, 2 tablespoons lemon butter, 1 tablespoon cornflour, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 eggs, 1 cup sliced peaches (home-cooked or tinned), 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 3 dessertspoons peach syrup.

Cut sponge into finger-lengths, spread with lemon butter. Place in serving-dish and arrange sliced peaches over cake. Blend cornflour with a little of the milk, place balance in double saucepan with sugar, lemon rind, and egg-yolks, add cornflour, stir constantly until thickened. Allow to cool, then add gelatine which has been dissolved in the hot peach syrup. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites, pour over peaches in dish. Chill until set. Decorate with extra sliced peaches and whipped cream.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. J. Kiesey, 117 Marmion St., Cottesloe, W.A.

HONEY NUT BREAD

Half cup wholemeal self-raising flour, 1 cup plain flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup bran, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts, 1 egg, 1-3rd cup honey, 1 cup milk.

Sift flour, baking powder,

and salt into a basin, add wholemeal flour, bran, and walnuts. Beat egg, add to dry ingredients with milk and honey; mix thoroughly. Fill into greased loaf-tin (8 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.) and bake 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ hours in a moderate oven. Cool on cake-cooler. Serve sliced and buttered.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. V. Bogle, 12 Belgrave St., Hawthorn East E.2, Vic.

FRUIT SALAD PIE

One 8in. or 9in. biscuit or shortcrust pastry-case, cooked and cooled, 1 packet lemon jelly crystals, 1 cup hot water, 2 cups fruit salad (tinned or home-prepared) drained free of all syrup.

Dissolve jelly crystals in hot water. When cold and beginning to thicken, stir in fruit salad. When partially set, fill into pastry-case, chill until firm. Decorate with swirls of whipped sweetened cream.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. M. Butler, 11 Cameron Ave., Artarmon, N.S.W.

Expectant Mothers

By Sister Mary Jacob, our Mothercraft Nurse

THE expectant mother will achieve wise and successful motherhood if, before her baby arrives, she learns all she can about pre-natal health and the care of the newborn baby.

Free instruction in mothercraft is given at many pre-natal clinics and baby health centres.

A leaflet describing some important pre-natal essentials has been prepared for country mothers and others who live far from any pre-natal centre. This is obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

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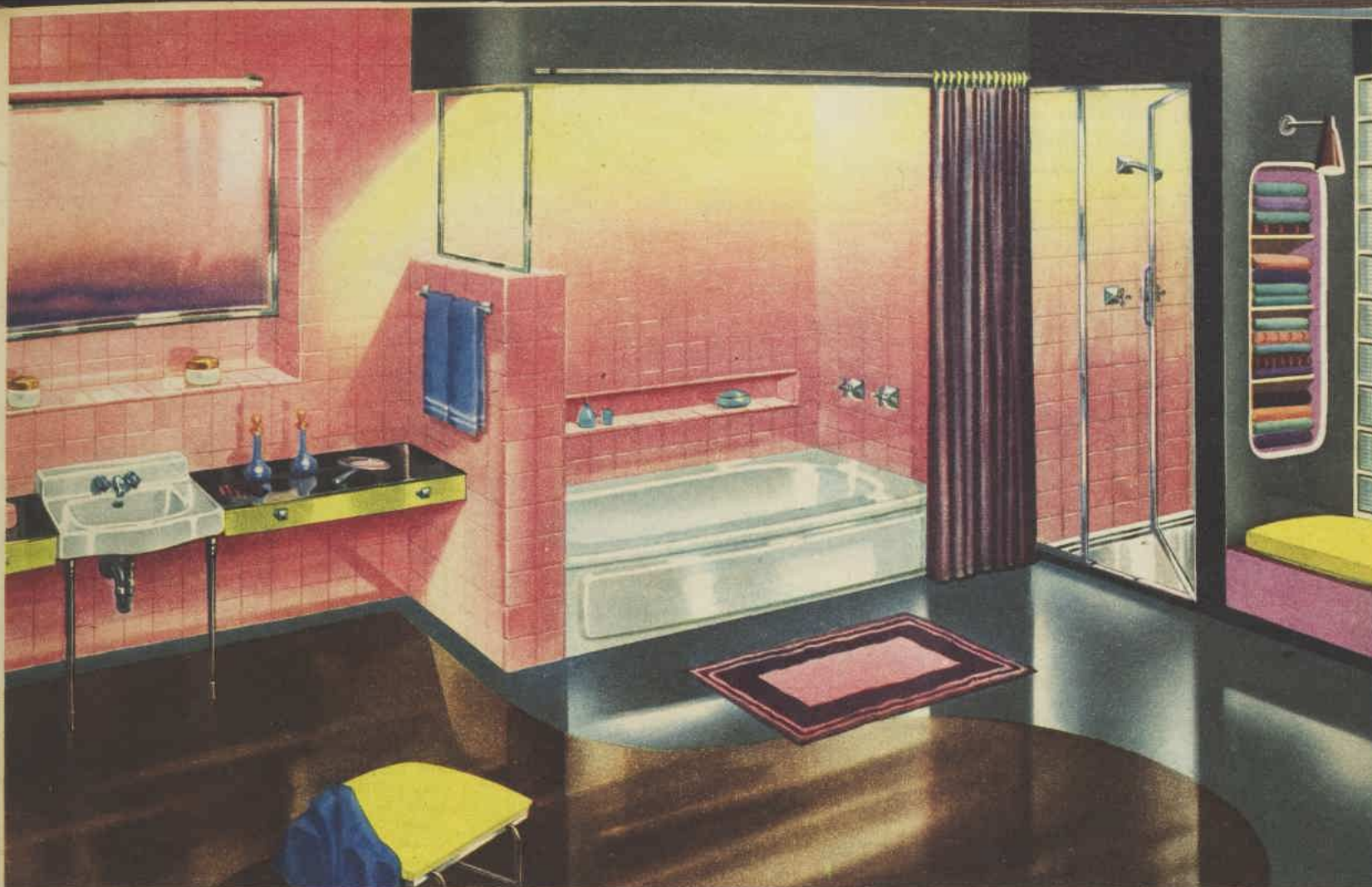


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CN6



Illustrated is the new Metters one-piece "apron front" formed steel bath in Persian Brown. The bathroom scene features grey decor—white and black also available.



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Seaside house

By Sydney Architect W. J. McMURRAY

● A very compact layout for a home of 1100 square feet has been submitted by Mrs. J. Miller, of Southport, Queensland, who proposes to build on a site overlooking the sea.

MRS. MILLER asks my advice on the suitability of the layout, and also asks for suggestions on suitable material for the outside walls.

To make the most of the view, she plans to have the house elevated on brick piers and later to enclose the space under the house with brick-work.

The plan she has submitted incorporates the laundry

equipment in the kitchen, a common practice in Queensland but not allowed by building regulations in N.S.W.

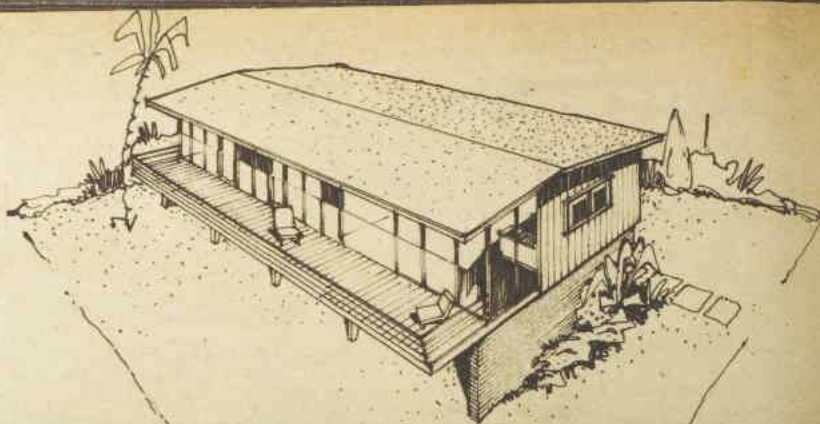
I suggest the area under the house be used as a laundry, and the carport and the space originally allocated for the washing-machine and tubs used instead as a utility room for sewing and ironing, with a small dinette for quick meals.

Utility room, kitchen, dining, and living areas are open in design, making them appear larger.

Bench No. 8 in the kitchen is the only division from the dining-room, so even the kitchen has a view of the sea. This bench is designed to be a servery at mealtimes and also a bar or buffet when entertaining.

As much glass as possible has been used to make the east wall of the living-room. One glass panel in this wall slides back to give a 6ft. opening on to the balcony.

The suggested arrangement of furniture in this room has



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH of the house shows the suggested external walls. Note how the balcony and wide areas of glass are arranged to make the most of an extensive view.

been made with a thought for the future. It includes a television set located in a long row of cupboards and bookshelves.

Like the living-room, the two main bedrooms have been placed so they have a good easterly aspect and a view. Built-in wardrobes are included in these rooms.

The third bedroom could have a set of highlight windows on the western wall to give cross-ventilation and a little late-afternoon sun.

Because the house site is located at the corner of two streets, a solid foundation wall at each end, with pipe columns to support the floor elsewhere, would look more attractive than brick piers.

For the construction of the house I suggest a timber frame with asbestos cement finished with vertical battens. This is, in my opinion, a more attractive way to use the material than with the usual horizontal cover-strips.

The eastern wall could be framed up with dressed timber studs, so that panels of glass, colored asbestos cement, or colored glass could be fixed with beading in between the dressed studs to form an interesting pattern of solid and void.

Glazed doors leading from the two main bedrooms on to the balcony are suggested. Hopper-type windows could be incorporated in the general pattern of the glass wall. This type of construction limits the area of glass, so heavy sheet glass could be used instead of plate-glass. It is, therefore, fairly economical.

The living-room would warrant a larger sheet of plate-glass to give a big area of unobstructed view. This panel could be installed without a timber sash, so the glass slides in a special track.

I suggest a low-pitched roof with bituminous felt on timber decking. The ceiling could be plywood in the natural timber color, fixed directly to the underside of the rafters to follow the roof slope.

On the wide overhang of the eaves, the same treatment in waterproof ply could be used externally so the appearance would be one of continuity of linings. Effective insulation would be required in Queensland for this type of roof construction.

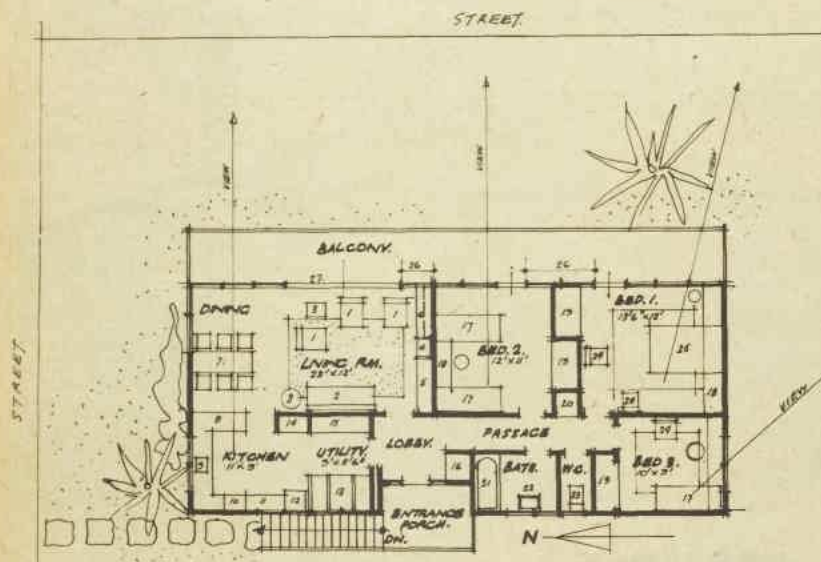
TIPS ON PAINTING

IF you have a high ceiling you can make it look lower by painting it a deeper color than the walls; if your ceiling is low, make it look higher by painting it a lighter color than the walls.

THERE is a different brushwork technique for each coat. Paint on undercoats in a criss-cross fashion to force the paint into the surfaces. Brush across the grain of the timber for the second coat, and for the final coat paint lightly in the direction of the grain.

BUILT-IN wall cupboards should match the wall color, but you can have variety by painting the interiors in a strong contrasting color.

PICK up on the brush the same amount of paint each time you dip into the paint and never overload the bristles. Tap off any surplus paint against the side of the tin.



PLAN showing layout submitted by Mrs. Miller: 1, lounge chairs; 2, settee; 3, occasional tables; 4, TV set; 5, cupboard; 6, cupboards and bookshelves; 7, dining table; 8, servery bench and bar; 9, sink; 10, stove; 11, bench; 12, refrigerator; 13, dinette; 14, broom cupboard; 15, ironing bench; 16, coat cupboard; 17, single beds; 18, dressing table; 19, wardrobes; 20, linen store; 21, bath; 22, basin; 23, toilet; 24, chairs; 25, double bed; 26, solid wall infill; 27, sliding plate-glass panel.



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"You can give Eloise a message, if you will."

"Of course. What would you like me to tell her?"

"The meeting up in Swindon went the way she wanted it to go. My sister just reported to me by long-distance phone that it was a complete victory for the pro-Headland forces. Absolutely nothing now stands in the way of the Federal Government's acceptance of the Admiral's home as a national historic site. The ceremonies at which the Secretary of the Interior will take over officially will be run off as scheduled, on Saturday."

"I know Eloise will be delighted, Arthur. And I'm sure you know how delighted this makes me."

"Yes."

"Anything else you want me to tell Eloise?"

"You might tell her that if she would like to attend the ceremonies, I'll be glad to take her up to Swindon by plane or train, but we'll have to move fast, so would she ring me tomorrow morning at the office and let me know?"

"You sure you wouldn't want me to call Eloise to the phone so that you can tell her all this yourself?"

"Positive."

Pause.

"Arthur. May I ask why?"

"I've just learned that I'm going to have to spend a lifetime pretending to be a sufferer from the ailment Eloise inherited from you," Arthur Carver said. "I'd like a few hours by myself in which to get used to the idea."

"Two ninety-eight, two ninety-nine," Margaret chanted to herself, "and three hundred."

She put down the silver-backed hairbrush Roger had given her on their fifth wedding anniversary. She stood up, and went towards the beds.

"Well, Roger," she said, speaking across the squat jar of cold cream and the blunt vial of sleeping-tablets on the night table, sending her words toward the twin bed in which nobody

Continuing . . .

had slept since 1944, "it looks as though I can report at last that I've finally pulled it off."

Margaret paused, as though she were listening for a sound from downstairs, and then she turned back to the empty bed.

"And believe me, Roger, it wasn't easy. There were plenty of times during the past few weeks when it looked as though I had about as much chance of pulling this off as—"

She paused, listened again, and then she did hear a sound from downstairs. Margaret walked out into the hall and paused at the top of the stairs. David was just closing the front door.

"Hi, Ma."

"Hello, David. Was that Mr. Kingsley drove you home? Or Mrs.?"

"Mr."

"What was he trying to do? Wake up everybody?"

"If my lip was swollen up like his, cripes, Ma, I guess I'd make a racket, too." David paused in the doorway of his bedroom. "He get it at that meeting?"

"You ask Chuck in the morning."

"Why Chuck?"

"His father is responsible."

David looked at her thoughtfully.

"Sounds like that meeting got sort of hot."

"It sort of did," Margaret said. She was never quite sure just how to tell things to David. And in this moment of triumph, when she felt so strangely triumphant, Margaret was less sure than ever.

A car was coming up the driveway. "That must be Susan," she said. "Good night, David."

"Good night, Ma."

Margaret went down the stairs. When she reached the bottom, she found herself wishing she had waited for Susan upstairs. She could hear voices outside, at the foot of the portico. Margaret turned to move quickly into the living-room, out of earshot, but the

The Third Angel

from page 75

voices stopped, and a moment later the door opened.

"Oh," Susan said. "Hello."

"Hello," Margaret said. "I heard a strange car, and I—"

"Dr. Whitsun drove me home," Susan said.

"From where?"

"The meeting."

"Oh, then you were there?"

"I sure was."

Susan was hanging her coat in the closet, so Margaret couldn't see her daughter's face, but she could hear the giggle in her voice, and all at

Melody is the absolute language in which the musician speaks to every heart.

—Richard Wagner

once the uncertainty fell away and the hour of triumph came into focus: Margaret had not heard Susan giggle for almost a year.

"So you saw it all?"

"I sure did," Susan said, and she giggled again. "Including Mr. Steer socking Mr. Kingsley."

Margaret laughed, stopped in astonishment, realised she had been wanting to do that since the moment at the meeting when it had happened, and then she laughed harder. She made a mental note to remember that this was one laugh she owed to Selwyn Hite Steer. He had inadvertently evened the score for the nasty remarks that fat garage owner had made to Margaret about her unpaid bill on the morning after Hallow-e'en.

"It was quite a moment," Margaret said, and she hesitated, but decided to risk it. "How about a glass of milk?"

Susan hesitated, too, but for no longer than her mother had hesitated.

"Sure," she said.

Margaret's heart leaped, but she forced herself to remain outwardly calm. The barrier between them had been a year in the building. It was too much to hope that an involuntary giggle, or even a shared glass of milk, could break it down completely. She would have to move slowly, and hope for the best.

"There's some of that coffee-cake left, too," she said, leading the way into the kitchen. "If you want it with your milk."

"Thanks, no," Susan said, following her. "I had a big dinner."

"Where did you eat?"

"The Cherry Stone."

Taking the bottle of milk from the refrigerator, Margaret hesitated again, but not for long.

"Who with?"

"Dr. Whitsun," Susan also hesitated, but once again it was not for long. "He said he hadn't bought a dinner for a pretty girl for years."

Margaret, who had noted her daughter's hesitation, also noted the gap in Susan's explanation. Pouring milk into the glasses Susan had brought down from the cupboard, Margaret decided to overlook the gap. After all, it was entirely possible that Susan and Claude Whitsun had run into each other on the street and he had invited her to dinner on an impulse.

"Well, I'm sure you had a better time than I did," Margaret said. "I had dinner with John Aden."

Susan shook her head.

"You have my sympathy."

"Why?"

"That boy gets to be a bore quicker than anybody I ever knew." She took a sip of milk and then, quickly, as though a thought had just occurred to her, Susan said. "Oh darn!"

"What's the matter?"

"I had a date with him for dinner and I clean forgot! I bet he showed up here, and that's how you got stuck!"

"Well, he took me to the Israel Putnam Inn and he fed me a steak, so I can't exactly

say I got stuck, but I must say you're quite right about his being a bore." Margaret swallowed some milk. "He's also a fool, I've decided. Did you see the performance he turned in when Saul Slough called him to answer those few questions?"

Susan rolled her eyes to the ceiling.

"Boy!" she said. "Did I?"

Margaret wanted to hug her. It was the first spontaneous remark Susan had made to her since she had graduated from Swindon High School.

Margaret refilled the glasses. Her hand shook a little. She was so happy that she wanted to tell Roger about it, but that would have to wait, of course. She had never told the children about her conversations with their dead father. Besides, Roger wouldn't mind waiting. When he heard what she had to tell him, Roger wouldn't mind one bit.

"You know what I've been thinking?" Margaret said.

"What?"

"How would you like to go to Bennington in January?"

Susan set down her glass. Her eyes spread wide. Her lips moved. And she said the one word, in just the right tone, that made the moment perfect.

"Mother!"

"That would put you only one semester behind Kitty Dirksen, which you could make up easily enough with a few summer courses, and then next September, why, next September you'd be starting your sophomore year neck and neck with her." Margaret set down her glass. "How does that strike you?"

There was only one thing that could add to what she had already given her mother with that single, specially spoken word, and Susan now did it. There were several moments of silence while they held each other tight.

"Hey, what the heck goes on here?"

Mother and daughter broke apart and turned. David was staring at them from the kitchen doorway.

"We were just pouring a glass of milk for you," Margaret said, and she turned to Susan. "Weren't we?"

"That's right," Susan said. "A glass of milk for the Almost Eagle Scout Who Still Hasn't Got the Pioneering Merit Badge."

"Yeah, well, then, cripes, how come the bottle is empty, and never mind the smart remarks."

There were several moments of confused laughter and illogical explanation, punctuated by David's logical grumblings, and then the lights were out downstairs, and Susan was tucked away in her room, and David was in his, and Margaret was humming cheerfully to herself as she opened the windows in her own bedroom.

She slipped out of the heavy blue flannel robe that had been shipped home from Minitayo in 1944 along with the rest of Roger's personal effects. Glowing pleasantly, as though she were actually being warmed by an inner fire, Margaret got into bed and pulled out the light.

"Well, Roger, as I was saying," she said to the other bed in which nobody had slept since 1944, "I have quite a lot to report. And for the first time in a year, I am happy to say that all of it is good. To start at the beginning—"

Margaret Gendron's voice stopped. She didn't want it to stop, but she couldn't help herself. It was as though a telephone connection had been cut. She couldn't get through. Staring up into the darkness, listening to the suddenly erratic beat of her heart, she saw what had happened to her lines of communication with the dead.

Standing between her and Roger was the disturbing image of Bella Oldhill, as Margaret had seen her in the high school auditorium less than an hour ago, screaming wildly, "You crazy fools! You don't know what you're doing! You don't know what's going to happen to you! Wait until Saturday! Just wait until Saturday!"

(To be concluded)

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Twink

**THE NEW ONE-LOTION HOME PERM
WITH SPECIAL OIL CONDITIONER**



**NO
NEUTRALIZER
NEEDED!**



A Curl's Best Friend

The charming mother and daughter "twosome" are Mrs. P. Writer, of Dettman Ave., Longueville, and her 13-year-old daughter, Sandra.

Mrs. Writer gave herself and Sandra a Twink Home Permanent on the day the picture was taken. Mrs. Writer's blonde hair called for twelve curls on one side, four on the other and fourteen across the back. "And I did Sandra's hair only on the ends. You know how straggly and untidy children's straight hair can look. Twink left our hair so shiny and soft right away. As natural as could be."

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No wonder Twink caught on "quick as a wink" with thousands of women! For Twink not only does its proper job of waving hair into shiny-soft waves and silky curls, but gives it a delicate oil treatment. And this new one-lotion perm is so easy to use! Simply wet your hair with Twink, curl it up and, in fifteen minutes, it's ready for rinsing! The gentle oil conditioner in Twink makes your hair glisten with lovely, natural highlights. Even the fine-spun hair of a little girl comes out of a Twink wave as silken as ever. Whether your hair is easy or hard to wave, Twink suits every type and colour of hair.

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FULL HEAD SIZE 13/6 END CURL SIZE 9/-

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- **Will Twink Save Me Time?** Yes, for one creamy, pink lotion does the whole job of waving — in just fifteen minutes. And Twink eliminates the neutralizer. You can go about your business at home for the time it takes your hair to dry naturally. Or go to sleep — and wake up with a brand-new hair-do.
- **Is there a Frizzy Stage with Twink?** No, not a whisper of a frizz, no kinkiness, no dried out brittleness with Twink. With Twink's miraculous new conditioning lotion, it's actually possible for hair to emerge from the wave in better health than it was before.
- **How Long Will a Twink Wave Last?** Depending on how short you cut your hair and how quickly it grows, your Twink wave will last as long as a £4 permanent at a hairdressing salon. But costs you little more than a lipstick.
- **Do I Have to Make a Curl Check?** No, Twink is perfectly safe for any kind of hair in normal, healthy condition that will take a permanent.

Continuing . . . The Rutleigh Background

Nora. Nora lived on the other side of the park, in Chelsea. If, that was to say, she really was playing bridge with Nora. He waited till half-past three; then dialled Nora's number. Nora herself answered.

"Has Muriel arrived yet?" "Not only arrived," Nora said gaily; "she's just made a little slam."

"Can I speak to her?" There was a pause; a "well," another pause. Then Nora started to explain. "I'm dummy. Muriel's vulnerable; she's gone five spades. I don't want to interrupt her while she's playing. Would you mind if she were to ring you back?"

Within five minutes the call had come. Muriel's voice was friendly.

"Did you make your five spades?"

"I'll say I did. It made me four thousand up."

"What points are you playing?"

"Shilling a hundred." "You'll be a rich girl." They laughed at that. He apologised for interrupting her. They talked amicably.

"I mustn't keep you," he said.

The moment she had rung off he called through to the exchange.

"Could you tell me where that call came from?"

Paddington, he was told. Paddington. He rose to his feet. He began to pace backwards and forwards up and down the office. It was very clear. Nora, the alibi! Nora took the calls, made the excuse, then rang through to Muriel.

That was the formula. It was very clear . . . one part of it at least. That Muriel had wished to lunch and spend the afternoon with a young man whom her husband didn't know, without her husband's knowing it. But beyond that . . . he shrugged his shoulders. Beyond that one could not tell.

from page 9

Muriel could have wanted to avoid discussing an innocent friendship that he might misconstrue . . .

There was a tap at the door. It was his secretary with his letters. He had never realised how graceful she was; how slim and supple, with such young lines. He saw her with new eyes. He stared at her. She met that stare, then came that slow smile of hers. It was like sudden wine flowing along his veins.

His hand was trembling as he signed his letters; but not with nervousness, with excitement. A resolve had come to him.

"Where are you going for your holiday?" he asked.

She shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know yet. I've had to alter all my plans."

"I'd supposed that. I was thinking of going on a cruise."

Wondered whether you'd care to come."

She showed no surprise. She never did show surprise. But he could tell that she was surprised by her delay in answering. "I think that might be rather fun."

On his way back he stopped at a tourist agency. He collected a pocketful of folders; cruises to the midnight sun, to the Norwegian fjords, to Madeira, to the Dalmatian coast. In the tube he studied them.

But it was not the paragraphs of the travel copy writers, the snapshots of the travel photograph bureau; it was another picture, brighter, in clearer outline, that flickered before his eyes. A beach, a striped umbrella, a blue sea washing against gold sand, the sound of laughter, a girl, slim and young, lying in a bathing-suit, herself beside her, his youth restored by her youth.

It was that picture that held and subjugated his imagination.

A voice spoke warningly. "Now don't be stupid. Have you thought of the risks you're running? This girl may go on a cruise with you. She's not a child. You're not trading on her inexperience. She knows what saying 'yes' involves. Do you think that when the cruise is over and the ship docks, she's just going to say 'goodbye and thank you,' as a man would do? You bet she isn't. Not, that's to say, if she's got fond of you. She won't let you go, not if she can help it. Have you realised in what kind of a mess you may find yourself?"

The voice spoke warningly. But the sun-soaked picture of a southern beach glowed in brighter coloring. Risks, yes, there were risks, all right. But what were they in comparison with this chance to go back to that playground of youth from which the necessities of livelihood had exiled him?

"I'm not going to discuss the thing at all," he thought. "I

To page 86

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BOTH MEN AND WOMEN SHOULD ACT

Don't wait for a sudden let-down in general health. Meet the challenge of passing years with safe effective treatment! Start a course of Harrison's Pills today! Your face will show the difference as a more active, more comfortable life appears before you.

Rheumatism

CAN SAP VITAL ENERGY!

Every movement means torture! Nagging aches and pains make you gasp and limp. You weaken as your resistance is lowered by the pain of irritated, tingling nerves, aching muscles, constant unrest, and loss of sleep.

WHAT IS LIFE'S SPAN?

Average life ends not very long after 55, though, with the help of medicine, this will soon be 60! Life starts to decline near 40. Middle-age troubles rob many of health, and Kidney breakdowns affect about 65% of men and women. 75% of poison wastes and acid deposits are filtered by Kidneys in a too concentrated form, and consequent congestion and strain poisons the system. Health starts to fall off! Back, groin, loin, neck, muscular, shoulder, leg and foot pains occur. Swellings, headaches, blurred vision, loss of energy, excessive pressure for urinary relief, shortness of breath, puffiness under the eyes are often signs of increasing trouble.

TAKE NO CHANCES Don't learn about Rheumatism the hard way when effects may be so serious. Rheumatism is more than just a superficial pain. It goes deep into muscles and joints with long lasting, agonising and even crippling effects in many cases! Prompt, effective action should be taken at first indications! Don't neglect warning signs! Find the cause! You will find it so easy to treat the cause of ageing ills with Harrison's Pills.

Start taking Harrison's Pills NOW

A short course of Harrison's Pills will produce surprising improvements in health and vigour! Harrison's Pills provide a most pleasant and effective general method of prolonging useful, healthy pain-free life—in both men and women. Get Harrison's Pills now and feel better now!

GUARANTEED RESULTS! Get a package of Harrison's Pills from your chemist now. Take as directed, and if you are not more than pleased with improvements in health and general bearing, money refunded! Get Harrison's Pills on this "results or no cost" trial basis.



Time CHALLENGES you

At first stab of pain begin a course of Harrison's Pills and do more than provide local pain relief. Harrison's Pills go to the cause where pain begins. See Harrison's Pills' effects yourself! Aching joints and limbs lose painful stiffness, as Harrison's Pills bring relief to affected area; Time challenges you to remain young in spite of each year's growing stress and strain. Get a thrill from re-discovering your real effective self! Life is wonderful! If it isn't for you, there must be something wrong! Take Harrison's Pills and feel better! When pain is gone your face shows the difference!

Harrison's Pills 3 sizes—3/6, 6/-, 9/-.

Get them from your Chemist and be pleased with improvements in health and general bearing.



SAFE! RELIABLE!

Page 83

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 7, 1956

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their language, Mandrake is
told that they are descendants
of the men of Mu, a highly

civilised people with strange
arts and sciences as developed
as ours, who, thousands of
years earlier, were exiled
from their continent by a
tyrant. They fled, built their
city, enclosed it in a bubble,
and sank it beneath the sea
so that the tyrant could not
find them. NOW READ ON:



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



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FPA 63

FREE YOURSELF FROM THE LAXATIVE DRUG HABIT THIS SAFE NATURAL WAY

Millions have - why not you?

A delicious natural food-not a habit forming medicine

THIS IS A MESSAGE OF HOPE to every man and woman who has come to depend on laxatives. Even if you have suffered from chronic constipation for many years, you can regain normal, natural regularity and the health and feeling of well-being that are impossible without it.

Here are the facts. Today's highly-refined foods, appetising and nutritious as they are, do not supply the natural cellulose bulk our systems must have for normal, regular elimination. It has been estimated that as many as eight out of ten people today are suffering from bulk deficiency and the various disorders which can be directly attributed to it. The most obvious of these is constipation. Without even suspecting it, however, a great many people suffer from an insidious form of partial constipation, or incomplete elimination. They feel headachy and out of sorts, often tired and depressed, older than their years.

THE LAXATIVE HABIT

Laxatives can never give real or lasting relief from constipation because they do not reach its cause. Worse still, they leave the intestinal muscles so weak and tired that they soon become unable to function without further "shock treatments". It stands to reason that regular dosing with harsh medicines upsets the whole digestive rhythm, saps vitality and lowers resistance to infection.

NATURE HAS THE ANSWER

The remedy—like all Nature's remedies—is very simple indeed. Put bulk back into your diet and—in a matter of days—your system will begin to function normally again. There is no need to make a change in your eating habits because you can get all the bulk you require by enjoying All-Bran every morning. All-Bran is not habit-forming because it is not a medicine. It is a delicious natural food, prepared by Kellogg's from the nutty outer layers of the whole wheat grain, rich in Vitamin B1, B2, phosphorus, niacin and iron. Because of its nutritive value, All-Bran builds up your general health and resistance while it supplies the bulk you must have for normal daily regularity.

BREAK THE HABIT—NOW!

Why not make this simple test? You have nothing to lose, perhaps everything to gain. Enjoy All-Bran every morning, with milk and sugar or combined with your usual cereal. Drink plenty of water. If, after just ten days, you are not completely satisfied, send the empty packet to Kellogg's and you'll get DOUBLE your money back.



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All-Bran is a trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

AES-2

Continuing . . .

The Rutleigh Background

from page 83

shall say to Muriel: 'I want a three weeks' rest. I'm starting on a cruise next Saturday.'"

On the hall table lay an unfamiliar hat. In the drawing-room, on the sofa at his daughter's side, was a blond young man, with a thin, intellectual face; a long, pointed nose; a thin but well-shaped mouth. It was a face that had charm, character; it had hardness, too. "So that's why you couldn't lunch with me?" he said to Barbara ten minutes later, when they were alone.

Her eyes were bright. "I am going to be so happy. He told me this afternoon," she said. "I had a presentiment he would. Darling, you don't think that Mummy will want us to wait, do you? She couldn't do that. We can't wait, we're so in love. Oh, Daddy, it's going to be such fun. What lovely parties you'll give for us! Asking important people so that they'll realise how brilliant Kenneth is."

"I'm expected to do that, am I?"

"You'll want your son-in-law to be a success. That's the only way a young barrister can get known—through meeting people."

"So Kenneth knows it's a good match?"

"Of course he does. He said: 'Isn't it lucky I've fallen in love with someone so completely eligible?' I thought that was rather sweet of him."

And prudent, too, thought Rutleigh. It was the kind of thing that a man like Kenneth would say, not minimising the extent of his good fortune, recognising it, since he had worked for it. He was in love with Barbara, all right. He hadn't fallen in love with her because she was eligible. But he would have taken very good care not to fall in love with her if she had not been.

"I suppose his career means a good deal to him?"

"Darling, of course it does. That's what he meant by my being eligible. It's not the money. It's our position. This house, everything that you and Mummy stand for. It'll give him such a good start."

And if he weren't to be given that start, thought Rutleigh, he'd extricate himself from the engagement. That hard, ambitious face! He'd be a good husband if things went well. But he could be a cruel husband if things went wrong. If the Rutleigh background were to prove not an asset but a liability, he would feel he had been cheated.

"Daddy, dear, I am going to be so happy."

She was squeezing his arm tightly, pressing her cheek against his shoulder. You couldn't thwart Barbara; you had to guide her, to give her what she wanted; but to arrange the conditions under which she got that thing.

Yes, she must have it.

In his dressing-room he stared at the pile of holiday folders. Yes, but if he ran that risk, how much of the Rutleigh background would survive the scandal of the divorce courts?

Through the door he could hear Muriel moving in the room. She was back then—from her bridge.

"Have you seen Barbara?" he asked.

She shook her head.

She was by her mirror. She turned and faced him. There was a soft glow in her eyes, a lustre in her smile, a refreshed, rejuvenated look; a look that sent through his veins a quick spasm of anger, half jealousy—could she look like that if the afternoon had been innocent?

"Kenneth Stanton's proposed to her. She wants to marry him as soon as possible."

"But Jim, don't you think . . . are you sure?"

He interrupted her.

"She's crazy about him. He's the kind of man who knows his own mind. There's no reason why they shouldn't marry straight away."

He put his hand upon her shoulder, a hand trembling with the accumulated agitation of the past twenty hours. He was angry, savagely angry—against her, against himself, against the fate that thwarted him.

"I won't say that he's my ideal of a son-in-law. But he'll make her a good husband provided that she doesn't hinder him in any way."

"How could she hinder him?"

"Through scandal; any scandal connected with the family that would prevent her from being the irreproachable person that he needs his wife to be. That's what he needs in marriage. And that's what he's got to be given, if Barbara's marriage is to be a happy one. That's what we've got to understand; what you've got to understand, that there mustn't be any scandal."

"I don't know what you mean."

"Oh, yes, you do."

It would have been easy for him to have shaken his meaning into her. "You know what I mean," he could have said. "I know all about your bridge this afternoon. And it's got to stop. You can't run the risk of scandal any more than I can."

Something stayed him, though; chivalry, in part; in part the knowledge that things once said could never be unsaid; that in five minutes he could destroy a relationship to whose building twenty years had gone. That, but more than that; an unexpected sense of kinship.

A sudden change came into her face as in part his meaning became clear to her. The glow faded from her eyes and lips. She was no longer a youngish woman; she was over forty, just as he was over forty.

They were in the same boat, he and she. Their youth had been spoiled for them. They had felt, each of them, a hunger to recover youth; they had had their chance. But they were denied the taking of that chance. Now, just as twenty years ago, the children stood in the way of the playtime period they had never had. They were in the same boat, he and she.

"I've got to be kind to her."

he thought. "We've got to be kind to each other."

His hand loosened; his voice grew tender.

"It's something we've got to share," he said. "Our children—they're going to start being problems now. They were nothing but a happiness to us once. We shared that happiness. Now it's not going to be so easy; a problem, a succession of problems. It won't be easy; we've got to share it."

Now his hand on her shoulder tightened; drawing her close to him. In her eyes there was a look of wonderment at his change of manner, at this sudden showing of a tenderness that for many months now there had not been between them; wonderment, but fondness, too, and gratitude; and more than that, a recognition on both their parts that they were on the brink of a new relationship to each other, a relationship as deep and real as the one they had outgrown.

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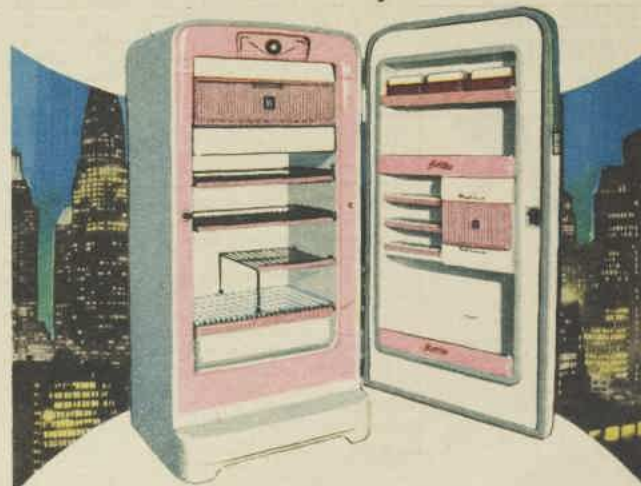
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there was more than a little truth in her observation.

"What does make a marriage?" he asked.

She looked from him out on to the garden and beyond it, where the sea curled lazily into foam.

"Optimism," she said thoughtfully. "The same ideas and ambitions. The belief that one can't live without the other. Youth — that most of all, I think."

He poured himself a drink. "Youth—it's your favorite theme."

"When you were ten years old and sitting in a school-room," she said sadly, "I was married and Annabel was in rompers."

He paused with the glass halfway to his mouth, and she saw him flinch.

There, she thought, that's done it.

She slid off the table and stood before him.

"We're a good team, you and I, Bill—for the theatre. I'm the star and you're the playwright. It seems everything we touch turns to gold. Let's not strain our Midas touch."

"A lovely weekend," he said bitterly. "You play the mother role and Annabel acts like a duenna."

She looked at him and Annabel's words came back to her.

"He's tough — in an intellectual sort of way."

Just the person, Miriam thought suddenly, with whom a twenty-year-old with the wrong background and an unsuitable mother might fall in love. She felt panic sweep over her and then dismissed the idea as ridiculous and quite unlike Annabel. But what was Annabel really like?

"Some day," she said with a serenity she was far from feeling, "you'll meet a nice young woman your own age. You'll forget this infatuation and . . ."

She was interrupted by the touch of Bill's hand on her arm.

"Nice young women of my own age are inevitably boring, with," he added, "the exception of Annabel, who is a devilish mixture of silliness and wisdom. I'm a persistent man. I'll wear you down."

"Oh, Bill," she said, "that's just what I'm afraid of."

They rehearsed the first act of Bill's new play all the afternoon: When Larry and Annabel came up from the beach, Miriam and Bill were measuring out steps and shifting furniture.

"Miriam is a stickler for having the right stage setting at rehearsals," Annabel explained to Larry. "One of these days we'll find our beds commandeered."

Larry frowned slightly. Miriam, in a cotton blouse and full skirt, gave him an absent-minded smile and pushed her blond hair out of her eyes.

"If you children are hungry there's food and drink in the kitchen."

Annabel sat in one of the easy chairs and swung her bare legs over the arm.

"Why don't you call it a day?" she asked. "The play doesn't go into production for weeks, and the surf is heavenly. You two are supposed to be on vacation."

"An actress is never on vacation," Miriam said, and pressed her fingers against her forehead, trying in vain to smooth away the frown she knew was there.

Larry invariably had this effect on her. Whenever she came into contact with Annabel's latest beau she felt his guarded disapproval. Larry obviously thought that mothers should have greying hair, spectacles, and a middle-age spread.

He was, she thought ruefully, the first male in her own or Annabel's age group who had failed to fall down and worship at the shrine of Miriam Peck.

"I guess we could rustle up

Continuing . . .

a snack," Larry said. "Steak and eggs, coffee and ice-cream."

Bill shuddered. "Make mine coffee, without the trimmings."

Annabel looked questioningly at her mother.

"Tomato juice," Miriam said, firmly closing her mind against the lure of steak and eggs.

Larry and Annabel departed kitchenwards.

"The things those kids eat," Bill said.

Miriam was standing thoughtfully by the big windows, one finger tapping nervously.

"Hey," Bill said, and his eyes were kindly. "You're not going to let that gorilla with a science degree get you rattled."

Miriam smiled slightly.

"Doesn't he rattle you?"

"A bit," Bill admitted. "He and Annabel are at the snug age. There's nothing we can do about it."

Miriam was silent.

"Why don't you go down to the beach with them?" she asked suddenly. "I'll take a nap and you can discuss frog's feet and Fahrenheit with the professor."

He laughed. "Okay — if that's what you want. You look tired. Have a sleep until dinner."

She blew him a kiss and went swiftly to her room.

Against the closed door she leaned her head and then walked slowly towards the full-length mirror, Bill's parting words ringing in her ears.

Quickly she put both hands to her head, pushing her hair back, exposing her face to the unmerciful glare of the mid-afternoon sun. Why was it, she wondered, that real understanding and appreciation came only with maturity? Why not wisdom and youth, too?

She threw herself face down on the bed and lay motionless until the mingled laughter of Bill and Annabel floated up from the garden. They were going towards the beach, Annabel laughed again.

Miriam grasped a pillow and pulled it over her head, shutting out the golden glare of summer and the sound of Annabel's happiness.

BILL tossed a towel to Annabel and then looked back to the surf, where Larry's dark head still bobbed beyond the first line of breakers.

"What's wrong with the boyfriend?" he asked.

Annabel shook her hair free of her bathing-cap, rubbed water from the smooth tan of her shoulders, and frowned.

"Oh, stop it." She sat down on the sand, her chin on her knees, her eyes averted.

"Tell Uncle Bill," he invited.

Annabel let sand trickle slowly through her fingers. Watching her, Bill noticed, as if for the first time, the thick sweep of blond hair, the square line of cheek and chin, the surprisingly dark lashes. Annabel, he decided suddenly and with the objectivity born of years in the theatre, had possibilities.

"How," asked Annabel suddenly, "does one go about attracting a man?"

Bill smiled. Annabel was, after all, a child, grappling apparently but not too successfully with her first serious love affair.

"Are you speaking personally?" Bill inquired.

She turned her head and looked at him, a little smile curving her mouth.

"Personally," she said.

"For a start, those clothes you wear . . ." Bill shook his head mournfully. "Youth can get away with almost anything, but no man is going to fall in love with slacks and suits and sloppy sweaters, and . . ."

He stopped. He had been going to add "swimsuits," but Annabel in a swimsuit was an improvement on Annabel in slacks.

She was still looking at him,

Miss Annabel Peck

from page 3

and, unaccountably, he experienced a vague uneasiness.

"Invest in a glamor evening-gown," he advised her. "Tie your hair back with a velvet ribbon."

Warming to the subject, he put out his hand and bunched Annabel's hair back.

"Miriam has a pair of jade earrings," he said thoughtfully. "Why don't you borrow them?"

He narrowed his eyes, visualising Annabel with her hair looped back and Miriam's jade ear-bobs dangling to her shoulders. The picture was startling in its clarity. He sat motionless, his hands savoring the texture of Annabel's springy yellow hair.

"You're sweet to take so much interest in me," Annabel said. Gently she disengaged his fingers.

"I thought," she said, "that the four of us could drive down to the Tavern tonight. It would

Men occasionally
stumble over the
truth, but most of
them pick them-
selves up and hurry
off as if nothing had
happened.

—Winston Churchill

give me an opportunity to act on your advice."

He started and drew back. "Sure," he said. "How about the professor? Will he be in it?"

Annabel smiled sweetly.

"Larry isn't all scientific fact, you know."

"I didn't know," Bill said tartly. "He's certainly slow on the uptake. How long has he been dangling around?"

"Ten months," Annabel sighed. "I guess he's just not the impetuous type."

She put her hand on his.

"You've been sweet, Bill. It always helps to get the masculine viewpoint. I wouldn't ask you, except that you're practically in the family. I mean everyone knows you and Miriam will get married some day, so . . ."

He rose abruptly.

"Never believe theatrical gossip," he said. "Miriam and I are a good team — in the theatre."

He stopped, surprised and a little angry at himself for quoting Miriam's own words.

Annabel was standing, too, looking up at him.

"We'd love to have you in the family, Bill. Just think—you'll be the grandfather of my children!"

"That," he said tersely, "is not funny." He snatched up his towel. "I'm going back to the house."

He started off, then paused, nodding towards the surf.

"Good hunting," he said.

Miriam smiled at her reflection in the mirror, pleased at the result of an afternoon nap and a light supper. She was glad that Annabel had suggested this trip to the Tavern. A little relaxation was probably what they all needed.

When Annabel put her head round the door she raised a hand in greeting. "Come in, darling."

Annabel came into the room.

"Why, Annabel . . ."

Miriam turned slowly on her stool, while Annabel stood uncertainly in the centre of the room.

"Where did you get that dress?" Miriam asked at last. "It must have cost the earth."

"Six months' allowance," Annabel said grimly.

It was, reflected Annabel, one of her mother's most pleasing habits, that, being extravagant herself, she never be-moaned extravagance in others.

"Turn round," Miriam instructed.

Annabel turned, the slim white sheath with the high gold collar throwing into sharp relief her tawny suntan and blond hair.

"I was wondering if I could borrow your jade earrings," Annabel said.

Miriam was silent, visualising the earrings against the white and gold splendor of this new Annabel.

The inner struggle which followed was short and sharp. Reaching for the earrings she asked casually: "Is all this for Larry's benefit?"

"Who else?" queried Annabel. "Bill has eyes only for you."

The lightness of Miriam's laugh contrasted oddly with the intentness of her expression.

"You've been listening to gossip, and the gossips say I've been going to marry at least ten different men in the past five years."

Annabel stood silent, an unnatural stillness in her face. Lie for your life, Miriam told herself grimly. If you don't convince her now she will never trust you again.

You can give her this much because, after all, you love her more than you love yourself. After all these years, mother love, or self-sacrifice, or whatever they call the age-old inheritance of the female parent, is struggling to the surface.

She dangled the earrings between her fingers, watching them catch the light.

"Bill had quite a crush on me," she said gently. "It wore out long ago, and I think you might realise that tonight — when he sees you."

I'm giving you happiness, she thought sadly. I'm giving you Bill. She pressed the earrings into Annabel's hand.

"Do you remember Roger Adams?" she asked briskly.

"The English producer who was over here last spring. He wants me in London next season. I think I might go. We've been writing regularly, and I find him very charming."

She looked down at her hands in genuine confusion, shocked at the glibness of her own lies. Despite herself, she almost smiled at the thought of Roger Adams' amusement if he knew the implication she was giving his invitation.

And, unbidden, there came to her the thought that Adams, a shrewd, distinguished forty-five, might be rather restful after the intensity that was Bill and the mixture of uncertainty and sophistication that was Annabel.

Annabel laughed, a delighted, carefree laugh.

"Bill said this afternoon that all this talk was only gossip, but I thought . . ."

"Did he?" Miriam reached for a lipstick. "Run along, darling. I'll meet you outside in five minutes."

After Annabel had gone she sat motionless in front of the mirror, savoring the realisation that the gift she had bestowed on Annabel was no gift at all. To give there had to be ownership, and she knew now that Bill had never been hers to give.

In the small side room which opened on to the verandah, Bill watched Larry wrestling with a black tie.

"Here," he said at last, "let me."

As he tied the bow he asked casually: "Something worrying you?"

"Annabel," Larry said tersely and glared at his reflection in the mirror. "I guess I should have known she meant what she said. This weekend was in the nature of a final try before graceful retirement."

Bill frowned. "I gather you have marriage in mind. Why don't you ask the girl?"

"Ask!" Larry growled. "I asked her the third time we went out together. I've been asking her ever since. My work is beginning to suffer."

"I see," Bill said.

He was, he suspected, beginning to see a great deal more than this Annabel Peck had intended.

Through the door which led on to the verandah he caught a glimpse of white parading up and down the pathway. His mouth tightened.

"See you in five minutes," he said to Larry, and hurried down the verandah steps.

Annabel jumped, as Bill's hand closed around her elbow.

"I want to talk to you," Bill said, "privately."

None too gently he guided her down the path, away from the windows of the house.

"I've been talking to that poor lovesick swain of yours," he said. "The strong, silent type who just can't get around to proposing."

SHE tossed her head, and Miriam's earrings clicked and sparkled in the moonlight.

"So you borrowed them," he said, his eyes on the green stones and the smooth sweep of Annabel's hair above them.

She nodded. "I acted on your other advice, too," she told him, and stepped back so that he could see the white dress. "In fact, I anticipated your advice. I brought this dress down with me."

He was silent. The spoken word was his tool of trade, but now the fatherly sentences which sprang to his mind refused to take form.

Annabel, he realised at last, was twenty, adult, determined, and in love—a formidable combination against which it would be hard to fight. He realised, too, that he had no urge to fight.

He put out his hand, and then dropped it. Unbidden had come the thought of Miriam.

"I've been talking to Miriam," Annabel said, her eyes on his face. "She has decided to go to London next season."

"So she's going," he said, and was ashamed of the sweet relief which swept through him.

Annabel's mother, he decided, was a wiser woman than he had credited. He would never know whether her decision had been planned or made on the spur of the moment under the impact of Annabel's unhappiness and the realisation that his own repeated proposals had begun to spring purely from habit.

He had applied many adjectives to Miriam, but, until now, "gallant" had not been one of them.

"Perhaps," Annabel said hesitatingly, "she hasn't told you because she thought you would be angry."

He looked at the softness in her face and the hope in her eyes, and knew that he could not undo Miriam by voicing his doubts to her daughter.

"I'm furious," he said. "No play will be worth while without her. She is a quite remarkable actress."

He did not miss the little sigh of pure relief from Annabel.

Cupping her face in his hands, he tilted her head back until their eyes were level. Love, he realised, did not always come cloaked with wit and glamor. Sometimes it walked beside you silently until, one day, you recognised the familiar as the indispensable.

"You little fraud," he said softly.

She rested her head against his shoulder, and he held her silently, savoring the promise of the future, anticipating the love and the laughter resulting from the fraud of Annabel Peck.

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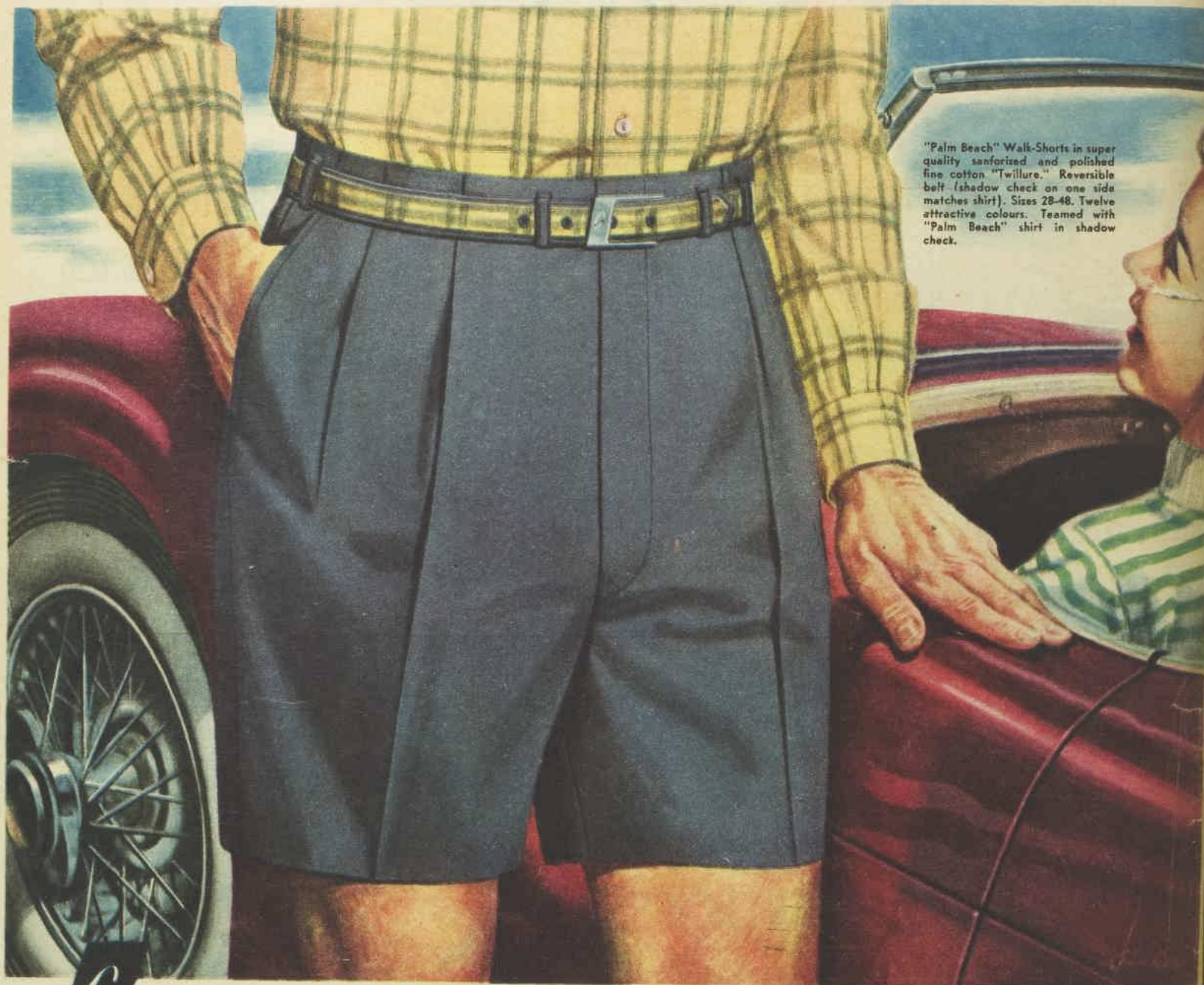
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